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THE CHURCH AND MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.*

THERE is not one among the evidences of Moslem conquest more galling to Christian associations than the occupation of Justinian's ancient basilica for the

* 1. *Byzantine Architecture; illustrated by Examples of Edifices erected in the East during the earliest ages of Christianity. With Historical and Archaeological Descriptions.* By C. TEXIER and E. P. FULLAN. Folio. London: 1864.

2. *Epigraphik von Byzantium und Constantino-polis, von den ältesten Zeiten bis zum J. 1453.* Von Dr. S. A. DETHIER und Dr. A. D. MORDTMANN. 4to. Wien: 1864.

3. *Acta Patriarchatus Constantinopolitani, 1305-1402, e Codice M.S. Bibliotheca Palat. Vindobonensis; edentibus D. D. MIKLOVICH et MÜLLER.* 8vo. 2. vols. Vienna: 1860 2.

4. *Die alt christliche Baudenkmale Konstantinopels von V. bis XII. Jahrhundert. Auf Befehl seiner Majestät des Königs aufgenommen und historisch erläutert von W. SALZENBERG. Im Anhang des Silentiarius Paulus Beschreibung der Heiligen Sophia und der Ambon, metrisch übersetzt,*

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purposes of Mahometan worship. The most commonplace sight-seer from the West feels a thrill when his eye falls for the first time, upon the flaring crescent which surmounts "Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;" and this emotion deepens into a feeling of awe at the mysterious dispensations of Providence, when he has stood beneath the unaltered and still stately dome, and

"Surveyed
The sanctuary, the while the usurping Moslem prayed."

For Oriental Christians, this sense of bitterness is hardly second to that with which they regard the Turkish occupation of Jerusalem itself. In the latter, however, they may writhe under the political supremacy of their unbelieving

und mit Anmerkungen versehen, von Dr. C. W. KORTUM. Fol. Berlin: 1854.

5. *Aya Sofia, Constantinople, as recently restored by Order of H. M. the Sultan Abdul Medjid. From the original Drawings of Chevalier GASPARD FOSSATI. Lithographed by LOUIS HAGHE, Esq. Imperial Folio. London: 1854.*

master, still, as the right of access to those monuments which from the peculiar object of Christian veneration is practically undisturbed, they are spared the double indignity of religious profanation superadded to social wrong. But the mosque of St. Sophia is, in Christian eyes, a standing monument at once of Moslem sacrilege and of Christian defeat, the sense of which is perpetuated and embittered by the preservation of its ancient, but now desecrated name.

To an imaginative visitor of the modern mosque it might seem as if the structure itself were not unconscious of this wrong. The very position of the building is a kind of silent protest against the unholy use to which its Turkish masters have perverted it. Like all ancient Christian churches, it was built exactly in the line of east and west; and, as the great altar, which stood in the semicircular apse, was directly at the eastern point of the building, the worshipers in the old St. Sophia necessarily faced directly eastwards; and all the appliances of their worship were arranged with a view to that position. Now, in the exigencies of Mahometan ecclesiology, since the worshiper must turn to the Kibla at Mecca (that is, in Constantinople, to the south-east,) the *mihrab*, or sacred niche in the modern St. Sophia, is necessarily placed out of the centre of the apse; and thus the *minber* (pulpit,) the prayer-carpet, and the long ranks of worshipers themselves, present an appearance singularly at variance with every notion of architectural harmony, being arranged in lines, not parallel, but oblique, to the length of the edifice, and out of keeping with all the details of the original construction. It is as though the dead walls of this venerable pile had retained more of the spirit of their founder than the degenerate sons of the fallen Rome of the East, and had refused to bend themselves at the will of that hateful domination before which the living worshipers tamely yielded or impotently fled!

The mosque of St. Sophia had long been an object of curious interest to travelers in the East. Their interest, however, had seldom risen beyond curiosity; and it was directed rather towards St. Sophia as it is, than to the Christian events and traditions with which it is

connected. For those, indeed, who know the grudging and capricious conditions under which alone a Christian visitor is admitted to a mosque, and the jealous scrutiny to which he is subjected during his visit, it will be easy to understand how rare and how precarious have been the opportunities for a complete or exact study of this, the most important of all the monuments of Byzantine art; and, notwithstanding its exceeding interest for antiquarian and artistic purposes, far more of our knowledge of its details was derived from the contemporary description of Procopius* or Agathias,† from the verses of Paulus Silentarius,‡ from the casual allusions of other ancient authorities, and, above all, from the invaluable work of Du Cange, which is the great repertory of everything that has been written upon ancient or mediæval Byzantium, than from the observation even of the most favored modern visitors of Constantinople, until the publication of the works named at the head of these pages.

For the elaborate account of the present condition of the mosque of St. Sophia which we now possess, we are indebted to the happy necessity by which the Turkish officials, in undertaking the recent restoration of the building, were led to engage the services of an eminent European architect, Chevalier Fossati, in whose admirable drawings, as lithographed in the "Aya Sofia," every arch and pillar of the structure is reproduced. The archaeological and historical details, which lay beyond the province of a volume mainly professional in its object, are supplied in the learned and careful work of M. Salzenberg, who, during the progress of the restoration, was sent to Constantinople, at the cost of the late King of Prussia, for the express purpose of copying and describing exactly every object which might serve to throw light on Byzantine history, religion, or art, or on the history and condition of the ancient church of St. Sophia, the most venerable monument of them all.

Nor is it possible to imagine, under all the circumstances of the case, a combination of opportunities more favorable

* De Edificiis, lib. i. c. i. † Pp. 152-3.

‡ A very good German version, with most valuable notes, is appended to the text of Salzenberg's "Baudenkmale."

for the purpose. From long neglect and injudicious or insufficient reparation, the mosque had fallen into so ruinous a condition, that, in the year 1847, the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid, found it necessary to direct a searching survey of the entire building, and eventually a thorough repair. In the progress of the work, while engaged near the entrance of the northern transept, M. Fossati discovered, beneath a thin coat of plaster (evidently laid on to conceal the design form the eyes of true believers,) a beautiful mosaic picture, almost uninjured, and retaining all its original brilliancy of color. A further examination showed that these mosaics extended throughout the building; and, with a liberality which every lover of art must gratefully applaud, the Sultan at once acceded to the suggestion of M. Fossati, and ordered that the plaster should be removed throughout the interior; thus exposing once more to view the original decorations of the ancient basilica. It was while the mosque was still crowded with the scaffolding erected to carry on this most interesting work, that M. Salzenberg arrived in Constantinople. He thankfully acknowledges the facilities afforded to him, as well by the Turkish officials as by the Chevalier Fossati; and, although the specimens of the purely pictorial decorations of the ancient church which he has published are not as numerous as the reader may possibly expect, yet they are extremely characteristic, and full of religious, as well as of historical and antiquarian interest.

Notwithstanding the beauty and attractiveness of M. Louis Haghe's magnificent lithographs of Chevalier Fossati's drawings published in the "*Aya Sofia*," the subject has received in England far less attention than it deserves. There is not an incident in Byzantine history with which the church of St. Sophia is not associated. There is not a characteristic of Byzantine art of which it does not contain abundant examples. It recalls in numberless details, preserved in monuments in which time has wrought little change and which the jealousy or contempt of the conquerors has failed to destroy or even to travesty, interesting illustrations of the doctrine, the worship, and the disciplinary usages of the ancient Eastern Church, which are with difficulty

traced, at present, in the living system of her degenerate representative. To all these researches the wider cultivation of art and of history, which our age has accepted as its calling, ought to lend a deeper significance and a more solemn interest. St. Sophia ought no longer to be a mere lounge for the sight-seer, or a spectacle for the lover of the picturesque.

The history of this venerable church may be said to reach back as far as the first selection of Byzantium by Constantine as the new capital of his empire. Originally, the pretensions of Byzantium to ecclesiastical rank were sufficiently humble, its bishop being but a suffragan of the metropolitan of Heraclea. But, from the date of the translation of the seat of empire, Constantine's new capital began to rise in dignity. The personal importance which accrued to the bishop from his position at the court of the emperor, was soon reflected upon his see. The first steps of its upward progress are unrecorded; but within little more than half a century from the foundation of the imperial city, the celebrated fifth canon of the council which was held therein in 381, not only distinctly assigned to the Bishop of Constantinople "the primacy of honor, next after the Bishop of Rome," but, by alleging as the ground of this precedence the principle "that Constantinople is the new Rome," laid the foundation of that rivalry with the older Rome which had its final issue in the complete separation of the Eastern from the Western Church.

The dignity of the see was represented in the beauty and magnificence of its churches, and especially of its cathedral. One of the considerations by which Constantine was influenced in the selection of Byzantium for his new capital, lay in the advantages for architectural purposes which the position commanded. The rich and various marbles of Proconnesus; the unlimited supply of timber from the forests of the Euxine; the artistic genius and the manual dexterity of the architects and artisans of Greece—all lay within easy reach of Byzantium; and, freely as Constantine availed himself of these resources for the establishment of the new city in its palaces, its offices of state, and its other public buildings, the magnificence which he exhibited in his churches

outstripped all his other undertakings. Of these churches by far the most magnificent was that which forms the subject of the present notice. Its title is often a subject of misapprehension to those who, being accustomed to regard "Sophia" merely as a feminine name, are led to suppose that the church of Constantine was dedicated to a saint so called. The calendar, as well of the Greek as of the Latin Church, does, it is true, commemorate more than one saint named Sophia. Thus one Sophia is recorded as having suffered martyrdom under Adrian, in company with her three daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Another is said to have been martyred in one of the later persecutions together with St. Irene; and a third is still specially venerated as a martyr at Fermo (the ancient Firmum.) But it was not any of these that supplied the title of Constantine's basilica. That church was dedicated to the *ΑΓΙΑ ΣΟΦΙΑ*,—the HOLY WISDOM; that is, to the Divine Logos, or Word of God, under the title of the "Holy Wisdom," borrowed by adaptation from the well known prophetic allusion contained in the eighth chapter of Proverbs, and familiar in the theological language of the fourth century.

The original church, however, which Constantine erected in 325-6 was but the germ out of which the later St. Sophia grew. The early history of St. Sophia is marked by many vicissitudes, and comprises, in truth, the history of four distinct churches, that of Constantine, that of Constantius, that of Theodosius, and finally that of Justinian.

Thirty-four years after the foundation of St. Sophia by the first Christian emperor, his son, Constantius, either because of its insufficient size, or owing to some injury which it had sustained in an earthquake, rebuilt it, and united with it the adjoining church of the *Irene*, or "Peace" (also built by his father), forming both into one grand edifice. And, although the church of Constantius was not much longer lived than that of his father, it is memorable as the theatre for several years of the eloquence of St. John Chrysostom, while its destruction was a monument at once of the triumph and of the fall of that great father. It was within the walls of this church that his more than human eloquence was wont to

draw, even from the light and frivolous audiences of that pleasure-loving city, plaudits, the notice of which in his own pages reads so strange to modern eyes. It was here that he provoked the petty malice of the imperial directress of fashion, by his imitable denunciation of the indelicacy of female dress. Here, too, was enacted that memorable scene, which, for deep dramatic interest, has seldom been surpassed in history,—the fallen minister Eutropius clinging to the altar of St. Sophia for protection against the popular fury, while Chrysostom, in a glorious exordium on the instability of human greatness,* disarms the rage of the populace by exciting their commiseration for their fallen enemy. Nor can we wonder that those who had hung entranced upon that eloquent voice should, when it was silenced by his cruel and arbitrary banishment, have recognized a Nemesis in the destruction of the church which had so often echoed with the golden melody of its tones. St. Sophia, by a divine judgment, as the people believed, was destroyed for the second time in 404, in the tumult which followed the banishment of St. John Chrysostom.

The third St. Sophia was built in 415 by Theodosius the Younger. The church of Theodosius lasted longer than either of those which went before it. It endured through the long series of controversies on the Incarnation. It witnessed their first beginning, and it almost survived their close. It was beneath the golden roof of the Theodosian basilica that Nestorius scandalized the orthodoxy of his flock, and gave the first impulse to the controversy which bears his name, by applauding the vehement declaration of the preacher who denied to the Virgin Mary the title of Mother of God. And it was from its ambo or pulpit that the Emperor Zeno promulgated his celebrated Henoticon—the "decree of union" by which he vainly hoped to heal the disastrous division. The St. Sophia of Theodosius was the scene of the first act in the long struggle between Constantinople and Rome, the great Acacian schism; when, at the hazard of his life, an impetuous monk, one of the fiery "Sleepless

* Hom. in Eutropium Patricium. Opp. tom. iii. p. 399 et seq. (Migne ed.)

Brotherhood," pinned the papal excommunication on the cope of Acacius as he was advancing to the altar. And it witnessed the close of that protracted contest, in the complete and unreserved submission to Rome which was exacted by the formulary of Pope Hormisdas, as the condition of reconciliation. The structure of Theodosius stood a hundred and fourteen years—from 415 to 532, but perished at length in the fifth year of Justinian, in a disaster which, for a time, made Constantinople all but a desert—the memorable battle of the blue and green factions of the hippodrome, known in history as the *Nika* Sedition.

The restoration of St. Sophia, which had been destroyed in the conflagration caused by the violence of the rioters, became, in the view of Justinian, a duty of Christian atonement no less than of imperial munificence. There is no evidence that the burning of the church arose from any special act of impiety directed against it in particular; but it is certain that the ancient feuds of the religious parties in the East entered vitally as an element of discord into this fatal sedition; and even the soldiers who had been engaged on the side of the civil power in the repression of the tumult, and who were chiefly legionaries enlisted from among the Heruli, the most savage of the barbarian tribes of the empire, had contributed largely to the sacrilegious enormities by which, even more than by the destruction of human life, the religious feelings of the city had been outraged.

The entire history of the reconstruction exhibits most curiously the operation of the same impulse. It was undertaken with a large-handedness, and urged on with an energy, which bespeak far other than merely human motives. Scarce had Constantinople begun to recover after the sedition from the stupor of its alarm, and the affrighted citizens to steal back from the Asiatic shore to which they had fled in terror with their families and their most valuable effects, when Justinian commissioned Anthemius of Tralles to prepare the plans of the new basilica, on a scale of magnificence till then unknown. On the 23d of February, 532, within forty days from the catastrophe, the first stone of the new edifice was solemnly laid. Orders, to borrow the words of

the chronicler,* "were issued simultaneously to all the dukes, satraps, judges, quæstors, and prefects," throughout the empire, to send in from their several governments, pillars, peristyles, bronzes, gates, marbles, and all other materials suitable for the projected undertaking. How efficiently the order was carried out may yet be read in the motley, though magnificent array of pillars and marbles which form the most striking characteristic of St. Sophia, and which are for the most part, as we shall see, the spoil of the older glories of Roman and Grecian architecture. We shall only mention here eight porphyry columns from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, which Aurelian had sent to Rome, and which, having come into the possession of a noble Roman widow, named Marcia, as her dowry, were presented by that pious lady to Justinian, as an offering *ὕπὲρ ψυχῆς μου σωτηρίας*, "for the salvation of her soul."†

Indeed, some of the incidents of the undertaking are so curious in themselves, and illustrate so curiously the manner, and feelings of the age, that we are induced to select a few of them from among a mass of more or less legendary details, supplied by the anonymous chronicler already referred to, whose work Banduri has printed in his "*Imperium Orientale*,"‡ and who, if less trustworthy than Procopius or the Silentiary, has preserved a much greater amount of the traditional gossip connected with the building.

For the vastly enlarged scale of Justinian's structure, it became necessary to make extensive purchases in the immediate circuit of the ancient church; and, as commonly happens, the demands of the proprietors rose in proportion to the necessity in which the imperial purchaser was placed. It is interesting to contrast the different spirit in which each sought to use the legal rights of a proprietor.

The first was a widow, named Anna, whose tenement was valued by the imperial commissaries at eighty-five pounds

* Anonymi de Antiquit. Constantinop. (in Banduri's "*Imperium Orientale*"), p. 55.

† Anonymi, p. 55.

‡ Under the title "*Anonymi de Antiquitatibus Constantinopoleos*." The third part is devoted entirely to a "*History and Description of the Church of St. Sophia*."

of gold. This offer on the part of the commissary the widow unhesitatingly refused, and declared that she would consider her house cheap at fifty hundred-weight of gold; but when Justinian, in his anxiety to secure the site, did not hesitate to wait upon the widow herself in person, she was so struck by his condescension, and so fired by the contagion of his pious enthusiasm, that she not only surrendered the required ground, but refused all payment for it in money; only praying that she might be buried near the spot, in order that, from the site of her former dwelling itself, she "might claim the purchase-money on the day of judgment." She was buried, accordingly, near the *Skeuophylacium*, or treasury of the sacred vessels.*

Very different, but yet hardly less characteristic of the time, was the conduct of one Antiochus, a eunuch, and *ostiarium* of the palace. His house stood on the spot now directly under the great dome, and was valued by the imperial surveyor at thirty-five pounds of gold. But Antiochus exacted a far larger sum, and obstinately refused to abate his demand. Justinian, in his eagerness, was disposed to yield: but Strategus, the prefect of the treasury, begged the Emperor to leave the matter in his hands, and proceeded to arrest the obdurate proprietor and throw him into prison. It chanced that Antiochus was a passionate lover of the sports of the hippodrome, and Strategus so timed the period of his imprisonment that it would include an unusually attractive exhibition in the hippodrome—what in the language of the modern turf would be called "the best meeting of the season." At first Antiochus kept up a determined front; but, as the time of the games approached, the temptation proved too strong; his resolution began to waver; and at length, when the morning arrived, he "bawled out lustily" from the prison, and promised that, if he were released in time to enjoy his favorite spectacle, he would yield up possession on the Emperor's own terms. By this time the races had begun, and the Emperor had already taken his seat; but Strategus did not hesitate to have the sport suspended, led

Antiochus at once to the Emperor's tribunal, and, in the midst of the assembled spectators, completed the negotiation.†

A third was a cobbler, called by the classic name of Xenophon. His sole earthly possession was the stall in which he exercised his trade, abutting on the wall of one of the houses doomed to demolition in the clearance of the new site. A liberal price was offered for the stall; but the cobbler, although he did not refuse to surrender it, whimsically exacted as a condition precedent, that the several factions of the charioteers should salute him, in the same way as they saluted the Emperor while passing his seat in the hippodrome. Justinian agreed; but took what must be considered an ungenerous advantage of the simple man of leather. The letter of Xenophon's condition was fulfilled. He was placed in the front of the centre tribune, gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet and white robe. The factions, as they passed his seat in procession, duly rendered the prescribed salute; but the poor cobbler was balked of his anticipated triumph, being compelled, amid the derisive cheers and laughter of the multitude, *to receive the salute with his back turned to the assembly*!‡

But it is around the imperial builder himself that the incidents of the history of the work, and still more its legendary marvels, group themselves in the pages of the anonymous chronicler. For although the chief architect, Anthemius, was assisted by Agathias, by Isidorus, of Miletus, and by a countless staff of minor subordinates, Justinian, from the first to the last, may be truly said to have been the very life and soul of the undertaking, and the director even of its smallest details. From the moment when, at the close of the inaugural prayer, he threw the first shovelfull of mortar into the foundation, till its solemn opening for worship on Christmas-day, 538, his enthusiasm never abated, nor did his energy relax. Under the glare of the noon-day sun, while others were indulging in the customary siesta, Justinian was to be seen, clad in a coarse linen tunic, staff in hand, and his head bound with a cloth, directing, encouraging, and urging on the workmen, stimulating the industri-

* Anonymi, p. 58.

† *Ibid.*, p. 59.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 59.

ous by liberal donations, visiting the loiterers with his displeasure. Some of his expedients, as detailed by the chronicler, are extremely curious. We shall mention only one. In order to expedite the work, it was desirable to induce the men to work after-hours. The natural way of effecting this would have been to offer them a proportionate increase of pay; but Justinian chose rather to obtain the same result indirectly. Accordingly, he was accustomed—if our authority can be relied on—to scatter a quantity of coins about the building; and the workmen, afraid to search for them in the open day, were led to continue their work till the shades of evening began to fall, in order that they might more securely carry off the spoil under cover of the darkness!

Some of the building operations which this writer describes are equally singular. The mortar, to secure greater tenacity, was made with barley-water; the foundations were filled up with huge rectangular masses, fifty feet long, of a concrete of lime and sand, moistened with barley-water and other glutinous fluid, and bound together by wicker framework. The tiles or bricks of which the cupola was formed were made of Rhodian clay, so light that twelve of them did not exceed the weight of one ordinary tile. The pillars and buttresses were built of cubical and triangular blocks of stone, with a cement made of lime and oil, soldered with lead, and bound, within and without, with clamps of iron.

It is plain, however, that these particulars, however curious they may seem, are not to be accepted implicitly, at least if they are judged by the palpable incredibility of some of the other statements of the writer. The supernatural appears largely as an element in his history. On three several occasions, according to this chronicler, the Emperor was favored with angelic apparitions, in which were imparted to him the successive instructions, first as to the plan of the building, again as to urging on its progress, and finally as to finding funds for its completion. One of these narratives is extremely curious, as showing the intermixture of earth and heaven in the legendary notions of the time. A boy, during the absence of the masons, had been left in charge of their tools, when, as the boy

believed, one of the eunuchs of the palace in a resplendent white dress came to him, ordered him at once to call back the masons, that the work of heaven might not be longer retarded. On the boy's refusing to quit the post of which he had been left in charge, the supposed eunuch volunteered to take his place, and swore "by the Wisdom of God" that he would not depart from the place till the boy should return. Justinian ordered all the eunuchs of the palace to be paraded before the boy; and on the boy's declaring that the visitor who had appeared to him was not any of the number, at once concluded that the apparition was supernatural; but, while he accepted the exhortation to greater zeal and energy in forwarding the work, he took a characteristic advantage of the oath by which the angel had sworn not to leave the church till the return of his youthful messenger. Without permitting the boy to go back to the building where the angel had appeared to him, Justinian *sent him away to the Cyclades for the rest of his life*, in order that the perpetual presence and protection of the angel might thus be secured for the church, which that divine messenger was pledged never to leave till the boy should return to relieve him at his post!*

Without dwelling further, however, on the legendary details, we shall find marvels enough in the results, such as they appear in the real history of the building. And perhaps the greatest marvel of all is the shortness of the period in which so vast a work was completed, the new church being actually opened for worship within less than seven years from the day of the conflagration. Ten thousand workmen were employed on the edifice, if it be true that a hundred master-builders, each of whom had a hundred men under him, were engaged to accelerate and complete the undertaking. For the philosophical student of history, there is a deep subject of study in the bare enumeration of the materials brought together for this great Christian enterprise, and of the various quarters from which they were collected. It is not alone the rich assortment of precious marbles,—the spotless white of Paros;

* Anonymi, p. 61.

the green of Crocæ; the blue of Libya; together with parti-colored marbles in a variety hardly ever equalled before—the costly cipolline, the rose-veined white marble of Phrygia, the curiously streaked black marble of Gaul, and the countless varieties of Egyptian porphyry and granite. Far more curious is it to consider how the materials of the structure were selected so as to present in themselves a series of trophies of the triumphs of Christianity over all the proudest forms of worship in the old world of paganism. In the forest of pillars which surround the dome and sustain the graceful arches of the Gynæconitis, the visitor may still trace the spoils of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, of the famous Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or that of the Delian Apollo, of Minerva at Athens, of Cybele at Cyzicus, and of a host of less distinguished shrines of paganism. When the mere cost of the transport of these massive monuments to Constantinople is taken into account, all wonder ceases at the vastness of the sums which are said to have been expended in the work. It is easy to understand how, “before the walls had risen two cubits from the ground, forty-five thousand two hundred pounds were consumed.”* It is not difficult to account for the enormous general taxation, the oppressive exactions from individuals, the percentages on prefects’ incomes, and the deductions from the salaries of judges and professors, which went to swell the almost fabulous aggregate of the expenditure; and there is perhaps an economical lesson in the legend of the apparition of the angel, who, when the building had risen as far as the cupola, conducted the master of the imperial treasury to a subterranean vault in which eighty hundred weight of gold were discovered ready for the completion of the work!†

Even independently of the building itself and its artistic decorations, the value of the sacred furniture and appliances exceeded all that had ever before been devised. The sedilia of the priests and the throne of the patriarch were of silver gilt. The dome of the tabernacle was of pure gold, ornamented with gol-

den lilies, and surmounted by a gold cross seventy-five pounds weight and encrusted with precious stones. All the sacred vessels—chalices, beakers, ewers, dishes, and patens, were of gold. The candelabra which stood on the altar, on the ambo, and on the upper gynæconitis; the two colossal candelabra placed at either side of the altar; the dome of the ambo; the several crosses within the bema; the pillars of the iconastasis; the covers of the sacred books; all were likewise of gold, and many of them loaded with pearls, diamonds, and carbuncles. The sacred linens of the altar and the communion cloths were embroidered with gold and pearls. But when it came to the construction of the altar itself, no single one of these costly materials was considered sufficiently precious. Pious ingenuity was tasked to its utmost to devise a new and richer substance, and the table of the great altar was formed of a combination of all varieties of precious materials. Into the still fluid mass of molten gold were thrown pearls and other gems, rubies, crystals, topazes, sapphires, onyxes, and amethysts, blended in such proportions as might seem best suited to enhance to the highest imaginable limit the costliness of what was prepared as the throne of the Most High on earth! And to this combination of all that is most precious in nature, art added all the wealth at its disposal, by the richness of the chasing and the elaborateness and beauty of the design.

The total cost of the structure has been variously estimated. It amounted, according to the ancient authorities, to “three hundred and twenty thousand pounds;” but whether these were of silver or of gold is not expressly stated. Gibbon‡ leaves it to each reader, “according to the measure of his belief,” to estimate it in one or the other metal; but Mr. Neale§ is not deterred by the sneer of Gibbon from expressing his belief that gold must be intended.” According to this supposition the expenditure, if this can be believed possible, would have reached the enormous sum of thirteen millions sterling!

It was, no doubt, with profound self-

* Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall*, vol. iii. p. 523.

† Anonymi, p. 62.

‡ *Decline and Fall*, vol. iii. p. 523.

§ *Eastern Church*, vol. i. p. 237.

gratulation that, at the end of almost six years of anxious toil, Justinian received the intelligence of the completion of this great labor of love. At his special entreaty, the last details had been urged forward with headlong haste, in order that all might be ready for the great festival of Christmas in the year 538; and his architect had not disappointed his hopes. There is some uncertainty as to the precise date of the dedication; and indeed it is probable that the festival may have extended over several days, and thus have been assigned to different dates by different writers. But when it came (probably on Christmas eve, December 24, 538), it was a day of triumph for Justinian. A thousand oxen, a thousand sheep, a thousand swine, six hundred deer, ten thousand poultry, and thirty thousand measures of corn, were distributed to the poor. Largesses to a fabulous amount were divided among the people. The Emperor, attended by the patriarch and all the great officers of state, went in procession from his palace to the entrance of the church. But, from that spot, as though he would claim to be alone in the final act of offering, Justinian ran, unattended, to the foot of the ambo, and with arms outstretched and lifted up in the attitude of prayer, exclaimed in words which the event has made memorable: "Glory to God, who hath accounted me worthy of such a work! I have, conquered thee, O Solomon!"

Justinian's works in St. Sophia, however, were not destined to cease with this first completion of the building. Notwithstanding the care bestowed on the dome, the selection of the lightest materials for it, and the science employed in its construction, an earthquake, which occurred in the year 558, overthrew the semi-dome at the east end of the church. Its fall was followed by that of the eastern half of the great dome itself; and in the ruin perished the altar, the tabernacle, and the whole bema, with its costly furniture and appurtenances. This catastrophe, however, only supplied a new incentive to the zeal of Justinian. Anthemius and his fellow-laborers were now dead, but the task of repairing the injury was entrusted to Isidorus the Younger, nephew of the Isidorus who had been

associated with Anthemius in the original construction of the church. It was completed, and the church re-dedicated, at the Christmas of the year 561; nor can it be doubted that the change which Isidorus now introduced in the proportions of the dome, by adding twenty-five feet to its height, contributed materially as well to the elegance of the dome itself as to the general beauty of the church and the harmony of its several parts.

The church of Justinian thus completed may be regarded as substantially the same building which is now the chief temple of Islam. The few modifications which it has undergone will be mentioned in the proper place; but it may be convenient to describe the building, such as it came from the hands of its first founder, before we proceed to its later history.

St. Sophia, in its primitive form, may be taken as the type of Byzantine ecclesiology in almost all its details. Although its walls enclose what may be roughly* called a square of 241 feet, the internal plan is not inaptly described as a Greek cross, of which the nave and transepts constitute the arm, while the aisles, which are surmounted by the gynæconitis or women's gallery, may be said to complete it into a square, within which the cross is inscribed. The head of the cross is prolonged at the eastern extremity into a slightly projecting apse. The aisle is approached at its western end through a double narthex or porch, extending over the entire breadth of the building, and about 100 feet in depth; so that the whole length of the structure, from the eastern wall of the apse to the wall of the outer porch, is about 340 feet. In the centre, from four massive piers, rises the great dome, beneath which, to the east and to the west, spring two great semi-domes, the eastern supported by three, the western by two, semi-domes of smaller dimensions. The central of the three lesser semi-domes, to the east, constitutes the roof of the apse to which allusion has already been made. The piers of the dome (differing in this respect from those of St. Peter's at Rome) present from within a singularly light and elegant appearance; they are nevertheless con-

* This is not exactly true. The precise dimensions of the building (excluding the apse and narthex) are 241 feet by 226 feet.

structed with great strength and solidity, supported by four massive buttresses, which, in the exterior, rise as high as the base of the dome, and are capacious enough to contain the exterior staircases of the gynæconitis. The lightness of the dome-piers is in great part due to the lightness of the materials of the dome itself already described. The diameter of the dome at its base is 100 feet, its height at the central point above the floor is 179 feet, the original height, before the reconstruction in 561, having been twenty-five feet less.† The effect of this combination of domes, semi-domes, and plane arches, on entering the nave, is singularly striking. It constitutes, in the opinion of the authors of "Byzantine Architecture," what may be regarded as the characteristic beauty of St. Sophia; and the effect is heightened in the modern mosque by the nakedness of the lower part of the building, and by the absence of those appurtenances of a Christian church,—as the altar, the screen, and the ambo,—which, by arresting the eye in more minute observation, withdrew it in the Christian times from the general proportions of the structure. This effect of lightness is also increased by numerous windows, which encircle the tympanum. They are twenty-four in number, small, low, and circular-headed; and in the spaces between them spring the twenty-four groined ribs of the dome, which meet in the centre and divide the vault into twenty-four equal segments. The interior was richly decorated with mosaic-work. At the four angles beneath the dome were four colossal figures of winged seraphim; and, from the summit of the dome looked down that majestic face of Christ the Sovereign Judge, which still remains the leading type of our Lord's countenance in the school of Byzantine art, and even in the Latin reproductions of it fills the mind with a feeling of reverence and awe, hardly to be equaled by any other production of Christian art.

† Later Greek authorities, for the purpose of exalting the glories of the older church, allege that the second dome is fifteen feet lower than the first; and even Von Hammer ("Constantinopel und der Bosphorus," vol. i. p. 346) adopts this view. But Zonaras and the older writers agree that the height was increased by twenty-five feet. See Neale's "Eastern Church," vol. i. p. 239.

The exterior of the dome is covered with lead, and it was originally surmounted by a stately cross, which in the modern mosque is replaced by a gigantic crescent fifty yards in diameter; on the gilding of this ornament Murad III. expended 50,000 ducats, and the glitter of it in the sunshine is said to be visible from the summit of Mount Olympus—a distance of a hundred miles. To an eye accustomed to the convexity of the cupola of western churches, the interior height of the dome of Sophia is perhaps somewhat disappointing, especially considering the name "aerial," by which it is called by the ancient authorities. This name, however, was given to it, not so much to convey the idea of lightness or "airiness" in the structure, as because its proportions, as designed by the architect, were intended to represent or reproduce the supposed convexity of the "aerial vault" itself.

With Justinian's St. Sophia begins what may be called the second or classic period of Byzantine archæology. It is proper, therefore, that we should describe, although of necessity very briefly, its general outline and arrangements.

With very few exceptions, the Greek churches of the earlier period (including the older church of St. Sophia, whether as originally built by Constantine and restored by his son, or as rebuilt by Theodosius), were of that oblong form which the Greeks called "dromic," and which is known in the West as the type of the Basilica. The present St. Sophia, on the contrary, may be regarded as practically the type of the cruciform structure. This cruciform appearance, however, is, as has been already explained, confined to the internal arrangement, the exterior presenting the appearance of a square, or, if the porch be regarded as part of the church, of an oblong rectangle.

To begin with the narthex or porch: That of St. Sophia is double, consisting of an outer (exonarthex) as well as an inner (esonarthex) porch. Most Byzantine churches have but a single narthex—often a lean-to against the western wall; and in some few churches the narthex is altogether wanting. But in St. Sophia it is a substantive part of the edifice; and, the roof of the inner compartment being arched, it forms the substructure

ture of the western gynaecitis, or women's choir, which is also carried upon a series of unrivaled arches supported by pillars, most of which are historical, around the northern and southern sides of the nave. The outer porch is comparatively plain, and communicates with the inner one by five marble doorways (of which one is now walled up), the doors being of watered marble, and the walls lined with marbles of various colors and with richly carved alabaster. It opens on the church by nine gates of highly wrought bronze; over the central portal is a well-preserved group in mosaic, bearing the inscription — Εἰρήνη ὑμῖν. Ἐγὼ εἶμι τὸ φῶς τοῦ κόσμου — and representing our Lord, with the Virgin and St. John the Baptist on either hand, in the act of giving with uplifted right hand his benediction to an emperor (no doubt Justinian) prostrate at his feet. This group is represented in one of M. Salzenberg's plates; and it is specially interesting for the commentary, explanatory of the attitude of our Lord, given in the poem of Paul the Silentiary, according to whom the position of our Lord's fingers represents, in the language of signs then received, the initial and final letters of the Sacred Name, ΙΣ ΧΣ:

Ἔοικε δὲ δάκτυλα τείνειν
Δεξιτερῆς ἄτε μῦθον ἀειζῶντα πεφά-
σθων.

The outstretched forefinger meant I; the bent second finger C or Σ; the third finger applied to the thumb, X; and the little finger, Σ. It may also be noted that Justinian in this curious group is represented with the nimbus. During the progress of the restoration of the building in 1847, this mosaic was uncovered, and exactly copied; but like all the other mosaics which contain representations of the human form, it has been covered with canvass, and again carefully coated with plaster. It was on the *phiale* or fountain of the outer court of this narthex that the famous palindromic inscription was placed:

ΝΙΦΟΝ ΑΝΟΗΜΑΤΑ ΜΗ
ΜΟΝΑΝ ΟΦΙΝ.

"Wash thy sins, not thy countenance only."

The interior of St. Sophia, exclusive of the women's choir, consisted of three great divisions—the nave, which was the place of the laity; the *soleas*, or choir, which was assigned to the assisting clergy of the various grades; and the *bema*, or sanctuary, the semicircular apse at the eastern end in which the sacred mysteries were celebrated, shut off from the soleas by the *incoistasis* or screen, and flanked by two smaller, but similar, semicircular recesses; the *diaconicon*, corresponding with the modern vestry; and the *prothesis*, in which the bread and wine were prepared for the eucharistic offering, whence they were carried, in the procession called the "Great Entrance," to the high altar within the bema.

The position of these several parts is still generally traceable in the modern mosque, although, the divisions having been all swept away, there is some controversy as to details.

The nave, of course, occupies the western end, and is entered directly from the porch. It was separated from the soleas, or choir, at the *ambo*—the pulpit, or more properly gallery, which was used not only for preaching, but also for the reading or chanting of the lessons and the gospel, for ecclesiastical announcements or proclamations, and in St. Sophia for the coronation of the emperor. The *ambo* of St. Sophia was a very massive and stately structure of rich and costly material and of most elaborate workmanship; it was crowned by a canopy or baldachin, surmounted by a solid golden cross a hundred pounds in weight. All trace of the *ambo* has long disappeared from the mosque; but from the number of clergy, priests, deacons, subdeacons, lectors, and singers (numbering, even on the reduced scale prescribed by Justinian, 385,) which the soleas was designed to accommodate, as well as from other indications, it is believed that the *ambo*, which was at the extreme end of the soleas, must have stood under the dome, a little to the east of the centre. The seat of the emperor was on the left side of the soleas, immediately below the seats of the priests, close to the *ambo*, and opposite to the throne of the patriarch. The seats assigned in the present patriarchal church to the princes of Wallachia and Moldavia correspond in position to those formerly

occupied by the throne of the emperor and are directly opposite that of the patriarch. Besides its sacred uses, the ambo of St. Sophia was the scene of many a striking incident in Byzantine history. The reader of Gibbon will recall the graphic picture of Heracleonas compelled by the turbulent multitude to appear in the ambo of St. Sophia with his infant nephew in his arms for the purpose of receiving their homage to the child as emperor;* or his still more vivid description of the five sons of Copronimus, of whom the eldest, Nicephorus, had been made blind, and the other four had their tongues cut out, escaping from their dungeon and taking sanctuary in St. Sophia. There are few more touching stories in all the bloody annals of Byzantium than that which presents the blind Nicephorus employing that faculty of speech which had been spared in him alone, by appealing from the ambo on behalf of his mute brothers to the pity and protection of the people!†

But it was upon the bema of St. Sophia, as we have already seen, that the wealth and pious munificence of Justinian were most lavishly expended. It was shut off from the soleas by the iconostasis, which in Byzantine art is a screen resembling, in all except its position, the rood-screen of western architecture, and derived its name from the sacred pictures (εἰκόνες) represented upon it. In that of St. Sophia the material was silver, the lower part being highly wrought with arabesque devices, and the upper composed of twelve pillars, twined two and two, and separated by panels on which were depicted in oval medallions the figures of our Lord, His Virgin Mother, and the prophets and Apostles. It had three doors; the central one (called *αἷα θύρα* "sacred door") leading directly to the altar, that on the right to the diaconicon, and that on the left to the prothesis. The figures on either side of the central door, following what appears to have been the universal rule, were those of our Lord and the Virgin, and above the door stood a massive cross of gold. The altar, with its canopy or tabernacle, has been already described. The *synthronos*, or bench with

stalls, for the officiating bishop and clergy, are at the back of the altar along the circular wall of the bema. The seats were of silver gilt. The pillars which separated them were of pure gold. All this costly and gorgeous structure has of course disappeared from the modern mosque. The eye now ranges without interruption from the entrance of the royal doors to the very extremity of the bema;—the only objects to arrest observation being the Sultan's Gallery (mak-sure,) which stands at the left or north side of the bema; the mimber, or pulpit for the Friday prayer, which is placed at the right or southern end of the ancient iconostasis; the mahfil, or ordinary preaching pulpit in the centre of the mosque; and the mihrab, or sacred niche, which is at the south-east side of the bema.

It was more difficult, in converting the church into a mosque, to get rid of the numerous sacred pictures in gold and mosaic which adorned the walls and arches. Accordingly, instead of attempting to remove or destroy them, the Moslem invaders of the church were content with covering all these Christian representations with a coat of plaster; and thus in the late reparation of the mosque, the architect, having removed the plaster, was enabled to have copies made of all the groups which still remained uninjured. Of the principal of them M. Salzenberg has given fac-similes. On the great western arch was represented the Virgin Mary, with SS. Peter and Paul. On the side walls of the nave, above the women's choir upon either side, were figures, in part now defaced, of prophets, martyrs, and other saints. M. Salzenberg has reproduced in his volume, SS. Anthe-mius, Basil, Gregory, Dionysius the Are-opagite, Nicolas of Myra, Gregory the Armenian Apostle, and the prophets Jeremiah, Isaiah, and Habakkuk. On the great eastern arch was a group consisting of the Virgin Mary, St. John the Baptist, and the Emperor John Palæologus, the last Christian restorer of the building; but these figures—and still more the group which decorated the arch of the bema, our Lord, the Virgin, and the Archangel Michael—are now much defaced. Much to the credit of the late Sultan, however, he not only declined to permit the removal of these relics of an-

* Decline and Fall, vol. iv. p. 403.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 413.

cient Christian art, but gave orders that every means should be taken to preserve them; at the same time directing that they should be carefully concealed from Moslem eyes, as before, by a covering of plaster, the outer surface of which is decorated in harmony with those portions of the ancient mosaic, which, not containing any object inconsistent with the Moslem worship, have been restored to their original condition. Accordingly, the winged seraphim at the angels of the buttresses which support the dome have been preserved, and, to a Christian visitor, appear in strange contrast with the gigantic Arabic inscriptions in gold and colors which arrest the eye upon either side of the nave and within the dome, commemorate the four companions of the Prophet, Abubekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali.

But there is one characteristic of St. Sophia which neither time nor the revolutions which time has brought have been able to efface or even substantially to modify—the strikingly graceful and elegant, although far from classically correct, grouping of the pillars which support the lesser semi-domes and the women's choir. It would be impossible, without the aid of a plan, to convey any idea of the arrangement of this matchless assemblage of columns, which, as we have already observed, are even less precious for the intrinsic richness and beauty of their material than for the interesting associations which their presence in a Christian temple involves. Most of these may still be identified. The eight red porphyry pillars standing, two and two, under the semi-domes at either end of the nave, are the celebrated columns from the Temple of the Sun, already recorded as the gift of Marcia, offered by her "for the salvation of her soul." The eight pillars of green serpentine which support the women's choir, at either side of the nave, are from the temple of Diana at Ephesus; and among the remaining pillars on the ground-floor, twenty-four in number, arranged in groups of four, are still pointed out representatives of almost every form of the olden worship of the Roman Empire—spoils of the pagan temples of Athens, Delos, Troas, Cyzicus, and other sanctuaries of heathen gods.

Less grand, but hardly less graceful, are the groups of pillars, sixty-seven in

number, in the women's choir above the aisles and the inner porch. The occasional absence of uniformity which they present, differing from each other in material, in color, in style, and even in height, although it may offend the rules of art, is by no means ungrateful to the eye. In the total number of pillars of St. Sophia, which is the broken number one hundred and seven, there is supposed to be a mystic allusion to the seven pillars of the House of Wisdom.*

Such was St. Sophia in the days of its early glory—a fitting theatre for the stately ceremonial which constituted the peculiar characteristic of the Byzantine Court and church. On all the great festivals of the years—Christmas, Epiphany, Palm Sunday, Easter, Pentecost, and the Ascension; at the ceremony of the emperor's coronation; at Imperial marriages; and on occasions, more rare in the inglorious annals of the Lower Empire, of imperial triumphs;—the Emperor, attended by the full array of his family and court, went in State to St. Sophia and assisted at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. The Emperor himself, with his distinctive purple buskins and close tiara; the Cæsar, and, in later times, the Sebastocrator, in green buskins and open tiara; the Despots, the Panhypersebastos; and the Protosebastos; the long and carefully graduated line of functionaries, civil and military—the Curopalata, the Logothete and Great Logothete, the Domestic and Great Domestic, the Prostrator, the Stratospedarch, the Protospatharius, the Great Æteriarch, and the Acolyth, with the several trains of attendants in appropriate costume which belonged to each department;—combined to form an array for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of ceremonial; and when to these are added the purely ecclesiastical functionaries, for whose number even the munificent provision of space allotted by Justinian's architect was found at times insufficient, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of the service, which, for so many ages, lent to that lofty dome and these stately colonnades a life and a significance now utterly lost in the worship which has usurped its place. As a purely

* Proverbs, ix. 1.

ecclesiastical ceremony, probably some of the great functions at St. Peter's in Rome surpass in splendor such a ceremonial as the "Great Entrance" at St. Sophia on one of the Emperor's days. But the latter had the additional element of grandeur derived from the presence of a court unrivaled for the elaborate stateliness and splendor of its ceremonial code.

We have said that the Church of Justinian is, in all substantial particulars, the St. Sophia of the present day. In an architectural view of the later history of the building is hardly worth recording. The eastern half of the dome, in consequence of some settling of the foundation of the buttresses, having shown indications of a tendency to give way, it became necessary in the reign of Basil the Macedonian, towards the end of the ninth century, to support it by four exterior buttresses which still form a conspicuous object from the Seraglio Place. The Emperor Michael in 896, erected the tower still standing at the western entrance, to receive a set of bells which were presented by the Doge of Venice, but which the Turks have melted down into cannon. About half a century later, a further work for the purpose of strengthening the dome was undertaken by the Emperor Romanus; and in the year 987 a complete reparation and re-strengthening of the dome, within and without, was executed under Basil the Bulgaricide, in which work the cost of the scaffolding alone amounted to ten hundred-weight of gold.

No further reparations are recorded for upwards of two centuries. But, to the shame of the founders of the Latin empire of Constantinople, the Church of St. Sophia suffered so much in their hands, that, after the recovery of the city by the Greeks, more than one of the later Greek emperors is found engaged in repairing the injuries of the building. Andronicus the Elder, Cantacuzenus, and John IV. Palæologus, each had a share in the work; and, by a curious though fortuitous coincidence, Palæologus, the last of the Christian emperors who are recorded as restorers of St. Sophia, appears to be the only one admitted to the same honor which was accorded to its first founder Justinian—that of having his portrait introduced into the mosaic deco-

rations of the building. John Palæologus, as we saw, is represented in the group which adorned the eastern arch supporting the great dome. The figures, however, are now much defaced.

How much of the injury which, from whatever cause, the mosaic and other decorations of St. Sophia have suffered, is due to the fanaticism of the Turkish conquerors of Constantinople it is impossible to say with certainty. Probably, however, it was far less considerable than might at first be supposed. Owing to the peculiar discipline of the Greek Church, which, while it freely admits painted images, endures no sculptured Christian representations except that of the Cross itself, there was little in the marble or bronze of St. Sophia to provoke Moslem fanaticism. The crosses throughout the building, and especially in the women's choir, have been modified, rather than completely destroyed; the mutilator being generally satisfied with merely chiseling off *the head of the cross* (the cruciform character being thus destroyed), sparing the other three arms of the Christian emblem. For the rest, as we have already said, the change consisted in simply denuding the church of all its Christian furniture and appliances, whether moveable objects or permanent structures, and in covering up from view all the purely Christian decorations of the walls, roof, and domes. The mosaic work, where it has perished, seems to have fallen, less from intentional outrage or direct and voluntary defacement, than from the long-continued neglect under which the building had suffered for generations, down to the restoration by the late Sultan.

The alterations of the exterior under Moslem rule are far more striking, as well as more considerable. Much of the undoubtedly heavy and inelegant appearance of the exterior of St. Sophia is owing to the absence of several groups of statues and other artistic objects which were designed to relieve the massive and ungraceful proportions of the buttresses and supports of the building as seen from without. Of these groups the most important was that of the celebrated horses now at St. Mark's in Venice. On the other hand, the addition of the four minarets has, in a different way, contri-

buted to produce the same effect of heaviness and incongruity of proportion. Of these minarets, the first, that at the south-east angle, was built by Mahomet II. The second, at the north-east, was erected by Selim, to whose care the mosque was indebted for many important works, intended as well for its actual restoration as for its prospective maintenance and preservation. The north-western and south-western minarets are both the Amurath III. These structures, although exceedingly light and elegant in themselves, are altogether out of keeping with the massive structure to which they were intended as an appendage, and the pretentious style of their decoration only heightens by the contrast the bald and unarchitectural appearance of the exterior of the church. It is not too much to say that the effect of these peculiarly Mahometan additions to the structure is externally to destroy its Christian character.

But whatever may be said of the works of former Sultans, it is impossible not to regard the late Sultan Abdul Medjid as a benefactor to Christian art, even in the works which he undertook directly in the interest of his own worship. From the time of Amurath III. the building had been entirely neglected. Dangerous cracks had appeared in the dome, as well as in several of the semi-domes. The lead covering of all was in a ruinous condition; and the apertures not only admitted the rain and snow, but permitted free entrance to flocks of pigeons and even more destructive birds. The arches of the gynæconitis were in many places split and in a tottering condition. The pillars, especially on the upper floor, were displaced and thrown out of the perpendicular; and the whole structure, in all its parts and in all its appointments, presented painful evidence of gross and long-continued neglect. M. Louis Haghe has represented, in two contrasted lithographed sketches, the interior of the mosque such as it was and such as it now is since the restoration. The contrast in appearance, even on paper, is very striking; although this can only be realized by those who have had the actual opportunity of comparing the new with the old. But the substantial repairs are far more important, as tending to the security of

a pile so venerable and the object of so many precious associations. The great dome, while it is relieved from the four heavy and unsightly buttresses, is made more permanently secure by a double girder of wrought iron around the base. The lead of the dome and the roof has been renewed throughout. The tottering pillars of the women's choir have been replaced in the perpendicular, and the arches which they sustain are now shored up and strengthened. The mosaic work throughout the building has been thoroughly cleansed and restored, the defective portions being replaced by a skilful imitation of the original. All the fittings and furniture of the mosque—the Sultan's gallery, the pulpits, the mihrab, and other appurtenances of its worship—have been renewed in a style of great splendor. The work of reparation extended over two years, and owed much of its success, as well as of the spirit in which it was executed, to the enlightened liberality of Redschid Pacha. An effort is said to have been made by the fanatical party in Constantinople, to induce the Sultan to order the complete demolition of the mosaic pictures on the walls, as being utterly prohibited by the Koran. But he firmly refused to accede to the demand; and it was with his express permission that the King of Prussia commissioned M. Salzenberg to avail himself of the occasion of their being uncovered, in order to secure for the students of the Christian art of Byzantium the advantage of accurate copies of every detail of its most ancient as well as most characteristic monument.

With the restoration of Abdul Medjid the annals of the architectural structure of St. Sophia close. But this venerable pile has another story which immeasurably transcends in interest the record of its purely material fortunes. The history of the church of St. Sophia might with little exaggeration be described as the history of at least one branch of the Eastern Church—the Greek, as contra-distinguished alike from the earlier Egyptian and Syrian and from the later Slavonic communities, all of which, however distinct in themselves and modified in detail by the varieties of national development, are united on the broad ground of

their common profession of orthodoxy and their common antagonism to the supremacy of Rome. St. Sophia is in this sense the centre of Greek orthodoxy, as it is the type of Greek nationality—at least of the Greek nationality of the Byzantine Empire. The ecclesiastical pre-eminence of Constantinople, and the consequent organization of the Byzantine Church as a national institution with defined limits and recognized prerogatives, was avowedly made to rest on the political supremacy of the imperial city; and in his design of raising St. Sophia in architectural beauty, and the ceremonial of St. Sophia in ritual splendor, immeasurably beyond all the other churches of his empire, Justinian was but doing homage to the national spirit by embodying it in a form not unworthy of the greatness of his aims.

And of this national character we find innumerable traces in the history of the patriarchal church. St. Sophia was the theatre of every ecclesiastical ceremony which bore a strictly national significance. It was in virtue of his coronation in St. Sophia, that the emperor entered upon the plenitude of his imperial privileges. Although Michael Palæologus had already been crowned at Nice, he did not fail, after the recovery of the imperial city from the Latins, to renew the coronation solemnly in St. Sophia. To the same church were reserved all the other ceremonies connected with the imperial succession, such as the marriage of the emperor and the baptism of the porphyrogenitus. It was upon the high altar of this church that the law which, though borrowed from ancient Rome, places in so strong a light the narrow exclusiveness of the Greek spirit—the law prohibiting the marriage of the Byzantine princes with a stranger—was inscribed; and when, in the gloomier days of his empire, Andronicus, discarding the pride and exclusiveness of the other Byzantine sovereigns, sought in marriage, Jane, the sister of the Count of Savoy, he did not take her to his bed till she had been solemnly re-baptized in St. Sophia under the more orthodox name of Anne, and having then been crowned according to immemorial usage, was adopted into all the privileges of the Greek race as well as of the Greek religion.

It would be a highly instructive, therefore, as it would be a deeply interesting, study to trace out the story of this ancient church in connection with all the great revolutions, religious as well as political, of Byzantine history. If St. Sophia was the silent theatre of the varying phases of the more abstruse and speculative controversies, such as those on the Henoticon or Three Chapters, its lofty dome often resounded with angry clamor, and its porch was more than once stained with blood, during the sanguinary contests of iconoclasm; and it is a startling reflection for the Christian visitor of the mosque at the present day that the very mosaics and pictorial decorations which still lie concealed upon its walls were themselves at once the witness of this furious conflict, and the actual object of alternate worship and desecration by the contending parties.

Nor will the historical student fail to recall St. Sophia as the scene of the successive triumph and disgrace of many of the great ecclesiastical leaders whose rival claims still engage the attention and divide the suffrages of history. It was here that Ignatius successfully withstood, even in his fall, the attempt to extort from him by menace and by violence the resignation of his see. It was here that in the day of Ignatius's triumph, the crozier was broken in the hand, and the sacred vestments torn from the back of his rival, Photius, in token of deposition from his see and degradation from his order. And when the struggle for supremacy, long pending between Rome and Constantinople, was at length brought to its crisis under Michael Cerularius, the last act of the papal commination, through the legates of the Roman See, was to place the solemn sentence of excommunication upon the high altar of St. Sophia, as the centre of Byzantine nationality and the representative of Byzantine claims.

A very curious chapter, indeed, might be written merely on the history of the various excommunications and other ecclesiastical censures of which St. Sophia was the scene. To write this in detail would be to follow the course of the several controversies which agitated the Greek Church, and to record the numberless alternations of triumph and defeat

between the conflicting shades of opinion. But abundant material might be found by selecting only those more characteristic examples of the exercise of coercive spiritual authority which the Byzantine annals supply. The example, long remembered in the West, of St. Ambrose shutting out Theodosius from the sanctuary while his hands were still freshly stained with crime, has more than one parallel in the annals of the Byzantine basilica. Leo the philosopher was excluded from St. Sophia because, in defiance of the law of the Greek Church, he married a fourth wife. The Cæsar Bardas was publicly repelled by Ignatius from the Holy Table on account of an adulterous marriage; and the same punishment marked the crime of Zimisces, the murderer of Nicephorus Phocas. But some of the ecclesiastical censures of the East have a character almost entirely their own. It would be difficult to find in western history a counterpart for the device, already alluded to, of the Acemetan monk, who pinned the papal sentence of excommunication on the back of Acacius's cope as he passed by in the procession of the "Great Entrance." There is a fact recorded of the patriarch Athanasius, in the reign of Andronicus the Elder, which is still more extraordinary. This patriarch, by his excessive rigor, had so provoked the hostility of the people as well as of the clergy, that the emperor compelled him to resign his office and retire to a convent. Before his withdrawal, Athanasius drew up two parting addresses; the first, which he made public, was written in a spirit of the tenderest charity, of Christian forgiveness of enemies, and of humble resignation to the will of Providence. The second, however, was of a very opposite character, and was in truth a fierce denunciation under the direst anathema, and a solemn exclusion from the communion of the church, whether in heaven or on earth, of all the authors of his disgrace, and of all those who had had a share in promoting it. This sentence, however, he was afraid to make public, and he contented himself, before he withdrew to his convent, with depositing it, enclosed in an earthen pot, upon the top of one of the pillars of St. Sophia. Four years later it was discovered by

some boys who had mounted the pillars by a ladder in search of pigeons' nests. It was made public without delay. The emperor was terrified by a supposed supernatural warning; and, believing himself involved in this excommunication, and learning after consultation that such a censure could only be withdrawn by the person who had inflicted it, consented to the restoration of Athanasius. This weakness upon his part was made the subject of a caricature which in itself is not uncharacteristic of the age. The foot-cloth of the throne was carried off, and in its place was substituted a painting, or piece of embroidery, representing the emperor with a bride in his mouth and the patriarch Athanasius leading him, like a patient beast of burden, to the feet of Christ. It is hardly less characteristic that, the authors of the caricature having been discovered, Athanasius insisted that they should be put to death; and when Andronicus refused to comply with his fanatical demand, he again withdrew in indignation from the court, and ended his days in the retirement of his cell.

It ought, however, to be added, that throughout the long series of patriarchs who occupied the patriarchal throne of St. Sophia, there is not one who for extravagance and rigor in the enforcement of discipline can be compared with this Athanasius. One of the recorded instances of his severity—his punishing an ass which had eaten a lettuce in a convent garden, is probably only a pleasant satire; but the satire, if satire it be, is at least an indication of the popular estimate of his character. And, on the other hand, unfortunately, there are to be found in the line of patriarchs examples of laxity hardly less extravagant and incredible. We need only mention the patriarch Theophylact, in the tenth century, who was entirely given up to pleasure, keeping no fewer than two thousand horses for the chase and the hippodrome, and so utterly absorbed by his love of sport that on one occasion while engaged, in full vestments, at one of the solemn services of Passion Week, in St. Sophia, he actually rushed from the altar to the stable, on hearing from his chief equerry that his favorite mare had just foaled; so impatient was he to learn how far the foal had realized the promise of excol-

lence which its breeding had held out!*

It is not easy to trace the fortunes of St. Sophia during the Latin occupation of Constantinople. But it is certain that, among the many indignities of the conquest, there was none which jarred more painfully on the national feeling than the profanation of the sacred dome by the rites of the Western heresy. The sacrilegious outrages by which the church was desecrated in the first fury and license of conquest, and which have hardly a parallel except in the frenzied profanities of the French Revolution, gave a greater shock to the common feelings of humanity, and excited a deeper sense of natural horror; but it may be doubted whether the peculiar religious sensibilities of the Greeks did not suffer more acutely at the sight of the hateful azymos set forth on the table of the prothesis of their national church, or of the deacon ostentatiously pouring water into the chalice within the open doors of its bema. And if such was the effect on the religious sensibilities of the Greeks produced by these ritual innovations, it was a no less painful blow to their national sentiment when the first Latin emperor, Baldwin, was crowned in their ancient basilica; although the bitterness was somewhat diminished by the absence of what in their eyes had always been an essential condition of the ceremony—the unction by the hands of the patriarch. The place of the patriarch at Baldwin's coronation was held by the papal legate. The Greek patriarch had fled; and not the least dramatic among the strange incidents of the Latin capture of Constantinople is that which Nicetas, the historian of the siege, relates, among the events of his own flight with his family to Selymbria,—his coming up with the fugitive patriarch, alone and unprotected, riding upon an ass, in search of some refuge from the violence of the Latin barbarian. But the project of denationalization was not long left incomplete in this point by the conquerors. Thomas Morosini, a Venetian, was solemnly enthroned, as Latin patriarch, in St. Sophia; and, in the vain hope of perpetuating the Venetian succession, he was bound by oath to appoint no canons of St. Sophia except of that nation. The provision,

however, was as futile as its tenure was shortlived. Of the six Latin patriarchs who sat in St. Sophia, only the first and last were Venetians. Indeed, the ecclesiastical rule of the Latins produced no permanent, social, or religious effect at Constantinople. If it reached below the surface at all, it was but to quicken heart-burnings, and animosities already sufficiently active. The only trace which the Latins left of their occupation of St. Sophia is a monument on which even the most indifferent visitor still looks with emotion—the tomb of the greatest of the sons of Venice—

“Blind old Dandolo

The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!”

Some notion may be formed of the state of feeling with which they were regarded by the Greeks, from the recorded avowal of the first minister of the empire, “that he would prefer to see the turban of Mahomet in Constantinople, rather than the Pope's tiara or the cardinal's hat.”*

And yet, on the re-establishment of the Greek Empire, we find Michael Palæologus, in the hope of not only disarming the hostility of the West, but of converting it into a useful alliance, commencing that long series of negotiations for the union of the churches, which flattered Western Christendom with delusive hopes for above a hundred years. But this attempt was as futile as it was insincere. The union agreed to with every appearance of promise for the West at Lyons, was celebrated with all external solemnity in St. Sophia. But, for the body of the people and clergy, the celebration was nothing more than a form; and on the death of Michael, one of the first acts of his successor was to purify St. Sophia, and, in St. Sophia, the national church itself, after the desecration to which it had thus been subjected in the eyes of the orthodox Easterns.

Throughout the whole series, indeed, of the events which followed, St. Sophia holds a prominent position. The possession of the great national temple was the object of many a struggle between the friends of union and the far more numerous body of its antagonists. In

* Baronius' *Annales*, tom. xvi. 956 (Lucca ed.)

* Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 299.

the last, and as it seemed the most promising, effort at union,—that made by John Palæologus in the very throes of the expiring empire, when it was agreed that the representatives of the two churches should meet in a council to be held in the West,—it may also be said that, for the purpose of adding authority to their decision in the eyes of their own people, St. Sophia itself was transferred to the scene of the deliberation. The patriarch was attended to the council by all the great dignitaries of the cathedral. Besides a crowd of minor officials, the five cross-bearers of St. Sophia, and the Great Ecclesiarch or preacher—that Syropulus whose history of the council is still preserved—appeared in his train. The choicest and most gorgeous contents of its sacred wardrobe, all its richest gold and silver plate, all its costliest ecclesiastical furniture, were carried across the sea to grace the array of the representative of Greek orthodoxy; and in the contest of ecclesiastical etiquette which ensued, the chief claim of the patriarch was made to rest upon the traditional usages of St. Sophia. But the attempt at representation did not reach beyond the name. While the emperor, with the patriarch and his allies in the project of union, was engaged in discussion at Florence, the true St. Sophia was the centre of a fierce and fanatical organization for the purpose of resistance; and when, at the close of the council and the completion of the documentary union, the new united patriarch (the old patriarch having died during the council) was consecrated in St. Sophia, its nave was a silent solitude; the cross-bearers withheld their service; the long array of clergy deserted the choir; and not a single voice was found but those of the pliant officials of the court engaged in the ceremony, to join in the acclamations and prayers which were wont to hail the inauguration of a newly consecrated prelate.

After a vain effort to bend the national will, maintained, but without life or reality, for some years, John Palæologus himself in the end abandoned the unpopular project. He formally renounced the union before his death. But fear was stronger than consistency; and once more, under the alarm of the imminent invasion of the Turks, his brother and

successor, Constantine, reverted, almost in despair, to the expedient, so often tried in vain, of a renewal of the union, as the price of Latin aid for his all but invested city. Cardinal Isidore of Russia arrived as legate from the pope about six months before the great catastrophe; and, on the 12th of December, 1452, St. Sophia once again witnessed the union of East and West in the most solemn act of their common worship, the names of the Pope Nicholas V. and of Gregory the unionist patriarch being joined together in the commemoration. But, again, the national prejudice was too strong to be hushed by the instinct of fear, or seduced into acquiescence by the suggestions of state policy. The people turned with contempt from the unfamiliar and unpicturesque costume of the Latin legate and clergy, and fled in horror from the altar desecrated in Greek eyes by the unleavened oblation and the mingled chalice; and St. Sophia not only became again a desert, but, in the rigor of Byzantine orthodoxy, the pliant or unreflecting Greeks who had received communion at the hands of the foreign priest were subjected to public penance before they could be admitted into any other of the national churches.

Not the least strange passage of this curious history is its close, in which, while the Turkish invader is thundering at the walls, St. Sophia is seen once again filled with a throng of trembling and terror-stricken worshippers. Some of the incidents, as recorded by the historian Phranza, himself an eye-witness, are extremely touching. During the sleepless night which preceded the fall of Constantinople, the emperor, with a few faithful companions, repaired to the cathedral,—

“Within a few hours to be converted into a mosque, and receive together with them the Holy Communion. But there needed an impulse more powerful than the calm courage of these devoted men, to overcome the superstitious repugnance with which the great mass of the people had deserted the church which they believed to have been polluted by the Latin worship. That motive was found in a superstitious belief still more blind. There was an old prophecy current among the people, that the Turks would one day enter Constantinople; that they would carry all resistlessly before them as far as the Column of

Constantine in the square before St. Sophia; but that this spot was to be the limit of their progress; that an angel would there descend from heaven, with a sword in his hand, which he would deliver to a man who was to be seated at the foot of the pillar; and that, headed by this divinely-commissioned leader, the Christians would drive back the Turks, not alone from the city, but to the extremest confines of the empire, and to the very frontier of Persia! Strong in confidence thus inspired, the helpless citizens, forgetting the ban under which it had been placed, flocked from every part of the capital into the church of St. Sophia. The available space is calculated to be capable of containing 30,000 persons. In the course of an hour the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins; the doors were barred on the inside, and they sought protection from the sacred dome which they had so lately abhorred as a profane and polluted edifice."^{*}

This vain hope but aggravated the horrors which followed; dreadful as they were, the historian of the Decline and Fall commences his relation of them with his accustomed sneer, that "while this crowd expected the descent of the tardy angel, the doors were broken with axes." The details of slaughter and pillage are beyond our present purpose; for the Christian history of St. Sophia terminates with that fatal moment when the conquering Mahomet at the head of his "vizirs, bashaws, and guards," each of whom, in the words of one of the historians, "was robust as Hercules, dexterous as Apollo, and equal in battle to any ten ordinary mortals," rode to the great door, and, with difficulty forcing a passage through the horror-stricken crowd, advanced to the high altar and took possession of it in the name of Islam, with the well-known formula: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Even for the material structure itself, the work of destruction far exceeded all that had gone before, although Gibbon, with much truth, if with much bitterness, remarks that the example of sacrilege was imitated from the Latin conquerors of Constantinople. The narrative of Phranza is deeply pathetic. In his highly-wrought phrase, "the earthly heaven, the second firma-

ment, the vehicle of the cherubim, the throne and the glory of God," was despoiled of the accumulated oblations of ages of pious munificence, and "the gold and silver, the pearls and jewels, the vases and sacerdotal ornaments, were most wickedly converted to the service of mankind. After the divine images had been stripped of all that could be available to a profane eye, the canvass, or the wood, was torn, or broken, or burnt, or trodden under foot, or applied, in the stables or the kitchen, to the vilest uses."[†]

The memories of the dreadful day still linger in the whispered traditions of the Greeks of Constantinople. A red streak on one of the pillars is pointed out as the mark of the extent of the carnage, and is reputed to have been made by Mahomet himself, who is said to have been able, standing on the heaped-up dead, to reach to this height with his bloody hand.[‡] A still more popular tradition is attached to a closed-up door through which it is said that the priest who was celebrating the mass at the moment when the Turks burst into the church, escaped, with the sacred elements and the most precious relics of the sanctuary.[§] It was in vain that the Turks attempted to pursue him. The door closed behind. All efforts to force it were fruitless; the priest was seen no more by human eyes; but he is to return once again on the day of retribution, when, under the judgment of God, the crescent shall fall, and the ancient church of Justinian shall again be restored to the long-deserted worship of the Divine Wisdom. We may add that the mysterious door remained undisturbed till the late restoration of the building, when it was found to lead to a narrow passage blocked up with masses of rubbish and evidently long disused.

On the Friday which followed the storming of the city the new ritual of St. Sophia was publicly inaugurated. Mahomet, having assembled his troops in the great market-place, Akserai, marched in military array to the church. The imam preached from the ambo; the Sultan himself performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great

^{*} Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. vi. p. 312.

[†] Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. vi. p. 315.

[‡] Wallace, "Vol Wein nach Constantinopel," p. 150.

[§] Aya Sofia, p. 5.

altar so lately hallowed by the last Christian celebration of the eucharistic sacrifice; and the muezzin proclaimed from the Venetian bell-tower the *ezan*, which has never failed from that day: "God is the Most High! there is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God! Come to the Place of Tranquillity! Come to the Asylum of Salvation! History has few more striking contrasts than the St. Sophia thus desecrated presents to that olden temple of orthodoxy which, from the very day of the Hegira, had so often echoed with the well-known formula of the catechumen, 'Ἀνάθεμα τῷ Μωάμετ, καὶ πᾶσι τῇ αὐτοῦ διδασχῇ καὶ διαδοχῇ. "Anathema to Mahomet, and to all his teachings and traditions."

What was thus done for the material Church of St. Sophia, was soon after completed by the formal subjection of its chief pastor to Ottoman supremacy, in the assumption by the Sultan of all those rights in relation to the patriarch which had belonged to the Byzantine emperor. One of the consequences of the complete isolation of the Constantinopolitan Church from the West, had been a more entire recognition of the spiritual headship of the civil ruler, than was consistent with the theocratic theories of the mediæval papacy of the West. The controversy as to investitures which so long agitated the German Empire, was entirely unknown in the East. The forms of investiture which at Treves or Cologne had given so much offence, as appearing to involve the idea of spiritual supremacy on the part of the sovereign, were quietly acquiesced in at Constantinople. The Greek emperor was accustomed to invest the new patriarch by placing the ring upon his finger and delivering the crozier into his hand: and, when the policy of Mahomet II. led him to grant toleration to his new Christian subjects, it also suggested forcibly to his mind the advantages to be derived from the power of directing or controlling the choice of their chief ecclesiastical ruler. He was but too ready, therefore, to claim for himself and his successors the rights which their Christian predecessors had enjoyed; and when the Christians of the Byzantine Empire received the assurance that their lives, their liberties, and their relig-

ion would be respected, it was coupled with the condition that they were to look to the Sultan as succeeding to the position of their former sovereigns. "In the election and investiture of a patriarch," says Gibbon, "the ceremonial of the Byzantine court was revived and imitated. With a mixture of satisfaction and horror, they (the Christians) beheld the Sultan on his throne; who delivered into the hands of Gennadius the crozier or pastoral staff, the symbol of his ecclesiastical office; who conducted the patriarch to the gate of the seraglio, presented him with a richly caparisoned horse, and directed the vizirs and bashaws to lead him to the palace which had been allotted for his residence. Driven from his ancient patriarchal church, the patriarch established himself for a time in the church of the Holy Apostles. That church, however, he was soon afterwards compelled to exchange in its turn, for that of "The Most Holy" (Παμμακαρίστου) to which some of the most interesting relics of this old cathedral, and among them the throne of St. John Chrysostom, were transferred. The last migration of the patriarchal seat was to the church of St. George, where it is now fixed.

The hold on the Church thus established by the conquerors has been ruthlessly maintained. The power not merely of appointing but of setting aside the patriarch has been freely and unscrupulously exercised; and to the abuse of this power, and the still more corrupt acquiescence of the prelates in its exercise, is to be traced that fatal taint of simony which has eaten like a cancer into the very heart of the Eastern Church. The patriarchal dignity was not bestowed by the Sultan, except at a great price; and in order to the more frequent opportunity of exacting this price, patriarchs were unhesitatingly deposed, and even put to death, for the purpose of creating more frequently a vacancy so profitable to the Sultan and the subordinate officials. The simony of the head, it need hardly be said, involved the prevalence of proportionate, or perhaps even deeper guilt among the minor dignitaries of the Church.*

* See Neale's "Patriarchate of Alexandria, vol. ii., pp. 368-377, &c.

It would be interesting to run through the various councils of which St. Sophia has been the scene. But we have already exceeded our intended limits. We shall only mention the latest of the series, and perhaps to modern ideas the most curious of them all—that which was held on occasion of the celebrated Barlaamite controversy upon the strange form of Oriental Quietism—that of the *Ουπαλοψήχοι*—which in the fourteenth century ran its course through most of the Greek monasteries and schools, and of which the theological tenets, as well as the characteristic practices, are embodied in the instruction of one of its most prominent apologists. “When thou art alone in thy cell,” says he, “shut thy door and seat thyself in a corner; raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin upon thy breast; turn thy eyes and thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of thy navel, and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless, but if you persevere, day and night, you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light.” The nature of this supposed light became the subject of a violent dispute, being regarded by the mystics as the essence of God himself, while Barlaam, as the representative of Western teaching, denounced that notion as heretical and blasphemous. In the more philosophical explanation of the later Quietism, a distinction was made between the “essence” and the “operations” of God; to which latter category was referred the light of the mystics, in common with that of the Transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Thabor. The details of the council held on this heresy in St. Sophia, under the presidency of the Emperor Cantacuzenus himself, would hardly repay the trouble of recital; but not the least interesting of the contrasts between the older and the later history of St. Sophia would be a comparison of these Christian discussions on Quietism with the proceedings of a Mahometan council which was held in St. Sophia, as a mosque under Murad IV., and of which Von Hammer has given an account in his most valuable notice of this great historical

monument of Christian and Turkish Constantinople.*

Equally instructive might be a review of the military triumphs in which the name of the old cathedral figures. In the latter days of the empire they were infrequent enough, the last being that which followed the termination of the Pannonian war. But the reader will dwell with greater interest on a more recent military crisis, in which, under its new worship, the religious influences of St. Sophia have been used as an incentive to popular enthusiasm and a rallying-point for the loyalty of the soldiers of the Crescent. It was on occasion of the well-known *coup-de-main* by which Sultan Mahmoud, in 1822, freed himself and his crown for ever from the military despotism of the Janissaries. The instrument employed to arouse the popular enthusiasm was the Sandjac-Sheriff, or Holy Standard, which is made, according to the tradition, of the nether garment of the Prophet, and is so sacred in the estimation of the people that it is forbidden to all but true believers to look upon it, nor is it submitted even to their gaze except upon the most solemn occasions. Having collected all the troops upon which reliance could be placed, the Sultan summoned a council, in which he proposed to raise the Sandjac-Sheriff, as an appeal to the loyalty of all good Mussulmans. This was no sooner known in public, than crowds rushed from their houses in all quarters of the city to join the procession. Upon reaching St. Sophia, the mufti planted the sacred banner upon the pulpit, and the Sultan pronounced an anathema against all who should refuse to range themselves beneath it. The Janissaries were then solemnly adjured to acknowledge their error, and to disperse. On their refusal, the Sultan proposed the question whether it was lawful to put down rebellious subjects by force, and on the Sheik's replying in the affirmative, demanded from him his *fetva* to slay, if resistance were offered. The fatal *fetva* was accorded; the bloody sequel of the history is known; and the impulse thus given from the St. Sophia of Justinian to the slaughter of the Janissaries, is a sort of historical retribution

* Constantinople un der Bosphorus, i., p. 353.

for the destruction of the older church in that ancient military insurrection—the Nika sedition—which forms, in some sense, a parallel for the scenes of turbulence so frequent in the Janissary rule.

There is another topic upon which we should gladly dwell—the influence upon church architecture which this great monument of the genius of Anthemius has exercised, in ancient and in modern times. The churches of the same name at Trebizond, at Kiev, at Thessalonica, and elsewhere, are servile reproductions of the church of Anthemius; and there is hardly a church of the Greek or Slavonic rite which does not embody some of the ideas of the great prototype of them all. What is really interesting for us is to compare its leading characteristics with those of the earlier as well as of the later architecture of the West, and to estimate the degree of influence which each exerted upon the other. On this head we can but refer, although with some reservations, to the elaborate and magnificently illustrated work of MM. Texier and Pullan.

These and the other associations, ancient and modern, of St. Sophia, might supply matter for speculation almost inexhaustible. But it is time to draw to a close. We can not, however, pass from the subject without expressing a hope that, in the increased facilities of access which the recent changes in the policy of the Porte have created, some scholar may find an inducement to take it up in a broad and comprehensive spirit—its history, its ceremonial, its art, and the numberless associations connected with each which it involves. The subject would repay, by innumerable and most interesting illustrations, the researches of a student thoroughly familiar with Byzantine history; and however jealous the suspicion with which every such attempt is still watched by the bigotry of local officials, there is always now to be found in the influence of the representatives of the Western Powers with the higher departments of the government of the Porte, a means of counteracting that adverse spirit which, in former days, was sure to meet every effort at inquiry upon the very threshold.

“Worse than steel and flame, and ages slow
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire

Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished
breasts bestow.”

Leisure Hour.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE following account of the origin and early history of the Royal Academy is given in Mr. Thornbury's “*Haunted London*”:

Germes of this institution are to be found as early as the reign of Charles I, when Sir Francis Kynaston, a translator of Chaucer into Latin (circa 1636), was chosen regent of an academy in Covent Garden.

In 1643, that shifty adventurer, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who had been fellow-ambassador with Rubens in Spain, started some quack establishment of the same kind at Bethnal Green. He afterwards went to Surinam, was turned out by the Dutch, came back, designed an ugly house at Hempsted Marshal, and died in 1667.

In 1711 Sir Godfrey Kneller instituted a private academy, of which he became president. Hogarth, writing about 1760, says that sixty years before some artists had started an academy, but their leaders assuming too much pomposity, a caricature procession was drawn on the walls of the studio, upon which the society broke up in dudgeon. Sir James Thornhill, in 1724, then set up an academy at his own house in Covent Garden, while others, under Vanderbank, turned a meeting-house into a studio; but these rival confederations broke up at Sir James's death in 1734.

Hogarth, his son-in-law, opened an academy, under the direction of Mr. Moser, at the house of a painter named Peter Hyde, in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street. In 1739 these artists removed to a more commodious house in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, where they continued till 1767, when they removed to Pall Mall.

In 1738 the Duke of Richmond threw open his gallery at Whitehall, closed it again when his absence in the German

* *Haunted London*. By Walter Thornbury. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1865.

war prevented the paying of the premiums, was laughed at, and then re-opened it again. It lasted some years, and Edwards, author of the "Anecdotes," studied there.

In 1753 some artists meeting at the "Turk's Head," Gerard Street, Soho, tried ineffectually to organize an academy; but in 1765 they obtained a charter, and appointed Mr. Lambert president.

In 1760 the first exhibition of pictures was held in the rooms of the Society of Arts, and in 1761 there were two exhibitions, one at Spring Gardens; for the latter Hogarth illustrated a catalogue, with a compliment to the young king and a caricature of rich connoisseurs.

In 1768 eight of the directors of the Spring Gardens society, indignant at Mr. Kirby being made president of the society in the place of Mr. Hayman, resigned, and co-operating with sixteen others who had been ejected, secretly founded a new society. Wilton, Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser were the leaders in this scheme, and Reynolds soon joined them, tempted, it is supposed, by a promise of knighthood.

West was the chief mover in this intrigue. The Archbishop of York, who had tried to raise £3000 to enable the American artist to abandon portrait painting, had gained the royal ear, and West was painting the "Departure of Regulus" for the king, who was even persuaded and flattered into drawing up several of the laws of the new society with his own hand.* The king in the meantime, with unworthy dissimulation, affected outwardly a complete neutrality between the two camps, presented the Spring Gardens society with £100, and even attended their exhibition.

The king's patronage of the new Society was disclosed to honest Mr. Kirby (father of Mrs. Trimmer, and the artist who had taught the king perspective) in a very malicious and mortifying manner, and the story was related to Mr. Galt by West, with a quiet cold spite peculiarly his own. Mr. Kirby came to the palace just as West was submitting his sketch for "Regulus" to the king. West was a true courtier, and knew well how to make a patron suggest his own subject.

Kirby praised the picture, and hoped Mr. West intended to exhibit it. The Quaker slyly replied that that depended on his Majesty's pleasure. The king like a true confederate, immediately said, "Assuredly I shall be happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then Mr. West," said the perhaps too arrogant president, "you will send it to my exhibition?" "No!" said the king, and the words must have been thunderbolts to poor Kirby; "it must go to my exhibition."† "Poor Kirby," says West, "only two nights before, had declared that the design of forming such an institution was not contemplated. His color forsook him—his countenance became yellow with mortification—he bowed with profound humility, and instantly retired; nor did he long survive the shock!"‡

Mr. West, is wrong, however, in the last statement, for his rival did not die till 1774. Mr. Kirby, a most estimable man, was originally a house-painter at Ipswich. He became acquainted with Gainsborough, was introduced by Lord Bute to the king, and wrote and edited some valuable works on perspective, to one of which Hogarth contributed an inimitable frontispiece.

Sir Robert Strange says much of this intrigue was carried out by Mr. Dalton,‡ a print-seller in Pall Mall, and the king's librarian, in whose rooms the exhibition was held in 1767 and 1768.

Thus an American Quaker, a Swiss, and a Swede—a gold-chaser, a coach-painter, an architect, and a third-rate painter like West—ignobly established the Royal Academy. Many eminent men refused to join the new society. Allan Ramsay, Hudson, Scott the marine-painter, and Romney were opposed to it. Engravers (much to the disgrace of the Academy) were Excluded; and, worst of all, one of the new laws was that no artist should be eligible to academic honors who did not exhibit his works in the Academy's rooms: thus depriving for ever every English artist of the right to earn money by exhibiting his own works.§

The proportion of foreigners in the

† Ibid. pp. 36-38.

‡ Strange's "Enquiry into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy" (1775).

§ Pye's "Patronage of British art," p. 134.

* Galt's "Life of West," pt. ii. p. 25.

Academy was very large. The two ladies who became members (Angelica Kauffmann and Mrs. Moser) were both Swiss.*

The unlucky incorporated society, deprived of its share of the St. Martin's Lane casts, etc., and shut out from the Academy, furnished a studio over the cyder-cellars in Maiden Lane, struggled on till 1807, and then ceased to exist.

The first officers of the new society were—Joshua Reynolds, president; Moser, keeper; Newton, Secretary; Penny, professor of painting; Sandby, professor of architecture; Wale, professor of perspective; W. Hunter, professor of anatomy; Chambers, treasurer; and Wilson, librarian. Goldsmith was chosen professor of history at a later period.

The catalogue of the first exhibition of the Royal Academy contains the names of only one hundred and thirty pictures: Hayman exhibited scenes from "Don Quixote;" Rooker, some Liverpool views; Reynolds, some allegorized portraits; Miss Kauffmann, some of her tame Homeric figures; West, his "Regulus" (that killed Kirby) and a Venus and Adonis; Zuccarelli, two landscapes.

In 1838 (the first year of the National Gallery), there were, including busts and architectural designs, 1382 works of art exhibited. Among the pictures then shown were—Stanfield's "Chasse Marée off the Gulf-stream Light;" a great coarse picture of "The Privy Council," by Wilkie; portraits of men and dogs, by

Landseer; "The Pifferari," "Phryne," and "Banishment of Ovid," by Turner; "A Bacchante," by Etty; "Gaston de Foix," by Eastlake; Allan's "Slave market," Leslie's "Dinner scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor;" "A view on the Rhine," by Callcott; Shée's portrait of Sir Francis Burdett; portraits by Pickersgill; MacIise's "Christmas in the Olden Time," and "Olivia and Sophia fitting out Moses for the Fair;" "The Massacre of the Innocents," by Hilton; and a picture by Uwins.†

Angelica Kauffmann and Biaggio Rebecca helped to decorate the Academy's old council-chamber at Somerset House. The paintings still exist. Rebecca was an eccentric, conceited Italian artist, who decorated several rooms at Windsor, and offended the worthy, precise old king by his practical jokes. On one occasion, knowing he would meet the king on his way to Windsor with West, he stuck a paper star on his coat. The next time West came, the king was curious to know who the foreign nobleman was he had seen "Person of distinction, eh? eh?"—and was doubtless vexed at the joke.

Rebecca's favorite trick was to draw a half-crown on paper and place it on the floor of one of the ante rooms at Windsor, laughing immoderately at the eagerness with which some fat Bubba Dodgington of a courtier in full dress, sword and bag, would run and scuffle to pick it up.‡

Fuseli took his place as Keeper of the Academy in 1805. Smirke had been elected, but George III., hearing that he was a democrat, refused to confirm the appointment. Haydon, who called on Fuseli in Berners Street in 1805, when he had left his father the bookseller at Plymouth, describes him as "a little white-headed, lion-faced man, in an old flannel dressing-gown tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket."

Elsewhere the impetuous Haydon sketches him vigorously. Fuseli was about five feet five inches high, had a compact little form, stood firmly at his easel, painted with his left hand, never

* The original thirty-six Academicians were—Benjamin West, Francesco Zuccarelli, Nathaniel Dance, Richard Wilson, George Michael Moser, Samuel Wale (a sign-painter), J. Baptist Cipriani, Jeremiah Meyer, Angelica Kauffmann, Charles Catton (a coach and sign-painter), Francesco Bartolozzi, Francis Cotes, Edward Penny, George Barrett (Wilson's rival), Paul Sandby, Richard Yeo, Mary Moser, Agostino Carlini, William Chambers (the architect of Somerset House), Joseph Wilton (the sculptor), Francis Milner Newton, Francis Hayman, John Baker, Mason, Chamberlin, John Gwynn, Thomas Gainsborough, Dominick Serres, Peter Toms (a drapery-painter for Reynolds, who finally committed suicide), Nathaniel Hone (who for his libel on Reynolds was expelled the academy), Joshua Reynolds, John Richards, Thomas Sandby, George Dance, J. Tyler, William Hoare of Bath, and Johann Zoffiani. In 1772 Edward Burch, Richard Cosway, Joseph Nollekens, and James Barry (expelled in 1797) made up the forty.—*Wornum's Preface to the "Lectures on Painting."*

† Royal Academy Catalogues, Brit. Mus.

‡ Smith's "Nollekens," vol. i. p. 381.

held his palette upon his thumb, but kept it upon his stone slab, and being very near-sighted and too vain to wear glasses, used to dab his beastly brush into the oil, and, sweeping round the palette in the dark, take up a great lump of white, red, or blue, and plaster it over a shoulder or a face; then prying close in, he would turn round and say, "Dat's a fine purple! it's very like Correggio;" and then all of a sudden burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, or the Niebelungen, and say, "Paint dat!" "I found him," says Haydon, "a most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness. He put me in mind of Archimago in Spenser."*

When Haydon came first to town from Plymouth, he lodged at 342, Strand, near Charing Cross, and close to his fellow-student, the good-natured, indolent, clever Jackson. The very morning he arrived he hurried off to the exhibition, and mistaking the new church in the Strand for Somerset House, ran up the steps and offered his shilling to a beadle. When he at last found the right house, Opie's "Gil Blas" and Westall's "Shipwrecked Sailor Boy" were all the historical pictures he could find.

Sir Joshua read his first discourse in 1769. Barry commenced his lectures in 1784, ended them in 1798, and was expelled the Academy in 1799. Opie delivered his lectures in 1807, the year he died. Fuseli began in 1801, and delivered twelve in all.

It was on St. George's Day, 1771, that Sir Joshua Reynolds took the chair at the first annual dinner of the Royal Academy. Dr. Johnson was there, with Goldsmith and Horace Walpole. Goldsmith got the ear of the company, but was laughed at by Johnson for professing his enthusiastic belief in Chatterton's discovery of ancient poems. Walpole, who had believed in the poet of Bristol till he was laughed at by Mason and Gray, began to banter Goldsmith on his opinions, when, as he says, to his surprise and concern, and the dashing of his mirth, he first heard that the poor lad

had been to London and had destroyed himself.

It was while Reynolds was lecturing at Somerset House that the floor suddenly began to give way. Turner, then a boy, was standing near the lecturer. Reynolds remained calm, and said afterwards that his only thought was what a loss to English art the death of that roomfull would have been.

When Mr. Wale, the Professor of Perspective, died, Sir Joshua was anxious to have Mr. Bonomi elected to the post, but he was treated with great disrespect by Mr. Copley and others, who refused to look at Mr. Bonomi's drawings, which Sir Joshua (as some maintained, contrary to rule) had produced at Fuseli's election as Academician. Reynolds at first threatened to resign the presidency.

Turner's name first appeared with the title of Professor of Perspective attached to it in the catalogues in 1808. His lectures were bad, from his utter want of language, but he took great pains with his diagrams, and his ideas were often original. On one celebrated occasion Turner arrived in the lecture-room late and much perturbed. He dived first into one pocket and then into another; at last he ejaculated these memorable words: "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach!"†

In 1779, O'Keefe describes going to Somerset House to hear Dr. William Hunter lecture on anatomy. He describes him as a jocose little man, in "a handsome modest" wig. A skeleton hung on a pivot by his side, and on his other hand stood a young man half stripped. Every now and then he paused, to turn to the dead or the living example.‡

Fuseli succeeded Barry as Lecturer on Painting, in 1799, and became Keeper on the death of Wilton the sculptor, in 1803. He died in 1825, aged eighty-four, and was buried in St. Paul's, between Reynolds and Opie. Lawrence, Beechey, Reinagle, Chalon, Jones, and Mulready followed him to his stately grave. The body had previously been laid in state in Somerset House, his pic-

* Life of Haydon. By Tom Taylor. Vol. i. p. 30.

† Thornbury's "Life of Turner," vol. ii. p. 107 (a careless book, but still containing much curious, authentic, and original anecdote).

‡ O'Keefe's "Life," vol. i. p. 386.

tures of "The Lazar House" and "The Bridging of Chaos" being hung over the coffin.

When Sir Joshua died, in 1792, his body, chested in a black velvet coffin, lay in state in a room hung with sable in Somerset House. Burke and Barry, Boswell and Langton, Kemble and John Hunter, Townley and Angerstein came to witness the ceremony.

Macmillan's Magazine.

CAWNPORE.*

How fast events drift down the torrent of Time! To us, who had come to be as it were our present selves when the Indian Mutiny took place, it seems as if it had happened but yesterday. It is only when we are struck by finding the little children who were then pitied as orphans grown into men beginning life on their own account, or when we hear of the generals who commanded in the field as aged veterans enjoying their hardly earned honors, that we realize that what seems so fresh is a thing of history.

There we were, in the midst of our usual occupations, a few of us more anxious than usual for kindred far away. But the first dismay and alarm of the mutiny had subsided, relief was on the way, and we trusted to British courage to hold out till it should arrive. The world was in the full enjoyment of the Manchester Exhibition, and chiefly occupied with discussing the new lights that systematic arrangement had cast upon ideas of the history of art, or bewailing the inconveniences of crowded trains, overfull stations, and lodgings obtained by a happy accident. Then came the exclamations of newspaper readers in the trains, revealing to their companions a sense that something more than usually frightful had taken place. Then there was an eager asking of questions and borrowing of papers. Gentlemen satisfied their first curiosity, and advised their lady-friends to abstain from reading, in the hope that what was so horrible might yet turn out untrue.

Alas! though some of the more savage details were happily contradicted, the main fact became day after day more appallingly certain; and, as letters and fragments of evidence came forth one after the other, the impression became the more sickening and oppressive as it was borne in on us that these were sufferers of ways and habits similar to ourselves, lately reading the same books, and with the same pleasures and interests as ourselves. We had read coolly enough of many a historical massacre; but once for all those fragments of Cawnpore records brought home to us the deadly agonies of many a nameless sufferer, whom we have passed lightly by in the historian's vague idiom, "They all were put to the sword." What that smooth monosyllabic sentence conveys we know better now than ever we did before.

And now, just when the catastrophe has passed into history, when the wound has ceased to be new, and yet the evidence is still accessible in its freshness, Mr. Trevelyan has given us the story of Cawnpore, gathering up and connecting those scattered notices which make contemporary history reach us in so confused and entangled a manner, drawing out the thread into a clear narrative, and, above all, telling the history with head, heart, and soul—a head to read its meaning, a heart to feel its piteous woefulness, and a soul to perceive that which exalts and makes its woefulness endurable. Sometimes the allusions may seem somewhat forced, and give an air of affectation and fine writing, but we believe that in many cases this recurrence to impressive phrases and scenes already engraven on the narrator's mind is one of the forms of reserve which strong feeling is prone to adopt, and which another kind of mind finds distasteful.

We already know how strong has been the "Competition Wallah's" uniform testimony against the hateful—we had well-nigh said brutal—vulgarism, that treats all natives as "niggers." In these days, when scarcely a family fails to have a son in one or other of the colonies in some capacity, civil or military, we surely have warnings enough to combat as much as possible this unhappy form of slang, and, without falling into

* Cawnpore. By G. O. Trevelyan. Macmillan and Co.

unrealities of sentiment, to endeavor to bring back that tone—which for want of a better term we call chivalrous, though the ages of chivalry were mostly devoid of it—that regards especial forbearance and consideration as due to the inferior and helpless.

That scorn meets with a more bitter requital than ill-usage might almost be said to be the moral of this book. To pamper a wild animal without gaining its affections is only to prepare it for destructiveness. And the earlier chapters of this lamentable tale are the description of how the creature was gratified with whatever could feed its pride and love of ease, but all flung to it with averted head and disdainful eye. Severity is a safer course than indulgence without kindness. These are things of system for which individuals can scarcely be censured, though individuals have grievously suffered for them. Yet we would retract our saying that individuals can scarcely be censured; for surely, whatever the hardening effect of example, habitual scorn and rudeness are no slight offence; and happily many a noble exception has upheld that the true gentleman is unfailing in courtesy even to the most mean and annoying of dependents.

From the causes of irritation we pass to the first flashes of the tempest, and to that much abused confidence which at one moment angers us as infatuation or almost judicial blindness, at another is touching by its warm affectionate reliance on the treacherous friends and fellow-soldiers whose hostility was discredited even when their muskets were loaded and their swords drawn. Among those who were most full of this fatal trust was Sir Hugh Wheeler, who “worshipped his Sepoys, spoke their language like one of themselves, and indeed had testified to his predilection for the natives of Hindustan by the strongest proof which it is in the power of man to give.” When the danger began to become so apparent that even he could no longer close his eyes to it, his first step was to telegraph to Lucknow; his second to “invoke the assistance of a more dubious ally,” that adopted son of the old Mahratta, Bajee Rao, whose adoption Government had refused to ratify—thus creating a griev-

ance, the extent of which to a Hindoo mind we in Europe can scarcely estimate. Seereek Dhoondho Punth, better known as the Nana, was a fair specimen of the polish of which an untamed tiger may be capable. Intimate with all the officers of the cantonment, furnishing his palace at Bithoor with as much European splendor as he could achieve, yet all the time with deadly hate to England in his heart, he had obtained such trust from the General that his protection was requested. He “took up his quarters in the midst of the houses occupied by the civilians and their families; the Treasury, which contained upwards of £100,000, was put under the custody of his body-guard; and it was even proposed that the ladies and children should be placed in sanctuary in Bithoor Palace.” Still some questioned the safety of trusting the fold to the keeping of the wolf, and in a dilatory manner a species of defence was prepared. By an unhappy blunder, the magazine, with its river-protected side, was neglected; and a ‘mud wall four feet high was thrown up round the buildings which composed the old dragoon hospital, and ten guns of various calibre were placed in position round the intrenchment.’”

“What do you call that place you are making out there?” asked Azimoolah, the Nana’s confidant, of an English lieutenant.

“I am sure I don’t know.”

“Call it the Fort of Despair!” said the Hindoo.

“No, no,” answered the undaunted Englishman; “we will call it the Fort of Victory.”

Alas! if brave hearts could have been rampart sufficient, it *had* been the Fort of Victory. Nay, so it was in the truest sense, for never was it the Fort of Despair. There were spirits there who were never without hope—either here or beyond.

In this intrenchment the white women and children spent every night, while day by day passed in expectation of the outbreak of the Sepoys, which was sure to come, sooner or later. Even then, Sir Hugh Wheeler, full of a true unselfish spirit of chivalry, sent back to Sir Henry Lawrence a reinforcement that had been despatched to him from Luck-

now, and, knowing how ill it could have been spared, added thereto two officers and fifty men out of his own small force. Well was it for them to be sent to do good service at Lucknow, instead of adding to the mass of anguish at Cawnpore.

The long expected mutiny took place, and far more harmlessly than any one had dared to expect. The four Sepoy regiments rose, but their native officers were for the most part loyal, and a considerable number even of the privates were proof against their comrades' example. The English officers were unscathed; and the insurgents were actually setting off for Delhi, the centre to which all the mutineers had flowed that they might see their native sovereign once more reigning in triumph. Unhappily, however, they had requested the Nana to make common cause with them, and it occurred to his counsellor, the ex-footman Azimoolah, and others of his advisers, that he would be a mere nobody at the Court of Delhi, while, as master of Cawnpore and its district, he might make his own terms with the reinstated monarch. He saw the advantages of the scheme; prevailed upon the mutineers to return for the purpose of destroying all the English in the cantonment before marching upon Delhi, bribing them with the promise of unlimited pillage, and a gold anklet to each Sepoy.

The tidings of the return of the foe drove all the English within their intrenchment. It consisted of a rectangular parallelogram, surrounded by a mud wall four feet high, three feet thick at the base, and two at the crest, with apertures for the guns. Within stood two single-storied barracks surrounded with verandahs, both built of thin brick-work, the larger thatched, the lesser roofed with concrete, with cooking-sheds and servants' huts near. Such was the defence behind which were placed no less than 1,000 persons. Four hundred and sixty-five were Englishmen, both military and civilians; about two hundred and eighty were grown women; and there were at least as many young children—mostly scarce above infancy. Happy the mothers whose children were in England!

Around was "a force which would

have done credit to any Mahratta chief in the palmiest days of that redoubted race. There was an entire regiment of excellent cavalry, well mounted and equipped. There was a detachment of gunners and drivers from the Oude artillery, who had been despatched as a loan from Lucknow to Cawnpore, just in time to enable them to take part in the revolt. There were the Nana's own myrmidons, who made up by attachment to his cause what they wanted in military skill. Lastly, there were three fine battalions of Bengal Sepoys, led by experienced Sepoy officers, armed with English muskets, and trained by English discipline." The effective general was Soubahdar Teeka Sing, a Hindoo colonel—for be it observed, for the benefit of the generation unfamiliar with the organization of the old East Indian army, every white officer of a Sepoy regiment had his native duplicate, so that, when all the whites were removed, the framework remained complete and effective. Teeka Sing at once seized the magazine, so unfortunately neglected, and sent off the guns drawn by Government bullocks to the attack of the intrenchment. The first shot was fired on the 6th of June, 1857.

We have minute evidence of the state of affairs during the siege, both within and without: on the one hand, from Captain Thomson, one of the four English survivors, and from the half-castes and natives who remained faithful; and, on the other, from other natives in the city and environs, among whom the most remarkable is Nanukehund, a native lawyer, who had been employed in a suit against the Nana, and therefore concealed himself in a village near at hand, but all the time kept a daily journal of passing events and reports.

Yet why should we trace step by step that most heartrending tragedy, from the moment when the first ball broke the leg of a native footman, till the last slaughtered innocent was tumbled into the "ladies' well," on the 16th of July, after forty days of untold anguish? All that we would here do would be to touch on those more striking points that make the narrative bearable, and as exalted as it is sorrowful. When balls were passing through those frail brick walls as though

they were cardboard, when the thatched barrack-roof had been burnt, and the vertical rays of an Indian sun in the month of June were pouring down heat as fatal as the shower of lead, Sir Hugh Wheeler, under the weight of his seventy-five years, soon proved able indeed to endure, but unequal to the exposure and fatigue of the conduct of the struggle; and, as Mr. Trevelyan says (referring to him whose natural endowments made him the leader of the 10,000 Greeks), "the Clearchus of Cawnpore was Captain Moore, an officer in charge of the invalids of the 32d Foot. He was a tall, fair, blue-eyed man, glowing with animation and easy Irish intrepidity. Wheresoever there was most pressing risk, and wheresoever there was direst wretchedness, his pleasant presence was seldom long wanting. Under the rampart; at the batteries; in some out-picket, where men were dropping like pheasants under a fearful cross-fire; in some corner of the hospital, to a brave heart more fearful still, where lay the mangled forms of those young and delicate beings whom war should always spare: ever and everywhere was heard his sprightly voice speaking words of encouragement, of exhortation, of sympathy, and even of courteous gallantry. Wherever Moore had passed, he left men something more courageous, and women something less unhappy."

The Fort St. Elmo of Cawnpore was an unfinished line of barracks, each measuring about two hundred feet in length, but only three of which had reached the height of forty feet. One of these, called No. 4, was held by a party of civil engineers, who for three days so entirely baffled all the efforts of the enemy that the place was not again attacked. No 2, held by only sixteen men, was the scene of so desperate a struggle that one surgeon was continually employed there, and with his hands full. It was commanded by Lieutenant Mowbray Thomson, who has lived to tell how, at the report of each casualty, a fresh reinforcement arrived, sometimes a civilian, sometimes a soldier. On the 23d of June, when the sounds made it evident that some fresh assault was being prepared to celebrate the centenary of the battle of Plassey, Thomson sent to head-quarters

for a reinforcement. Moore made answer that he could spare nobody except himself and Lieutenant Delafosse. In the course of a few minutes the pair arrived, and at once sallied forth armed, one with a sword, and the other with an empty musket. Moore shouted out, "Number One to the front!" and the enemy, taking it for granted that the well-known word of command would bring upon them a full company of Sahibs with fixed bayonets and cocked revolvers, broke cover and ran like rabbits. But towards morning they returned in force, and attacked with such determined ferocity that there remained more dead Hindoos outside the doorway than there were living Europeans within." A general assault of the whole intrenchment by the whole rebel force took place at the same time. It was a short, sharp combat, and ended in a complete repulse. In the evening the Sepoys drew near, made obeisance, and requested leave to bury their dead—a thorough acknowledgment of defeat.

Five days before, on the 18th, a letter had been conveyed out of the intrenchment by a native messenger, still full of resolution and spirit, such a letter as it became a British officer like Moore to date on the 18th of June:—"We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last. It is needless to mention the names of those who have been killed or died. We trust in God; and, if our exertions here assist your safety, it will be a consolation to know that our friends appreciate our devotion. Any news of relief will cheer us."

And these words—how fearfully touching in their simplicity!—were written when, besides the other unspeakable horrors of the siege, famine and thirst were fast prevailing. Imperfectly victualled at first, the garrison were nearly at the end of their stores, and there was but a single well, the favorite mark of the enemy, who always directed their fire on any figure they saw advancing with bucket or picher. The machinery for drawing water was shot away, and the buckets had to be drawn up hand over hand from a depth of more than sixty feet! The Hindoo water-carriers were early slain, and Englishmen took their place; John Mackillop, of the Civil Service, with a

joke about his not being a fighting-man, but his willingness to be useful, begged to be appointed captain of the well, and, strange to say, he fulfilled his office for a full week ere he was shot down, and with his last words entreated that a lady to whom he had promised a drink might not be disappointed.

Those who were old enough to understand that a draught involved a more frightful cost than did Alexander's "thirsted in silence;" but there were little children to moan for drink, or vainly to suck canvas bags or straps of leather!

"There was yet another well, which yielded nothing then, which will yield nothing till the sea too gives up her dead." It was outside the entrenchment; and, at dead of night, thither were borne those who had breathed their last in the course of the last twenty-four hours—the chaplain, Mr. Moncrieff, standing by, and repeating some brief words of the Church's last rites. There in three weeks he saw laid 250 men, women, and babes. He could hold no public service, but "he made it his concern that no one should die, or suffer, without the consolations of Christianity. And, whenever he could be spared from the hospital, this shepherd of a pest-stricken flock, he would go the round of the batteries, and read a few prayers and Psalms to the fighting folk. With heads bent, and hands folded over the muzzles of their rifles, soothed by genuine piety, some by the associations of gladsome Christmas mornings, and drowsy Sunday afternoons, spent in the aisle of their village church, they listened calmly to the familiar words, those melancholy and resolute men."

The Nana decided on treachery. A captive woman was sent to the intrenchment with an offer of terms, and a promise that, on laying down their arms, the garrison should receive a safe passage to Allahabad. General Wheeler would have endured to the last extremity; but food was all but gone, and a day or two more would bring the rains which would flood away the last remains of the defences. Captains Moore and Whiting persuaded him that in capitulation lay the only hope for the helpless ones of their number; and on the 25th of June the firing ceased, and conferences began. It was arranged that our forces should march out under

arms, carriages be provided for the wounded, women, and children, and boats, sufficiently provisioned, to be ready at the landing-place to convey the whole garrison to Allahabad.

The landing-place was a mile from the intrenchment, the opening a ravine—in winter the course of a little stream, in summer like a sandy lane. It was the spot that the Nana and his Mahratta courtier, Tantia Topee, had selected for an act of treachery so shocking, even to Hindoo morality, that the Sepoy cavalry refused to participate in it till the Nana himself assured them that, on the faith of a Royal Brahmin, it was lawful to forswear himself for such an occasion.

Vehicles and beasts of burthen were prepared outside the intrenchment. There Sir Hugh Wheeler, whose son had already been killed while lying wounded on a sofa, placed his wife and daughters on an elephant, and himself entered a palanquin which he was never again to leave, save for his death-blow. The doomed garrison quitted that scene of matchless endurance. First marched the men of the 32d, with their brave captain at their head—the bravest of the brave. Then came the motley band of conveyances with the helpless and disabled; after them, such as could still bear arms and march; and, last of all, Major Vibart of the Second Cavalry. Colonel Ewart and his wife were among the last to start; the bearers of the bed on which he lay went slowly, fell behind the rest, and both were cut down in the streets almost at the same moment. Their child had already perished in the siege, while already their letters—some of the loftiest and sweetest of all that mournful correspondence that filled our papers—were on their way to England. They scarcely preceded their brave fellow-sufferers by many minutes. There only remained the brief interval during which the women and wounded were placed in the boats, ere the concealed artillery and riflemen opened upon the Englishmen in the ravine,

"Sorrow it were and shame to tell
The butcher-work that then befell."

Two half-caste Christian women saw it all: saw the death of General Wheeler, and of good Mr. Moncrieff with his

Prayer-book in his hand : saw the boats with their straw awnings in flames, and the ladies and children dragged out of them—many to die at once ; but the rest, 125 helpless widows and orphans, rescued for the moment, and driven up to the pavilion of the Nana, who caused them to be placed in a building near at hand, which, having once belonged to a Portuguese mission, was properly named Salvador house, but was corrupted into Savada. It was in this miserable walk that the youngest daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his lady (herself a native of India) were carried away by a trooper, who, fearing to be deprived of her, spread that monstrous report that so much excited English imaginations, of her having killed all of his family, and then leaped down a well. Poor thing ! she seems to have assumed a Mahometan name, and to have remained with her captor till her death ; and Mr. Trevelyan takes the opportunity of relieving our minds of many of the atrocities that burthened our memories, a large proportion of which he tells us we may trust were nothing but ghastly dreams. This poor girl, scarcely an Englishwoman, was the only one known to have been made a member of the harem.

The widows of Nana Sahib's adopted father were strong in the cause of humanity, at least as far as regarded their own sex. They had, by threatening to commit suicide unless their entreaty was granted, saved for a time the life of one poor young Englishwoman, the widow of a toll-keeper, and by the same threat they endeavored to secure the lives of the desolate captives in the Savada, who had been placed under the charge of a tall, resolute-looking, low-caste woman, called in derision the Begum. Their numbers were augmented after a short interval by the ladies of Futtehghur, a fort higher up the Ganges, whose fugitives coming down the river were intercepted at two different times. The first were all shot down together ; the second were slaughtered, all save the women and four men, who were sent to swell the mass of suffering in the Savada.

A native doctor has left a record of the deaths that took place between the 7th and 15th of July. Eighteen women, one Hindoo nurse, and seven children died of

cholera and dysentery ; and "*eck beebee ap se*," "one baby of itself." Happy baby !

Rescue was approaching—alas ! no rescue to them. Havelock and Neill were hurrying on their men as rapidly as men could be hurried, with burning hearts. They had but to meet the Sepoys to gain two of the eight victories that shone round the last days of Havelock, after his life-long prayer that he might command at a successful battle. Their advance sealed the doom of their countrywomen, whom they came to deliver. The Nana was told that no fresh battle would be risked for mere corpses, and that such a mass of living witnesses would be perilous. He easily consented to gratify his hatred, and hastened proceedings lest the royal stepmothers should find means of stirring up opinion against him. Indeed they had already half-starved themselves, as a pledge of their sincere intention to sacrifice themselves to save the lives of the Englishwomen. Nor would the Sepoys consent to be the murderers ; but five men were found—two Hindoo peasants, two Mahommedan butchers, and only one soldier—who, in the darkening twilight of the 15th of July, half did the fearful work of carnage. They returned in the morning of the 16th, and before noon not a living European remained in Cawnpore. All were thrown into a dry well outside the Savada ; and, ere his flight from Bithoor, the Nana drained the last drop of bloodshed by the murder of the young woman whom the royal widows had hoped to preserve.

Another sharp, short fight, and the rescuers had come. Alas ! to find only the floor swimming in blood, the corpse-choked wells, and the piteous fragmentary memorials that strewed the rooms. Only four of the entire English garrison of that fatal intrenchment still breathed this air, and they were far away from Cawnpore.

One boat, during the slaughter at the embarkation on June 27th, had succeeded in pushing off. It contained the very flower of all the defence—Moore, with his arm in a sling ; Thomson, of Battery No. 2 ; Delafosse, who had lain on his back under a burning gun-carriage, extinguishing the flames in a storm of heavy artillery ; and other heroes, whose ex-

plots must be read in Mr. Trevelyan's own pages. Besides their original freight, they had taken on board those from a sinking-boat, and were deeply overlaid. A shot broke the rudder; the native boatman had recovered their oars; and planks, torn from the bulwarks, served to paddle down "at the rate of half a mile an hour under a shower of canister and shells from either bank." While pushing the boat off a sandbank, regardless of an ill-set collar-bone, Moore's brave heart was pierced by a bullet, and he had the privilege of dying still full of hope and exertion; and many another, who had made a memorable name, sank into the waters. We must not track each step of that fearful voyage, shot at day and night, till, on the third morning, the vessel grounded, and Thomson, Delafosse, and eleven soldiers landed to clear away the enemy, and obtain a little respite during which the boat might be pushed off again. They drove the enemy before them; but others closed in behind, poured down on the boat, and turned it back to Cawnpore. When it came to the landing-place, orders came down that the ladies should be separated from the men, and the massacre begin again. Not a wife would leave her husband; each clung to him. Captain Seppings read a few prayers aloud, and all shook hands. Then the Sepoys fired!

Meantime the fourteen struggled on among the enemy and took shelter in a small temple, which they held out against the multitude for many hours, till gunpowder was brought to dislodge them, and they rushed forth. Six, who could not swim, sprang among the howling natives to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The others dashed into the river, and dived and swam by turns, while bullets danced round them like hail. Three perished; four kept on their way till "one by one the hunters desisted from the chase."

"The four Englishmen were sitting up to their necks in water, two good leagues below the point where they had first plunged, when the sound of approaching voices again sent them diving after the manner of otters, surprised by the throng of hounds and spear-men. As they rose to the upper air they were greeted with

a shout of 'Sahib! Sahib! why keep away? We are friends.'" And friends they were, retainers of Dirigbijah Sing, a loyal gentleman of Oude. They even offered to throw their weapons into the river to satisfy the distrustful Englishmen. And yet, such are Hindoos, they could not refrain from pillaging one of the poor soldiers of a cap-pouchful of rupees which he had tied under his knee—the only thing there was to take; for, among the four, there remained "only one flannel shirt, one strip of linen cloth, and five severe wounds. Exposure to the heat had puffed the skin of their shoulders with huge blisters as if their clothes had been burnt off their backs by fire." And, when helped ashore, they lay without speech or motion, utterly exhausted. An elephant had been sent to convey the two officers; but the soldiers, Murphy and Sullivan, being in worse plight from wounds, the beast was resigned to their use; while Thomson and Delafosse bestrode one pony, one in the shirt, the other in a borrowed rug. They were received by torch-light in great state by the old Rajah; and for three weeks remained in his fort, too entirely spent to do ought but slumber, wake, eat, and doze again. By and by the neighborhood of the rebels made their shelter insecure; and, parting with the good old man with warm gratitude, they crossed the river, and were sent on in a bullock-cart towards Allahabad. After about an hour, the alarm was given that guns were ahead; but, creeping stealthily along the road, the fugitives found themselves in face of an English sentry, and the English troops welcomed the sole survivors of the deadly intrenchment.

Poor Sullivan lived only a fortnight after his arrival in the camp; Delafosse survived to distinguish himself again in the Hindoo Kooshi, and Thomson to narrate the history of Cawnpore. Murphy, after returning home with his own regiment, volunteered again for India, and is the present custodian of the gardens that now cover the site of the "House of the Massacre." "Here he may be seen in the balmy forenoons of the cold weather, sauntering about in a pith helmet and linen jacket; a decent little Irishman, very ready to give a feeling and in-

telligent account of what took place under his immediate observation."

We have closed the terrible story with the one gleam of light that shines through the gloom. We will not pain ourselves and our readers, with the story of the vengeance—a dark page in our annals—when, as Mr. Trevelyan says in one of the most fearful sentences in his book, we proved that our talk about the sacredness of human life and Christian duty "meant that we were to forgive most of those who had never injured us, plunder none but such as were worth robbing, and seldom hang an innocent Hindoo if we could catch a guilty one—that the great principles of mercy and justice and charity must cease to be eternally true, until the injured pride of a great nation had been satisfied, its wrath glutted, and its sway restored." The men who actually went from their bravely-fought field to wander sobbing through the pools of blood, picking up piteous memorials, and seeking in vain for a living being, might be excused their madness; but with shame and grief we look back to the careless and half jocose manner in which for a space it became the habit to speak of the deaths of the unhappy men who perished under our revenge with little inquiry into their share in the guilt.

We have not viewed the book in its political aspect: we have looked at it simply as a narrative of the sufferings endured at Cawnpore, and of that deep, resolute, unselfish heroism which upheld each victim till he or she had ripened to receive the palm of rejoicing for those who come out of great tribulation. We should like to see it in the hands of all our youth; for assuredly, if it infuses aught of the same temper of patience, and courage undaunted even to the most fearful extremity, the blood of Cawnpore will not have flowed in vain.

London Society.

VIENNA SOCIETY.

In the following pages, we propose to lead our readers into the inner life of a town seldom trodden by the English tourist—in winter; at least, the season when "society," as in most continental towns,

is at its height. The rich city merchant who determines to give himself and his family a three-months' holiday in the winter time, or the retired country tradesman, may be met with at every corner in Rome or Naples. Those bent upon society, find the Napoleonist saloons, and even those of the "Faubourg St. Germain" in Paris, easier of access than the exclusive circles of Vienna. No foreigner, except of known character and rank, or well recommended by his ambassador, can hope to gain admittance into the "Haute Volée." Among themselves, the strictest rules prevail. No one who has not sixteen perfect quarterings is admitted. Perhaps it will be as well to explain the system of "sixteen quarterings" now. It is generally admitted that each person has a father and a mother—two parents, exceptions only prove a rule, Macduff and Minerva are the only ones we remember at this moment;—this degree constitutes two quarterings; that is, the son or daughter quarter their (the parents') arms on his or her shield; well, each of these had a father and mother, therefore the original individual has two grandfathers and two grandmothers—four quarterings. This is bringing the explanation to the level of the lowest capacity. Therefore each of these has two parents, eight ancestors in the third generation, and sixteen in the fourth. Now, each single individual of these sixteen must have borne arms—that is, must have had no connection whatever with trade, must have belonged to the gentry, in fact. Any flaw in any part of the chain destroys the whole of the quarterings. Jews are, on this account, never seen in the best houses of Vienna. The branch of the Rothschild family living here, though holding a fair and honorable position, is never admitted into society. Having explained the groundwork of our theme, we shall now conduct our readers some eight hundred miles from "London Society" (with which they are already acquainted), into the heart of the capital of the Austrian empire.

The first object of an Englishman, on entering a foreign town, is always to find out the best hotel. The two rivals in Vienna are the "Erzherzog Carl," *vulgo*, Archduke Charles, and the Munsch,

known in Congress days as "the White Swan." They stand on exactly opposite sides of the narrow and busy "Kärnthner Strasse;" the former, however, possesses the advantage of not forming a thoroughfare like the Munsch. In Vienna, namely, the visitor will constantly observe passages leading under archways into the court of the house or houses, and then break out again; these are termed "voluntary passages," or, in the harsh Teutonic, "Freiwillige Durchgänge." Whether this name arises from every one being at liberty to pass, or that there is no strict right of way, and that the passage is granted by the proprietors (like the passage at the bottom of "Hay Hill," between Devonshire and Lansdowne Houses, which is shut one day in every year, on the 1st of September we believe), we are unable to state; however that may be, they are all closed at ten P. M. Having selected one of these hotels, or one of the many others, the traveler will most likely begin to look about him, unless he finds snow of three feet in depth a drawback. However, as our object is rather to lead him into society, we will say nothing about the town at present, excepting as its description tallies with our project. As we have said before, the unaided Englishman, even of the best family, will find it very difficult—nay, almost impossible—to gain admittance into the charmed circle, unless he have some previously made acquaintances therein, or be furnished with letters of introduction: however, having once burst the barrier, his progress will be rapid, for nothing can be more cordial than the behavior of the Austrians and Hungarians to a foreigner; indeed, it has been said that to know one Hungarian was to know the whole nation. Last season was unfortunately rather a dull one, as the gloom of death hung over the court and many noble houses. The Emperor's uncle died in December, and the Esterhazy, the first Hungarian house in Vienna, had experienced the loss of a sister and aunt. The season here, where the natives do not care about broiling themselves half dead as in England, begins properly on, or the day after Twelfth-day, the 6th of January, and lasts, with the exception of Fridays in each week, when

dancing is prohibited, till midnight on Shrove Tuesday, when everything ceases. This period is called the "Fasching;" its length, therefore, always varies with the date of Easter Sunday. If this be early the season begins again in a modified manner afterwards, but the "season" proper only lasts during Carnival—a term, of course, derived from "farewell to meat," that being, theoretically, prohibited during Lent. We must begin with the highest pinnacle of society, the Court. No foreigner has any chance of ever seeing a "Kammer Ball," since foreign ambassadors, though representing their sovereigns' persons, are excluded; only those nobles who "enjoy the Emperor's confidence" are invited, and the families of military personages attached to the court with the dignitaries of State, if possessed of sixteen quarterings. We believe Schmerling, the first lord of the treasury, to be excluded on this account, but will not sign an affidavit on the subject. The papal nuncio, however, is admitted; and as, from his position as Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, he may not even look on dancing, the privilege, no doubt, affords him great gratification. The Bavarian minister, who represents the head of the Empress's family, has also the *entrée*. Foreigners are, however, admitted to the "Court" balls, properly so called. The "R. & I. Redouten Saal" in the palace, where these balls are given, is a most magnificent room, about four times the size of the Throne-room in St. James' Palace, and it is always most brilliantly illuminated, on these and similar occasions, with wax candles. A balcony runs right round the room, at about half its height, from whence those who do not dance may see all the fun. An annual ball is held here, by permission of the Emperor, of a curiously characteristic nature, called the "Bürger Ball," or "citizen's ball." In Vienna all classes, trades, and occupations form themselves into "Vereine," answering in some respect to our guilds, excepting that we have no theatrical or "fourth-estate" guild, whereas here there are such. All these different associations give one ball during the carnival; but only the Bürger and Industrial Society's balls are given in the palace. At the former all the wealthy citizens, who never are admitted into

society, have the privilege of gazing at the empress, whose radiant beauty surpasses that of her sister, the queen of Naples. The imperial party always visit the ball-room, and sit for an hour or so in the royal box on the balcony. The "Industriellen Ball" is given by a committee of the artistic manufacturers. Tickets are obtained to these balls, on payment, by sending in your card to the committee. Here actresses and authors, telegraph clerks and merchants' daughters jostle each other in gay confusion. We observed "Couqui," the *prima ballerina* of the opera, surrounded by a legion of admirers, all with more or less stars on their breasts, walking along on the arm of the admirer with most decorations, whilst a rich old banker, H—, followed her steps, looking something like an ugly lapdog with its hair dyed, carrying her shawl and fan. The dancing is carried on to the inspiring strains of Strauss' band. It struck us once as a remarkable fact, that this band was always advertised to play at least in three different places on the same night, and always under the personal superintendence of Strauss. If asked on this point, he (Strauss) might have objected, like the Irish M. P., that "I can't be in two places at once—like a bird!" However, there are now three brothers—John, Edward, and Joseph, though only the two last lead; and these two were always advertised together. To see the elder of these two lead is really a sight refreshing to behold. His whole frame regularly keeps time to the music; far different from the unimpassioned demeanor of the estimable C. Coote, senior, whose band, for dancing purposes, is perhaps as good. During the waltzes and other fast dances, the ladies all stand together in a wide circle round the room, and the gentlemen form an inner circle about three yards off. When the music strikes up, the first gentleman walks across this space to his partner, and then dances round between the ladies and gentlemen, each successive couple going off in the same manner immediately: when they have completed one turn, they are stopped by the M. C. Thus no dancers pass each other, and order is preserved in a manner which would astonish the crowded confusion of a London ball-room,

where the area of a child's hoop is considered quite space enough to dance in. In the cotillion, which was danced at the middle of the ball, and not at the end as in England, only one figure was danced, which consisted of all the ladies—there might have been 500—joining hands, and the gentlemen ditto. Then the ladies were led through the circle of gentlemen, in rows; and at the end, the scramble for partners was amusing to behold from the gallery. The supper-room is not good—a low, mean-looking place, where you sit down and pay for what you take. There is another smaller ball-room adjoining this one called, the small "Redouten Saal," in which are given "Gesellschafts Bälle," or Society-balls, every fortnight. They are also termed "Pick-nic" balls; on what principle it is difficult to make out, unless it be that balls are given by night, and pic-nics by day. ("Lucus," &c.) These answer in some degree to our almost forgotten Almack's tickets being obtainable through lady patronesses only. The proceeds are devoted to a charitable purpose. The society of these balls is very good, the military element preponderating greatly among the gentlemen, as, indeed, it does on most public occasions in Vienna. The variety of uniforms, however, gives a gay appearance to the ball-room, very unlike that of a London ball-room, where the gentlemen all give a foreigner the idea of being undertakers in a new line of business, and turned butlers. At the "pic-nics" the dancers are not restricted to a line, but the room is never overcrowded. Prince Auersperg gave a ball in his large house, outside the inner town, to which the Court came and stayed about two hours. A magnificent marble flight of steps leads up to the drawing-rooms here. One of the rooms formed a large conservatory, which, though doubtless charming in summer, was much too cold to be entered in January. One of the many excellent military bands played the music. Polkas and Mazurkas are very favorite dances; but the Lancers are hardly ever heard of. The masked balls form a most prominent feature in the entertainments of Vienna. One Sunday we counted twenty-three balls advertised in one paper for that evening! To these, however, ladies never go, the female ele-

ment being largely supplied out of the *société équivoque* of Vienna. Many elegant masks are to be seen at these balls; however, the "Debardeur" element predominates largely, and higher flights of fancy were seldom attained, for fear of verging into the political, which is strictly prohibited. No gentlemen mask; and only some four or five men, who were paid to appear as pierrots, enlivened the rooms with dreary facetiousness, consisting chiefly in hitting each other on the head with flexible wands that they all carry. The balls at the "Teater an der Wien," that took place every Wednesday, were the best. The pit and stalls were boarded over, and the stage turned into a room, the bands being placed in the gallery. Twice a week large masked balls were given at the Diana and Sophien Bäder—baths in summer, ball-rooms in winter—really magnificent rooms; we have nothing to compare to them, as ball-rooms, in London. In the latter, Strauss and a military band played alternately, leaving hardly any pause between the pieces. It was the Strauss brothers' custom to produce a new waltz at every guild ball, with an appropriate name. So, at the "Bürger Ball," "Bürger Sinn" was produced. At all these places smoking was supposed to be prohibited, but was nevertheless indulged in, as on English railways. "Sperrl" and "Schwendler's Colosseum" were two other ball-rooms of a lower order, both with two separate dancing-rooms, and both magnificent in their proportions. Each of these establishments held three balls each week. The latter answers, in summer, to our Cremorne, and is about the same distance from Vienna as that from the West End. After midnight, masks were generally laid aside; and the general beauty then visible was certainly only second to London loveliness, and far above that of any other European capital, though we can not speak of that of St. Petersburg, not having seen it. To conclude our list of dancing establishments indulged in by Vienna society, we must mention those of the dancing-masters. Each of these, about six, gave small *soirées* about twice a week, not excluding Fridays, to which it was not unusual for the "best young men" to go.

The hours of dining are much earlier

than in England. We consider ourselves lucky if we sit down by nine o'clock; but in Vienna half-past five is the latest ever achieved in private society. The system of tables d'hôte does not obtain here, and therefore those not invited to a private dinner have to partake of that meal unsociably by themselves, unless, as is more usual, several friends agree to dine together at whatever hotel they may choose; as is almost always the case abroad, the gentlemen leave the table with the ladies, and the conversation is never prolonged, as they all hurry off to the Opera or theatres, which begin at seven. The opera is always sung in German during the season, and is not generally blest with any first-rate singers, though Herr Wachtel, of the high chest, and Fräulein Ilma von Murska, who has appeared in London this season, sang, and very beautifully. The ballets, however, which are given twice a week, and often varied, are charming, chiefly owing to the delightful dancing of Coqui, who seems, on the stage, the very incarnation of grace. Perhaps Ferraris and Mouravieff danced as well, but Coqui is a worthy competitor to either of them. Herr Frappart, also, was always excellent in comic ballets. They occupy the whole evening; about ten different ones were given during the course of last season, one being entitled, "The Chimney sweeps of London;" in which all the sweeps wore dress-coats with yellow facings; another was founded on "Monte Christo," but, unlike the play taken from the same celebrated novel, which was so long as to take two nights to act, was over at half-past nine, the usual time for the close of the various performances. The "Carl Theater" is the amusing theatre of Vienna, nothing but light vaudevilles, farces, and operettas being given. "La belle Hélène," of Offenbach was produced here almost contemporaneously with Paris. The audience part of this theatre is a perfect half-circle, and the dress circle is more fashionable than the stalls. Most of the theatres have, however, an institution they call the "Fremdenloge," or foreigners' box, into which they admit any one to a separate seat, at a slightly higher rate than to the stalls. At the latter end of the season a French company made its appearance at

the "Wien," but the attendance there was the reverse of encouraging.

The majority of the educated classes speak English, but they will always talk German to you if they perceive that you prefer exercising yourself in that language; unlike a Frenchman who, if he does happen to know ten words of English—a rare achievement—insists on making himself unintelligible to you in it for the rest of the evening.

After the theatres, the men generally go off to the club, here called, rather humbly, "Das adelige Casino," or aristocratic club; it is, however, an extremely select one, the election being by ballot, and admittance can only be gained by a foreigner through the intervention of his ambassador, or, as was the case when we were in Vienna, Lord Bloomfield being absent, that of the *Chargé d'Affaires*, who at that time was Mr. Bonar, a fine specimen of an English gentleman. The rooms are large and lofty, and fitted up in the English style, with solid chairs covered with leather, &c.; a large billiard and card room takes up nearly half the first floor of the palace (we forget its name,) in which it is situated. The billiard-tables are the French ones, without pockets; the chief game being the simple cannoning one. Here a good dinner may be obtained from four to seven. Smoking is allowed in all the rooms except the reading-room, which, indeed, is one of the smallest, the social German not caring very much for literature when here. After having met their friends here, the gentlemen generally go off to the parties that may be held on that evening. The foreign minister, Count Mensdorff Pouilly, held receptions every Friday, where all the society might be met with, the lady of the house receiving at her drawing-room door as in England. The beauty of the higher orders is not to be compared with that of the lower classes in Vienna, as regards the gentler sex. In walking through the town, the stranger can not help being struck every moment by the beauty of the women. As regards the men, the features of the higher classes are cast in a greatly superior mould. The fashionable walk and drive of the Viennese, answering to Hyde Park, is the famous Prater; at Madrid the same institutions is called "El Pra-

do." In the depth of winter this looks very cold and bleak, with snow lying all around about three feet deep, the trees all leafless. It consists of a large wood, extending from about a mile outside the town down to the large branch of the Danube, with one straight road, the fashionable drive and walk, cut through it. It is, however, by no means too thickly planted with trees, and must be very lovely in summer; numerous coffee-houses were scattered up and down by the sides of the road, but all shut up. Here many sledges were seen, but they are hardly ever used in the town itself, though we saw one man driving a sledge, standing up and holding on by the reins! One of the dictates of fashion here is, that you must never be seen sitting in a one-horse fly; this is *infra dig.* It might sound arbitrary and dictatorial to a London ear, where our highest ambition is a "hansom;" but in Vienna the two-horse cabs rather, if anything, preponderate over the one-horse vehicles. The pace they drive at is terrific, and there was always one old woman, at least, driven over daily, in the papers. The omnibuses look like relics out of the good old times, so mediæval are they in appearance, though perfectly modern, in fact; they have a sort of double *coupe* in front and a section of omnibus behind, with one or two seats by the driver. The cabbies of Vienna sustain the reputation of their kind for mother-wit, but unlike (?) their London "co-drivers," they are not invariably civil. The principal tailor, Gunkel, only deals in English cloth, and makes his garments after the last approved Poole patterns, charging however, Vienna prices, that is, if we suppose them to be considerably more than those of London. Skating is a very frequent amusement before the snow falls, and the piece of water in the "Volk's Garten" was always crowded after mid-day; more adventurous spirits find fine sheets of ice for their purpose in the Prater. The zoological gardens are also situated in this Prater, but the social Sunday gatherings have not come into fashion, at least in winter. In the "Volk's Garten," Strauss gives a concert every Sunday and holiday during Carnival, in a sort of hybrid establishment, half hot-house, half restaurant, where the ap-

proved, and, indeed, only obtainable refreshment is "melange," a villanous compound of, apparently, coffee, sugar, milk, and yolk of egg. One fine afternoon whilst we were there, the only waiter for about three hundred people, upset a tray of about a dozen "melanges" over the back of an unoffending auditor. We must not forget one of the most important institutions of the capital of Austria, the "Café Daum;" here generals and subalterns, members of the Reichsrath of every party, actors and authors, young diplomats, government clerks of every description come together to take their punch, beer, or coffee after the theatre; or rather each set has its own hours for meeting, its own tables and circle. The game of billiards goes on in another room, whose atmosphere resembles that of an aggravated London fog, though of better odor, tobacco. Every class, from the duke to the cabman, who hastily imbibes his coffee in one of the small adjoining rooms, is to be met with here. It used to be the custom for all Austrians to "look in" at "Daum's" before going home, however late they might have been staying at a ball or anywhere else; they were always sure of finding some one they knew, and of hearing something neat, as, whenever anybody hears an authentic or unauthentic piece of news, his first idea is to run off to Daum's and retail it. Reputations are made and marred in this exteriorly humble-looking place; every secret is "let out" here; this is the duck-pond from whence rise all Vienna *canards*. By the way, we suppose that "shooting folly flying" is an euphemism for "bringing down a canard." However, these pages are not "Notes and Queries," and we resume; the seconds in any duel consult together in a corner, and the result is first noised about here. Indeed, the "Café Daum" is the lion's mouth of Vienna. Some of our facts about this locality we gather from a novel, entitled "Die Theaterprinzessin," by Frederick Uhl, a Viennese writer, who has certainly succeeded in this work. About 10 P. M., is the time

when Daum is most crowded: then all the different and often conflicting opinions on the last new singer, or the newly-arrived tragedian have fair play, and the verdict of success or failure is passed. Ladies seldom enter the doors of Daum. The "Times" is taken in for the benefit of any stray Englishman who, however, will find himself, if alone, rather out of his element. The noise occasioned by about fifty people, all talking at the same time with vivacity, at different tables, must, we should think, be even louder than that to be heard within the "ladies' parliament," whenever that meets. The confirmed playgoer, on entering and talking his seat at the table of his "set," always answers the question immediately put to him about the performance, by talking of "our theatre." Supposing the acting of a particular comedian to be in debate, he will say something in this way, "Oh! Knaak" (of the Carl theatre, *e. g.*) "was delightful this evening. He gave a perfectly new coloring to the sixteenth repartee in the eighth scene of the second act." However, we think we have lingered quite long enough within the precincts of "Daum," whose amiable proprietor walks from one table to the other, looking after his guests, and sometimes sitting down at one of their circles; so to conclude our disgracefully long paper, we should recommend all those having a regard for their pockets not to adventure into the "Graben," the widest and best-stocked-with-shops street in Vienna, for if they do they will certainly be tempted to enter one of the many "splendid emporiums," as our American step-brothers say; if so they will not be able to tear themselves away without buying more of the lovely little knickknacks than they can possibly want. Klein's shop is one of the most tempting of these. The Vienna taste in small articles for presents or the writing-table and boudoir is exquisite. He must be a strongminded individual who can resist these manifold temptations. But now we must take leave of Vienna and of our readers.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY J. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

In the year 1822, I first knew Sydney, Lady Morgan. I saw her sitting in "the little red room in Kildare street, by courtesy called a boudoir;"* and although the "Wild Irish Girl" was even then a woman of "a certain age," she had much of that natural vivacity, aptness for repartee, and point in conversation (often better than wit), that made her the oracle and idol of "a set" in the Irish Metropolis, where others—not a few—feared and hated her; for her political bias was strong, and her antipathies, strong also, were seldom withstood or withheld.

She was never handsome, even in youth; small in person, and slightly deformed, there was about her much of ease and self-possession, but nothing of grace; yet she was remarkable for that peculiar something—for which we have no English word, but which the French express by "*je ne sais quoi*"—which in women often attracts and fascinates more than mere personal beauty.

Although it was said of Lady Morgan that she was a vain woman, had always coveted the distinction of seeing the visiting-cards of lords and titled ladies in her card-stand, and liked when she paid visits to borrow a carriage with a coronet, to receive as many as might be of stars actual at her "evenings," to exhibit on her chimney-piece the gifts of people whom heritage rather than genius had made great, and was, in short, a woman of the world, she had—like all women of decided character, and energetic temperament—her kindly sympathies and her considerate generosity, was a very lovable person to those she loved, and a true friend to those in whom she took interest.

Her collected letters, interspersed with meagre bits of memoir, were published soon after her death by her literary executor, Hepworth Dixon, and under the editorship of Geraldine Jewsbury. We

* No. 35. She put up a portico, which still marks the house in the now somewhat gloomy and unfashionable street.

can not doubt that judicious discrimination was exercised in the selection. According to that authority the diaries from her own hand were "copious," and she kept every letter she had received, from the epistles of field-marshal to the billets of a washerwoman. In a word, she contemplated and arranged for this memoir, and prepared it accordingly, with as much system and order as she settled her toilet and her drawing-room for a "reception"—to make the best of herself and her belongings; commencing with the day of her birth, when all the wits of Dublin were assembled—of whom she gives a biographical list—and ending with her last drive in a friend's carriage.

During many years she kept a journal. Of its utter barrenness an idea may be formed from those portions of it which her biographer has published, and from the fact that from one whole year's record he has printed but six lines, no doubt the only portion that was worth preserving. Her autobiography is indeed—as were her rooms—an assemblage of a mass of things, no one of which was of much value; but which, when taken together, were curious, interesting, and instructive.

"No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into any admission about her age." The dates of all old letters were carefully erased. "I enter my protest against DATES," she writes. "What has a woman to do with dates? cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates! I mean to have none of them." It is, however, understood that Sydney Owenson was born in 1777; and it is said by one of her biographers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (who does not give his authority), that "her birth occurred on shipboard." She is, at best, but half Irish, for her mother was an Englishwoman. She herself tells us she was born on Christmas Day, in "ancient old Dublin." Her father was Robert Owenson—according to his daughter, "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." He was an actor, and manager of theatres in Dublin. During one of his professional tours in England, he met at Shrewsbury an English lady, Miss Hill (with whom he "ran off"), the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. She was never forgiven. She was not young, but a very

serious and sensible woman: unlike her husband in everything. Of that marriage the issue was Sydney, subsequently married to Sir Charles Morgan, and Olivia, her younger sister by many years, who became the wife of another knight, Sir Arthur Clarke. It is not improbable that his little precocious daughter acted occasionally under his auspices in provincial towns. But she never played in Dublin; and it is certain that her father early resolved, as far as possible, to keep his daughters from the stage; yet what an admirable actress Lady Morgan would have been, had that been her destiny!

Early in life, however, she sought independence. She was fond of saying that she had provided for herself from the time she was fourteen years old; and she had so wise and self-preserving a horror of debt, that she either paid ready money for what she wanted, or did without it. Much of her after prosperity can be traced to that resolution—one which it must have required wonderful firmness to have held to, considering her natural love of display, and her always expensive "surroundings." She became a governess, and discharged the duties of that office in two families, until her writings became remunerative. Her father kept "his girls" at an "eminent boarding-school." He did his best for them; and they largely repaid him by affectionate care and duty till he died, in May, 1812, having enjoyed the luxury of calling each of his daughters "my lady."

Her younger days were passed amid perplexing, harassing, indeed terrible, trials, under which a loftier nature might have fallen. She touches on them, though rarely, "seeing a father frequently torn to prison, a mother on the point of beggary with her children," and so forth.

From her earliest girlhood, up to the very eve of her marriage, she had her perpetual flirtations; but there her love affairs began and ended. Some of her sage friends opined that she "flirted more than was right," and it is probable she occasionally stood so near the fire as slightly to singe her white garments. Still she was ever "safe," like her countrywomen generally—I would almost say universally—realizing the portrait of the poet Moore, of—

"——— The wild sweet briary fence
That round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels."

The seemingly light and frivolous, and really fascinating girl—fascinating both as girl and woman—escaped the only slander that surely slays. Moreover, she had at no period of her life any sustaining power from that which supports in difficulties and upholds in danger—Religion; and she was continually in society, where, without a protector, she might have seemed an easy victim.*

Her literary career began early, yet not so early as she liked to make it appear. Her abilities were gifts of nature. "All," she writes, "that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me."

In 1801, her first book was published in Dublin, and afterwards in London, by Sir Richard Phillips;† thenceforward she continued working for more than half a century, having written and published, from the commencement to the close of her career, upwards of seventy volumes.

In 1812 she married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. He had received knighthood at the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant, by request of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, the then friends of Sydney Owenson, who were resolved that their "pet" should have a title. Both events came off at their seat, Baron's Court—there the doctor was knighted: there the two were made one. Contrary to prophecies of friends and to general expectation, they were a happy couple. Sir Charles had personal advantages, and he was a man of strong mind, yet, happily, a devoted believer in his wife, while she had large respect for him—his sound common sense and her erratic nature harmonized. He was a Doctor of Medicine, the friend and correspondent of Jenner. Though younger by five or six years than Miss Owen-

* Writing of herself in 1811, she says, "Inconsiderate and indiscreet; never saved by prudence, but often rescued by pride; often on the verge of error, but never passing the line."

† At that period, and long afterwards, the law of copyright operated in the two islands much as it now does between Great Britain and the United States of America.

son, he was not young when he, a widower and an Englishman, born in London in 1783, wooed, and won the Wild Irish Girl. He was tall, handsome, of very gentlemanly address, respectably born and connected; with some independent property, and madly in love with the fascinating "Glorvina." She was not so desperately smitten with him: "A little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him," she writes. He was too quiet; in a word, too English. Nevertheless he became a thorough Irishman—"more Irish than the Irish," like the old Anglo-Norman settlers; took the liberal side in politics; and was a sturdy fighter for Catholic emancipation. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—"a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation." In August, 1844, he died. His death was a heavy loss to Lady Morgan; for she loved him, confided in him, and felt for him entire respect. And he was worthy of it; for there had been neither envy of her fame, nor jealousy of the admiration she excited, where a lower nature might have felt both.

In the spring of 1837 Lord Melbourne granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters." She had saved a sum by no means inconsiderable. Sir Charles had an income of his own; and being "independent," she resolved upon leaving Ireland and settling in England—in a word, to become "an absentee," a class she had unequivocally condemned when she saw little chance of being of it; and although she afterwards wrote a sort of apology for the step—publishing, indeed, a book on the subject, arguing "that English misgovernment and misrule made Ireland uninhabitable;" that it was "the English government and not the natives of the country who were to blame," and so forth—she failed to convince her country or herself of the righteousness of her removal. Probably her attractions "at home" had grown less; many of her old friends had departed, some to England, others to the better land.

It is clear that, so early as 1812, she had wearied of the Irish capital, which she described as "in summer, a desert inhabited only by loathsome beggars."

In 1833, she writes, "the Irish destiny is between bedlam and a jail." "Dear dirty Dublin," gradually became "odious Dublin." In 1834 she talked of "wretched Dublin, the capital of wretched Ireland." In 1837 she wrote

"Oh, Ireland, to you

I have long bade a last and a painful adieu!"

And so having "freighted a small vessel" with their household gods, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan became permanent residents in London, taking, after a brief "looking about," what she terms a "maisonnette," No. 11, William street, Knightsbridge, entering into possession on the 17th of January, 1838, and there continuing to her death, never again visiting Ireland. Naturally, perhaps, her popularity had there dwindled to nothing.*

In London she aimed to be the centre of a circle—artistic, literary, scientific, aristocratic; giving large parties as well as small; sometimes crowding into two rooms of very limited size a hundred guests—persons of all ranks, patricians and plebeians. Certainly, the arrangement of her rooms was most effective; the lights and shadows were in their right places, the seats were comfortable, the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either peculiar or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but the toys were histories. Her society—often so conflicting, composed of elements that never could socially mingle—she managed with admirable tact, sometimes no easy task, for there were the Russian and the Pole; the "black Orangeman" and the "bitter Papist;" the proud aristocrat and the small fry of letters; in a word, people who were compelled to rub against each other; whose positions, opinions, and interests were not only at

* We once encountered an ultra Irishman, who told us he was going to Lady Morgan's "to blow her up for deserting her country and turning her back on the liberator." He went, and was so fascinated by the ready smile and few words of tenderness she gave to the memory of "dear old Dublin"—her inimitable tact of turning disadvantages into advantages, and foes into friends—that he assured us the next day, "the people of Ireland mistook that charming Lady Morgan altogether; that her heart, every morsel of it, was in Ireland; she lived in England only to protect her countrymen and prevent their being imposed on."

variance, but in entire and utter hostility.*

As I have said, she continued to reside in William Street after she became a widow, and during the remainder of her life. At length, however, the foe she most dreaded—old age—gradually drew nearer and nearer. Towards the end of 1852, her letters and diary record the losses of old friends. One after another departed, and she was left almost alone with old memories: they were warnings to set her house in order; but they were not solemn enough to impress her with any feeling akin to continuous grief, or to create dread of the "enemy." To the last, she was *toujours gaie*: new friends came to replace the old; some one "worth seeing" was sure to be at her "reception," and the bait of an invitation was too tempting to be resisted notwithstanding the sure pressure of a mingled crowd.

The death of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, in 1857, did alarm her; and toward the close of 1858, it became obvious to her friends—suspicious to herself—that her work on earth was done. Her beloved sister, Olivia, Lady Clarke, her oldest friend and earliest companion, with whom she had struggled through a precarious youth, had died some years before (1845). On her birthday, 1858, Lady Morgan had a dinner-party, told stories, and sung a comic song. On the 17th of March, 1859, she had a musical party, at which we were present; a gay and crowded party it was—full of what she ever liked to see, celebrities or notorieties—and on the 16th of April, 1859,

* She told us she had once deplored so earnestly her ignorance of geology to one of its professors, that he offered to read a lecture on the subject (which her ladyship lamented pathetically she had not heard) in her drawing-room! She laughed afterwards at this, as one of the great difficulties of her social life. She added, "I got out of it by regretting that my present audience were unworthy such an honor, but that if he would do so the next night! Well, he was kind enough to promise, but I could not have survived it, and the next day, of course, I was very ill." She once described to us a visit paid to her by a young and literary American, adding, "I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool. You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated under the shadow of the strawberry leaves."

she died. She was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, where a tomb, executed by Mr. Sherrard Westmacott, has been erected to her memory by her accomplished niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones.†

The life of Lady Morgan was one of excitement, from its dawn to its close. Even when a governess, "instructor of youth,"‡ her days were never sad, nor did time hang heavy on her hands: she was a charming companion at all periods, and was generally regarded in that light rather than as a teacher. Her animal spirits were inexhaustible: if not handsome, she was pretty, and in person attractive; she told Irish stories with inimitable humor, and sung Irish songs with singular *esprit*; she had been familiar with "society" from her childhood, and had been reared in self-independence: her vanity, her value of herself, made her at ease amid the great as among the small; like the soldier of fortune, she had all to gain and nothing to lose; reckless as regarded foes, but fervent in defence of friends; living in praise as the very breath of her life—flattery, no matter how gross, seemed never to exceed her right. No doubt much of "womanliness" was sacrificed to that perpetual exercise of self-dependence. Self-dependence is not the natural destiny of woman—rarely bringing content, and still more rarely happiness.

A writer who knew her in her prime, thus pictures "Glorvina" at "the Castle." Hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, she glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet, or solid band of gold; her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody." "Notwithstanding her natural defects, she made a picturesque appearance." Another writer, alluding to the "unevenness" of her eyes, says "they were, however, large, lustrous, and electrical." Prince Puckler Muskau (who published a tour

† The tomb will be found on the right of the principal walk, entering the gate in the Fulham Road. A large plain slab is supported by six pillars; on a slab underneath is carved an Irish harp, propped by two books, "France" and the "Wild Irish Girl." At the base is a wreath of *immortelles*.

‡ She did not forget this: bequeathing by Will a sum of £200 to the Aged Governesses Benevolent Institution.

in Ireland in 1828) describes her as "a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Lady Morgan at a later year of her life:

"Lady Morgan's person was so well-known to the *habitués* of London—at all events, to the classes that belong to the fashionable and literary—that any description for them may be, as she would have said, '*de trop*;' but thousands have been at one time or other of their lives interested in her works, and the sort of flying reputation she had for saying and doing odd, but clever things, and the marvelous *tact* which comprised so much of her talent, or the talent whose greatest society-power was *tact*. To those we say that Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; that her head was large, round, and well-formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humor,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothing' pleasant; and whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espiglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."

Portraits of her were, of course, often painted, more frequently in France than in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence pictured her, but expressed a wish that, if engraved, his name should not go with it (!). David d'Angers sculptured her bust. In 1824 the poet, Samuel Lover, then a miniature painter in Dublin, painted a portrait of her. It was to have been engraved by Meyer; "but," says Lady Morgan's biographer, "between the painter and the engraver, the result was such unmitigated *ugliness*, that Colburn would not let it appear."

Few writers have aroused more hostility, or have been more thoroughly abused. Her grand enemy was her countryman, John Wilson Croker. It was he who assailed her in the *Quarterly Review*, accusing her, either indirectly or directly, of "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, dis-

loyalty, and atheism." She had her revenge—her character of Crawley junior, in "Florence Macarthy," must have been a bayonet stab in the very vitals of her foe.* He certainly overshot the mark; there can be no doubt that his severity augmented the popularity of Lady Morgan, and increased the number of her friends. She was found to be "an awkward customer" whenever she was assailed. She girded on her armor even to the last, and went into battle with no less an adversary than Cardinal Wiseman, who attacked her for having asserted in her book on Italy, that the sacred chair of St. Peter, when examined, was found to contain this passage in Arabic characters: "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" She answered the cardinal in a pamphlet—it was the old war-horse roused to energy by the trumpet-call to battle. Latterly, her sight began to give way, and she was almost blind when she ran a tilt against "His Eminence."

Let us fancy her gay ladyship traveling through France with her little "Irish harp case," that was mistaken for a *petit mort* she had brought over to bury in Père la Chaise; buying herself "a *chapeau de soleil* with cornflowers stuck in the side of it—twenty francs;" receiving from Lafayette and his household assurances of "the attachment of three generations;" her "Wednesdays" in the gay city, where the highest and the lowest met—princes, dukes, marshals, counts, actors, Maltese knights, small poets, and small wits—in a word, any celebrity or any notoriety, male or female, was welcome to her *salon*. There the finest violin player in France placed her on a raised seat, and declared she was his "inspiration." There Humboldt called and left his card, with the penciled words, "*toujours malheureux*." Generally, however, she "kept clear of the English;" content with any praise, and greedy only

* Croker, by his earliest work, "Familiar Epistles," is said to have done to death the actor Edwin; at least, it was recorded on Edwin's tombstone, in St. Werburgh's churchyard, that "his death was occasioned by an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation from an anonymous assassin." Croker, among other "names," called Lady Morgan "a female Methuseleh," knowing that was a barbed arrow that was sure to stick.

of the admiration that was to be had without the asking; yet ever so pleasant, so full of point, so perfect in the *style parlant*, as she terms it, as really to be what she aimed to be—the queen of society.*

If her triumph was less in London than in the Elysée, it was because her worshipers were more phlegmatic than their light-tongued and light-hearted neighbors. Yet her “evenings at home” were always “successes.”

Lady Morgan had an idea that she might be the means of bringing together in fraternal intercourse the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent on a more extensive scale than was possible in her *maisonette*. Mr. Mackinnon, of Hyde Park Place, had a large house, a suite of rooms capable of “entertaining” many, and in partnership with that estimable gentleman her plan was to be carried out. He was to issue cards to ladies and gentlemen of his order; she, to those who were eminent in literature, science, and Art. The cards were printed accordingly. They expressed that Lady Morgan and Mr. Mackinnon desired to be honored with the company of so-and-so on the evening of Wednesday, July 16th. It was certainly somewhat startling to read the names thus joined; it was known that the one was a widow, the other a widower, and there was consequently no just cause or impediment why they two should not be joined together. Still it was curious, and “gossip” might have been excused, especially as the card was lithographed in the joint names, that of Lady Morgan standing

first. We received our invitation from her ladyship's own hands, and accepted it. On the evening of the 16th we duly entered the drawing-room at Hyde Park Place. We heard titles of all degrees announced; but hardly a name eminent in literature, Art, or science, greeted our ears. There were present perhaps two hundred people of rank, but, excepting ourselves and three or four others of our “calling,” Lady Morgan had no followers to fraternize with those of Mr. Mackinnon. Speculation was idle as to the cause of so appalling an effect. The lady was evidently irate; there was no way of accounting for the humiliating fact, and, as may be supposed, the evening passed off with amazing dullness, for the co-operation of no other lions had been sought. A few days afterwards the mystery was explained. Mr. Mackinnon had agreed to envelope and direct such cards as were to go to his “order,” Lady Morgan undertaking the transmission of such as were intended to lure the magnates of her own circle and craft. The cards, properly prepared and addressed, she handed to Mr. Mackinnon's butler for the post; but either that important functionary forgot his duty, or grudged the postage, or thought it beneath him and his master to invite so many untitled guests—at all events, they were subsequently found safe in his desk, where they had been in comfortable seclusion from the day when dear Lady Morgan placed them in his hands. It is needless to say, there began and ended the scheme of her ladyship to bring together the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent!

She had that cordiality of manner which “took” at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it was sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy; she would aid and not depress young authorship; she was often generous with her purse, as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her, and flattered as she had been from her youth upwards, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed a character of arrogance? that when she called herself “Glorvina,” it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy? that she

* Among her other peculiarities, her gay ladyship describes herself as a freemason: a venerable marquise—“the dear *belle et bonne* of Voltaire”—being *grande maîtresse* of a lodge—proposed it to her, and she became “a free and accepted mason.” The *belle et bonne* at the inauguration wore a picture of Voltaire, set in brilliants. There were men masons present, among them the Bishop of Jerusalem, and the actor Talma. “As to THE SECRET,” she writes, “it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed;” and certainly her ladyship may well wonder how it was that a secret confided to many women, young, and beautiful, and worldly, should never have been revealed. She does not tell us if she wore an apron, but the *belle et bonne* marquise did; and so the *illustre Anglaise* was added to the list of free and accepted masons—“received with acclamation and three rounds of applause, and cries of ‘*Honneur! honneur!*’”

was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?

She was essentially *matérielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular (if not honored) old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts.

Her tact was portable, applicable, alive, alert, marketable, good-natured, ever ready at call, and consequently often useful; yes, and useful to others as well as to herself, for she was continually "on the watch" to serve a friend and set aside a difficulty. Lady Morgan had no left hand, no deaf ear, "no blind side;" she was life, bright life, from top to toe. Even when her receptions were over, and at her great age, it might be supposed she had gone wearied and languidly to bed, she chatted cheerfully to her maid, and closed her eyes with a jest.

She was created for society, enjoyed and lived in society to the last: nothing annoyed her so much as being invited to a *small party*. She liked the crowded room, the loud announcement, and the celebrity she had earned. Her vanity was charming; it was different from every other vanity; it was so *naïve*; so original, and she admitted it with the frankness of a child. "I know I am vain," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. It is not put off and on, like my *rouge*; it is always with me, it sleeps with me, wakes with me, companions me in my solitude, and arrays itself for publicity whenever I go abroad. I wrote books when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Daniel O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs among the wild crags of Derrynane." "I am vain," she said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so: look at the number of books I have written! Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day; one from a duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London.

Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock; *that* stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added, "Ah, that is a long time ago! Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and *they* would make a wiser woman vain."

If you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she would reply, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is; how *do* you preserve its color?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." When we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by her mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but our enjoyment would be, at times, suddenly disturbed by a sarcasm—just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard.

Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared to be—to strangers—to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. Speaking with Mrs. Hall of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan—"They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and, had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They can not earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases better. Cultivate *one thing* to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'that will carry me through life without dependence!' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan. The faults of her youth were the faults of her age. Her mind attained its majority at a very early period. She carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same craving for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on "France" and "Italy," as she did in her novels; the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so unlike in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms.

The last time Mrs. Hall saw "the Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bed-room—a picturesque ruin of old lady womanhood. Her black silk dressing-gown fell around her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that she feared to see the old lady move. "Why, Lady Morgan!" she said, "you are looking far better than I expected; you are really looking well." "Ah, no, my dear," she said, in reply, "I am not; you should see me in the morning—it's the rouge!"

Saturday Review.

ROSE AYLMER'S HOME.*

The heroine most in fashion during the present novel season is the young lady who falls in love with a heartless puppy, while some fine honest fellow is all the time secretly pining for her in silent adoration. Disguised in various forms, this perverse kind of woman is continually turning up in the new novels, until one gets rather out of patience with her. Of course she is always well punished, though the retribution is not always as satisfactory as it might be. The puppy is sure either to jilt her, or to ill-use her in the honeymoon, or to prove to have another wife living; and then in her distress the long-suffering and trusty adorer, whom she persisted in treating like a brother or an uncle, comes to console her with his delicate attentions, and even-

tually to marry her. The process has become thoroughly familiar. The reader, the moment he is once on the scent, is fully aware beforehand of every little phase in the young lady's infatuation, and the selfish triumph of the insincere lover and the despair of the sincere one. A firm and well-grounded belief in the over-ruling Providence of novelists is the one thing that sustains us through all the weary plottings and general wretchedness of so vexatious a situation. Still, even with this, we are apt to get impatient at the obstinate blindness of the heroine. In real life, young women are far from slow to find out when a man has fallen in love with them. And besides, young ladies, as a matter of fact, don't often give way to a sisterly affection towards men of their own age who are not their brothers. They either feel a pleasant and cordial indifference for them, or else they like them in what we may venture to call the regular and proper way. Sometimes, however, in these cases the lover of substantial worth and plain unadorned merit is a plain and unadorned bore. We fear most people will find him so in *Rose Aylmer's Home*. It is not quite clear that the heroine was wrong in preferring to marry somebody with rather more showy qualities. True, the gentleman with the showy qualities had been married before, and his wife was still living. The heroine did not know this, and even if she had known it, she would probably have understood that her position, in the present state of feeling among the novel-reading public, almost required a little mild bigamy not carried too far. Anyhow, it is too much to expect every pretty and simple-minded maiden to recognize one of "nature's gentlemen" as soon as ever she sees him. In the present instance, the man whom she ought to have fallen in love with abounds in goodness of heart and uprightness of purpose. He has made tremendous sacrifices for her, and has been the means of conferring the greatest possible favors on her family. But then he has done most of this so quietly that she might well be pardoned for not knowing it. We can not be grateful to people of whose claims upon us we are ignorant, much less actually fall in love with them on the strength of their services. If he chose to let con-

* *Rose Aylmer's Home*. Three vols. London. Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

coalment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek, the lady could hardly be expected to tear the veil from his retiring modesty, and boldly make him a declaration or a proposal. And why is it that in a novel of this class the honest fellow is invariably made so shy and awkward and dull? Are all the self-possessed people in the world rogues and hypocrites? Whatever may be the secret of it, the fact is beyond question. Our hero is always betraying a want of ease in his bearing, and bowing stiffly, and letting things fall to the ground, and stammering, and "looking as awkward as a big schoolboy in a spelling class." He is subject, too, to astounding attacks of sensibility. When the heroine thanks him for some trifling service, he is very apt to feel "a turmoil arise in his whole nature." "The hills seemed to draw near, and make mouths at him; the pebbles on the walk to enlarge, and retreat to a distance; his hands and feet grew cold, a choking came in his throat, and he began to make spasmodic efforts." More extraordinary still, the heroine, "with her keen observation, saw it all," though we can not pretend to explain how she could see what he was thinking about the hills and the pebbles, or how cold his feet were growing, or even what a choking had come into his throat. We may admit, at all events, that the author is not wrong in attributing a keen observation to her, though it is important to remark that she never guessed that she had anything to do with the luckless man's embarrassment. It is so perfectly true to nature to make a young lady observe keenly that a man always stammers and blushes in her presence, and yet never dream that her presence is in any way the cause of his stammering and blushing. It would never do to let the heroine see that the high-principled clown was in love with her, or else the moral necessities of fiction would force her to marry him at once, and so we should lose our intricate plot and our bigamy. The reader resigns himself accordingly to his heroine's unaccountable blindness and she marries the fascinating rival, who is remarkably handsome and has a "flute-like voice."

The writer has evidently intended the character of the man with the good looks

and flute-like voice to be a masterpiece in the delineation of human nature. He is no common scoundrel, such as one may meet any day. Of course he is not entirely exempt from vulgar forms of villainy; forgery, theft, and even murder have their incidental attractions for him. It is in the act of bigamy by which he entitles himself to a place in a novel of the period that the true grandeur and originality of the conception make themselves visible. He marries in the first instance a pretty rustic to whom he had taken a fancy, but in time he gets tired of her. He sees somebody else whom he instantly falls in love with, and he begins to rave to his confidential friend about the "true arbiter of his fate." "My effort now," he says, "shall be to become worthy of her." The friend remonstrates humorously, but is requested to abstain from expressions which "grate cruelly upon a soul possessed wholly by a sanctifying image of beauty and purity." "Now that I belong to Alice my soul must be clean, my lips free from the contamination of evil words." Then the author goes on to analyze our friend's state of mind in the most original style imaginable. He "fully persuaded himself that, being in love, all his actions had become holy, for he said, 'Love is of God, and every one that loveth knoweth God.'" "The beauty and purity of Alice awed him, and he believed this to be a sign that all was right in God's sight." This is psychological analysis indeed. It would be very hard to think of a subtler and more penetrating interpretation of character and motive. We are of course fully conscious of having really got to the bottom of the matter. A man reconciles his conscience to the desertion of his wife, and the betrayal of another woman whom he loves better, by the reflection that love is from heaven. A good deal of rubbish is foisted upon novel-readers under the guise of development of character and working-out of motives, and so on, but we do not often suffer from such terrible absurdity as all this. On the whole, if we are to have cases of bigamy in novels, we should prefer taking them without any analysis or explanation. Men who deliberately desert one wife and marry another are, in a sense, the most straightforward people in the world.

Unscrupulous self-indulgence at all cost to the happiness of others is just one of those characteristics on which comment or elucidation is most entirely superfluous, and it looks very like adding insult to injury to introduce us to an unmitigated vagabond, and then to invite us to study the minute conscientious delicacies of his nature.

The quantity of vice in *Rose Aylmer's Home* is rather more than up to the mark of the present fashion of novels. One gentleman who is tolerably conspicuous in the story lives with a lady, also tolerably conspicuous, who is avowedly not his wife. The great mystery of the plot for a long time is whether the villain has married his victim, or contented himself with seducing her from virtue. Another girl is actually seduced, and she avenges herself by packing up the corpse of her illegitimate child and having it delivered to her recreant lover while he is pleasantly seated at tea with his intended bride. Then, again, the heroine, when she has quitted her supposed husband on discovering his crime, the day after her marriage, is obviously in a rather awkward position. The prevalence of all kinds of unclean living in the world is surely a very bad reason for making it a prominent feature in novels. It is very childish in statesmen and philosophers to ignore vice and immorality; but a three-volume novel is not the place for bringing it before statesmen and philosophers, and the young ladies who from the vast majority of the novel-reading class are not likely to be improved by these pictures of the dark side of human nature. To be at all endurable, such pictures must be painted in a certain spirit which is very rarely found among ordinary fifth-rate novelists. The trick of investing nasty subjects with interest is a very easy one unfortunately, and this may account for its popularity among weak writers such as the author of *Rose Aylmer's Home*. His style is an exact type of the style of all weak novelists. Of how many heroes have we all heard that "a smile of wonderous sweetness stole over his rugged countenance, transforming it to sudden beauty, as the rose tints of sunset endue the rugged Alps with a hue of warmth and softness!" How well we all know the heroine who "looks pale

and languid, but her countenance is very peaceful, and she gives a low laugh from time to time as her eye meets Richard's!" Then, again, there is the familiar "presentiment of coming evil," and the vague misgivings which the leading characters always feel when the novelist is constrained to bring them into trouble. Whenever the reader is beginning to think that his hero has got at length into smooth water, he is warned that So-and-So "little guessed with what a storm those clouds must be scattered," or that he little thought what influence this or that interview, or event, or person was destined to exercise on his future. This sort of talk is now merely so much common-form, like the inevitable young lady descending into the drawing-room without a trace of her recent tears on her countenance. *Rose Aylmer's Home* is full of this conventional stuff, and has scarcely any original merit with which to season it.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE POETRY OF PROVINCIALISMS.

DICTIONARIES are not generally considered very amusing. People never read them like other books. They are simply consulted and spoken of as "valuable works." In England, Johnson is their name. His heavy shadow clouds them all. And yet the doctor is not always dull, as his definitions of smuggler, pensioner, pirate, will prove to any one who will turn to them in the early editions.

No amount of proof, however, will convince a British public against its will. Dictionaries can, we fear, never become popular; but terrible as is the popular idea about them, far worse is it about glossaries. They are generally supposed to stand to dictionaries as imps do to men, possessing all their bad without any of their good qualities. Dictionaries may be useful, especially in spelling polysyllabic words. But glossaries are a kind of Irish dictionary, carefully containing all words which are never used.

Yet, in spite of this prejudice, we venture to say that any one of our glossaries of provincialisms is far more amusing than ninety-nine out of a hundred nov-

els. You can not, of course, find plots and screaming incidents in them. But turn to Brockett's *North-Country Glossary*, and you will meet there many a North-country joke, racy of the soil, shining in his pages. Turn again to Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*, and you will find there a preface eloquent with true pathos at the decay of so many noble words used by Shakspeare and Milton. Read Forby's *Norfolk*, and Barnes' *Dorsetshire Glossaries*, and you will find one overflowing with the poetry of the Anglian peasant, and the other with its author's own native Doric song.

To insist on the value of provincialisms would be something like insisting that Shakspeare was a great poet. Long ago has it been pointed out that the true study of a language must proceed from a study of its provincialisms. In England, with its vast numbers of dialects, many of them very imperfectly known, this is peculiarly the case. Our mixed descent is embodied in our provincialisms. Our vulgar speech, to use Shakspeare's metaphor, is a tangled chain; but every bead preserves in its amber its own origin and history. The discussion of these questions, however, is more suited for a scientific journal than a popular magazine. Our task is less laborious. We propose simply to note a few of those significant words, marked with a delicate refinement, rich with meaning, and often modulated with a soft music of their own, which are found more especially among our peasantry. We are quite aware that a large class of very different words also exist. Rightly treated, they, too, would yield valuable results. But when Janus has two faces we prefer to look on the pleasantest. And here let us note that by provincialisms we mean both words properly so called and archaisms. It is a great misfortune that we possess no phrase like the Greek *glossa*, which comprehends both.

And the first thing that strikes us in the majority of provincialisms is that the poetry is not "fossil," as Emerson has defined the poetry of words, but alive, quick. Our peasants still speak good Old-English words pregnant with meaning. Living out of doors, their words breathe an out-of-door air. Their images are picturesque and full of life. In the

northern districts a starving man is said to be "hunger-poisoned," and people are "bone-tired." Crops when spoilt by rain are said in the Eastern counties to be "water-slain," and in Westmoreland, when they ripen well, are said to "addle well," as if a notion of working and earning were implied. In Leicestershire, a peasant will talk of a bee "kicking" him instead of stinging him, just as the Greeks used *πλήγμα*. In Derbyshire he will say that he "feels a smell," just as in Exodus the Israelites "saw the thunderings" at Mount Sinai. Our peasantry still remain in many respects in an early stage of society. Hence they retain so many of those primitive words, language-marks, by which we may measure the flow and ebb of our language. On the other hand, our artificial life in large towns is emasculating our speech. The strong metaphor has become faded. The color is washed out with rose-water. Like Chaucer's friar, we lisp from wantonness. How differently each grade of society speaks may be seen in the fact that in the east of London "rooms" are always advertised, towards Holborn "lodgings," but west of Regent Street nothing shorter than "apartments" would seem to let.

Most certainly the laborer now, more than any one else, "speaks the tongue that Shakspeare spake." Could he, in these days of competitive examinations, be tested in a knowledge of English, he would assuredly make more marks—we believe that is the competitive examination phrase—than the clubmen of Pall Mall and the fair dwellers in Belgravia. How many of our readers can tell off-hand what "fat rascals" and "batlets" are in Shakspeare? And what did the same poet mean by a "mankind-woman," "a lad of wax," and "a thill horse?" Yet all these terms are now provincialisms, and would be recognized as such by many a North-country peasant.

Or take the later English of Milton, and we venture to say that few of our readers know precisely what Milton intended when, on the sixth day of the creation, he says,—

The grassy clods now calved;

or the meaning of "plighted" in the lines from *Comus*:

Gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds.

Some rustics of our acquaintance would answer as Mr. Brockett's old woman did when she was shown a Wycliffe's Bible, "Ay, that's the way people used to talk in my younger days, before they came so precious fine."

Nevertheless, the peasant's English is not generally appreciated. He labors just now under the imputation that in some cases the whole of his vocabulary consists of only three hundred words. This is stated not merely in public lectures and newspapers, but by such an authority as Professor Max Müller.* Of course, we should not presume to contradict a statement coming from such a source without a far more careful examination than we are able to give. Some such favored abodes of silence may certainly exist in parts of England; but as far as our experience goes we know no such Coventries. As a rule, we believe that the peasant uses more than that number of words with reference only to his daily work. Nothing is more startling than the variety of his expressions. Rich as an Italian, he revels in diminutives—in "ing," "let," and "ock." He teems with synonyms. A Derbyshire peasant uses eight different terms for a pig-sty. Turn to "hay-making" in Barnes and Lewis, and the *Teesdale Glossary*, and each process will be found to bear a different name. If, instead of repeating the hackneyed quotation about the Norman "beef" and the Saxon "cow," we would collect all the Yorkshire terms for "a beast," remembering with Shakespeare that—

The steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat,

we should be rendering some justice to the richness of provincialisms.

The real truth is, that instead of the work of collecting provincialisms being accomplished, a great deal of it has yet to be done. Stoddart has tabulated a number of glossaries, but many of them are only so in name. Thus Warner's glossary of Hampshire is absurdly defi-

cient. The recently printed glossaries of Berkshire and Gloucestershire are only scanty lists. Many counties possess not even them. The rich district of the Trent, and the richer district of the Derbyshire Derwent, are both unrepresented. Warwickshire, with all its local associations, still waits for its glossarist. And the "mon who stubbed up Thornaby waaste" still looks for an interpreter.

Many, too, of those glossaries, on which much labor has been expended, will still bear supplementing. A curious illustration of this occurred to ourselves when lately staying in a country village. The ground had been twice worked over by two different collectors. The latter, too, had gleaned a thousand words, which his predecessor had neglected. The spot did not, therefore, seem very promising. We, however, in the course of a month bagged some hundred and fifty new specimens. This gives an average of five a day, which may be looked upon as very fair sport. We are sorry to add that an excellent clergyman and an energetic schoolmaster are committing irreparable mischief by teaching the people to read.

To illustrate, however, what we have said about the richness of provincialisms, we will take a few specimens. Over and over again the peasants use terms for which we have no synonyms. Thus, a crop of grass is known in Devonshire as "a shear of grass," as opposed to a crop of corn. Rain in the Northern counties, when it falls perpendicularly, is said to "sile down," as if in allusion to its passing through a sieve. In the Southern counties, where oxen are used for ploughing, their shoes are called "cues" as opposed to horses' shoes, just as the Greeks sometimes seemed to have used $\chi\eta\lambda\eta$ in opposition to $\acute{o}\chi\lambda\eta$. In the Midland districts, ears of corn when thrashed are known by the appropriate term "cavvins." For all these terms we have in our literary English no synonyms, and can only represent them in a more or less roundabout fashion. But it is in describing the phenomena of Nature that the richness of our provincialisms is fully seen. No one, perhaps, has ever walked by the side of a river without being struck by those glassy spots, those "clear eyes," as sailors would call them, which every now and then appear, especially where the

* *The Science of Language*, 1st series, 4th edition, p. 277.

current runs deep, though he has found himself tongue-tied to express the appearance. Poets have overcome the difficulty by the help of metaphors. Thus Browne, in his *Masque of Circe and Ulysses*, sings,

Where flows Lethe without coyle,
Softly like a stream of oyle.

And Mr. Tennyson, by the same not over-pleasant image, speaks of a bay being "oily-calm." But the North country peasant knows it by the pure Old-English word *keld*, a fountain, spring, with reference, as it were, to the clearness of a well.

Again, on gusty days, no one can have failed noticing how flaws of wind dash along the surface of a stream, marking their course by black streaks and patches. And here, as in the other case, we have no word to express the appearance. A modern pre-Raphaelite poet sings,

Mark where the passing wind shoots javelin-like
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave.

And the description is singularly minute. Most of the poets, however, have described it as a curl upon the waters. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher all use the same image. The former speaks of streams "curled with the cold wind," and the latter of:

Winds that fly
Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,
Leaving no curl behind them.

Mr. Tennyson falls into a somewhat similar conceit, when in the *Lotos Eaters*, he talks of "crisping ripples," and in a little early piece of the "babbling runnel crispeneth." He is, however, far more happy when, probably without knowing it, he strikes an older note. Thus in the *Lady of Shalot* he sings of,

Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever.

Now the Greeks called the phenomenon *φπλξ* connected with *φπλσσω*, and the Romans *horror*, and it is this feeling of shuddering which Mr. Tennyson has here so truly reproduced. We have no term for the appearance in literary English. Sailors at sea name it when seen on a larger scale by the expressive term "cat's-paw." The North-country peasant, how-

ever, knows it by the name "acker," implying, as it were, a space ploughed up by the wind.

And it is especially in reference to natural objects that the real poetry of provincialisms is seen. The peasant, from his occupations, is brought into a wholesome contact with Nature. He does not enjoy only her sunshine, but her frosts and storms. His eye is trained from childhood to note each varying change of the seasons. He is the poet whom Marvell imagined, whose sun-dial is made of flowers, and whose calendar is dated by the song of birds. Take, for instance, his name of flowers. How much more beautiful is his simple term "windflower" than the scientific "anemone," which Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" characteristically turns into "enemies." Both mean precisely the same; yet there is the same difference between them that the master of masters, Aristotle, observed between *ροδοδάκτυλος* and *έρυθροδάκτυλος*. The peasant christens his flowers after their habits. In the Midland counties the common goatsbeard is his "nap-at-noon" and his "go-to-bed-at-noon," and the star of Bethlehem in his "six o'clock flower," from their closing their flowers at those times. The scarlet pimpernel, from its susceptibility to the changes of the weather, is his "shepherd's dial." The orchis is his "cuckoo-flower," because it blossoms when the cuckoo is first heard, and the arum, whose leaf is seen still earlier, is his "wake-robin." Like Hesiod, he knows the seasons by these signs. In Dorsetshire he calls the haws "the pixy-pears," which, as Mr. Barnes remarks, is scientifically true, as the whitethorn and the pear belong to the same order. Mr. Tennyson is not so accurate when, in *Aylmer's Field*, he sings of

The pretty marestail forest, fairy pines.

Again in the Northern counties the common wild vetchling is called, from the angles of its pod, "the angle-berry." Hall was not more observant when he noted—

The thrice three-angled beech-nut shell,
Or chestnut's armed husks, or hid kernell;

nor Mr. Tennyson more true, when he sings how Katie's hair resembled—

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

The peasant has, too, like his fellow in Germany, jealously preserved all the old religious names of our flowers. We can not any longer appreciate their beauty and their meaning, when the maiden's garland is no longer hung in our churches, nor the marigold strewed on her bier. The saint no longer protects his flower. Yet some faint echo of a religion for ever past lingers in such words as Lady's thistle, and Lady's fingers, and Lady-smocks, "all silver white," as Shakspeare sings.

He has, too, preserved for us the old names, by which Shakspeare and Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher knew the flowers. Such quaint old names as "Love lies a-bleeding," "Three faces under a hood," "Deadmen's fingers," "Sops in wine," live only in the pages of our Elizabethan dramatists, and in the mouths of our rustics.

So, too, of birds. The peasant christens them like his flowers after their habits. Novalis, who so frequently says that a poet is the truest naturalist, would have been delighted with his names. And it is the poet and the peasant who have loved to treasure up the unobserved beauties of nature. Hesiod notes the spots on the throat of the nightingale-thrush. Shakspeare counts them in the cowslip-bell. Thus their descriptions possess the highest charm—truth. And it is in this spirit of minute observation that the peasant has named his birds. You can not translate his names. It is like Prior translating the *Nutbrowne Mayde* into the ugly elegance of his *Henry and Emma*. Thus in the Northern counties the pied wagtail is the "seed-bird," from its reappearing after the winter, in March, when the barley is being sown. In the Eastern counties the cock-chaffinch is the "wheat-sel-bird," from its habit of congregating in flocks about harvest time. The common woodpecker, so noticeable from its loud cry, and bright green plumage, and red head, possesses at least half-a-dozen names. Mr. Matthew Arnold has very justly praised Maurice de Guérin for speaking of the woodpecker's laugh. But the West-country peasant ages ago called it the "yaffingale," that is, the laugh-singer, and the North-countryman the "iccol" and the "haho"—names which

give the echo of its cry. In the Midland counties it is the peasant's "rain-bird," and his "rain-tabberer," because its cry generally forbodes rain, like the cry of the raven of old, *κῶραξ ομβρήρεα κρώξων*.

It has been often brought as a reproach against words formed in a rude stage of society that they are too vague. There is some truth in the charge, but not so much as has been stated. Thus the provincial "bud-bird" of Herefordshire, the bullfinch, when translated into German, becomes the nightingale (*Sprosser-sänger*). On reflection, however, the vagueness disappears. The first bird is so called because it eats the buds, the second because it sings when they are bursting. Science, however, can not at present afford to throw hard words at provincialisms. Too often in her nomenclature has she failed to interpret Nature, too often only given us the skeleton leaf instead of the flower. On the other hand a long list of provincialisms might be given, where by a word a whole train of associations is aroused, and the close relationship of all things shown. Thus in the North the wryneck is called the "cuckoo-maiden," because its song foretells the cuckoo's approach; while in the South the tit-lark is known as the "butty-lark," or companion lark, because the cuckoo so frequently lays its eggs in that bird's nest. Again, Shakspeare has been praised for so accurately pointing the martin's "procreant cradle." In the same vein, however, does the rustic, in different counties, call the long-tailed tit the "oven-bird" and the "barrel-bird," from its making a long moss and lichen-woven nest.

Again, too, it is worth noticing how our peasants have recognized in birds "the sweet sense of kindred." The hedge-sparrow is still in some parts Isaac. The red-breast, as long as the English language lasts, will have no other name than Robin, the Jean le rouge-gorge of Normandy. The house-sparrow is still in many parts Skelton's "Philip," the Philip of the Elizabethan dramatists, and of Cartwright. He is evidently so called from his chirp; and in his English provincialism you may find the true meaning of Catullus's *pipilabat*, and the key to several of his European names.

But the peasant's names for all animals are equally apt and expressive. He has wisely preserved what we have carelessly thrown away or corrupted. Thus the mole is in some counties still Shakspeare's "mould-warp," and its movements underground are called by the good old word "yedding." In the Midland counties a small brown cantharis is known as "the sailor," the poetry of which is best seen in Emerson's description of a bee—

Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon.

The bat claims half-a-dozen names. In the Eastern counties, from its fluttering, wavering flight, it is the flittermouse, the German *Fledermaus*, Ben Jonson's—

Giddy flittermouse with leathern wings.

In the South-west it is the rere-mouse, which means exactly the same: the Old-English here-mus, from *hereran*, to flutter: after whom Titania with her fairies hunts—

Rere-mice with their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats.

In Somersetshire it is the leather-mouse, and in Devonshire the leather-bird, Ben Jonson's—

Bat, and ever a bat, a rere-mouse,
And bird of twilight.

All these names have been given from close observation, and are instinct with the poetry of truth. Dr. Adams, in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*, has shown us the beauty of the provincial names of insects, and we sincerely trust that he will extend not only the field of his observations, but give the public the benefit of his learning and taste in some more generally accessible form. The value, too, of such provincialisms can not from a philological point of view be overrated. The same laws that governed the word-building of the Greeks hold good with our peasantry. And Garnett has aptly shown that the Greek words for cat (*αἰλουρος*) and squirrel (*σκίουρος*) are founded on identically the same principles as those on which the Norfolk peasant formed his provincial term "lobster" for a stoat.

Again, the poetry of the peasant is

conspicuous in his onomatopoeic words. He possesses a series of imitative sounds for the cries of various animals. In the Northern counties the whinnying of a foal is represented by "wicker." Cattle are said to "blore," and sheep "rout." But there is no use in filling up a page with words which any ploughboy can give with far more native grace than we can. He is, too, in his names of birds a second Aristophanes. Thus the winchat is called from its note "cutic." And "spine," on whose derivation so much learning has been wasted, is simply formed from the cry of the chaffinch, which in some counties is also called "pink." Many a derivation of this kind may be solved by a morning's walk in the country.

There is, too, a remarkable class of words expressive of the sounds of rain and wind, and the falling of water, used only among the peasantry. Thus, to express the sound that David heard—"the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees" (2 Samuel v. 24,)—the West-countryman says the wind "hoois," and the North-countryman that "it soughs." The latter word is used by Chaucer; but two modern poets have also felt its aptness and beauty. In the *Excursion*, Wordsworth sings of "the pine-wood's steady sough," and in one of his earlier poems Tennyson sings of—

The wavy swell of the soughing reeds.

And the way in which the peasant applies other onomatopoeic words to describe natural facts, is not less remarkable. We have heard rustics say of rain and hail and streams that "they hissed," of lightning that it "fizzed again," and of the sea-foam on a rough day, that "it frizzled again." Such expressions of course present a very shabby appearance by the side of such glorious epithets and ringing terminations as *ηχίεσσα* and *πολυφλοίσβοιο* which Homer would have applied to such phenomena. But the same truth underlies both. The hissing hail of our peasants well conveys in its way what Mr. Tennyson means when in *Sir Galahad* he says:

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail,
But o'er the dark a glory spreads
And gilds the driving hail.

Which is exactly the same as Virgil's

Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.

And the hiss of the rain explains Shakespeare's "shower singing in the wind," and Pindar's *φρίσσοντες ὄμβροι*. And the fizz of the lightning is exactly equivalent to Wordsworth's expression,

I saw the crackling flashes drive.

It is easy enough to laugh. Jeffrey ridiculed Wordsworth's excellent epithet, "whizzing" applied to a quoit. Doubtless its effect is poor, when compared with the majesty of

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γέρετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

But then the poet is describing, not a God shooting with a silver bow, but a dalesman hurling a quoit. And so our peasant's expressions of "fizzing," and "frizzling," and "hissing," when applied to the grand and awful manifestations of nature, at first sight appear ridiculous. But there are two ways of treating a subject. The poets themselves shall answer. Our first quotation shall be from Fletcher, who makes a madman say—

Blow, blow, thou west wind,
Blow till thou rive, and make the sea run roaring,
I'll hiss it down again with a bottle of ale.

The next shall be from Shelley's *Alastor*:

A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response, at each pause
In most familiar cadence with the howl,
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams.

Here the peasant's expression comes out in all its full force.

The peasant's metaphors, too, are redolent with poetry. In the Midland counties he talks of "the winter of the blackthorn," meaning the rough cold weather which visits us early in April, when the earliest blackthorn-blossom is mingled with the latest snows. So, too, autumn is still "the fall," so aptly used by Tennyson in his *Northern Farmer*, and the end of life is the "sere of life," Shakespeare's "sere and yellow leaf." In Yorkshire it is "the chair-day." And of all the metaphors upon old age which Aristotle has given us in his *Poetics*, and which industrious commentators have piled up in the notes, none is more strik-

ing. In some counties the latter part of the day is the "edge of dark," which is doubly beautiful when applied to the end of life, "the going home," as it is called in Yorkshire. In some respects provincialisms form the unwritten poetry of a nation. They contain the germs of poems. Thus in the North-western counties the peasant talks of "a plume of trees." Marvell showed his taste and sense of beauty by setting the expression in his verse,

Upon its crest this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave.

Mr. Ruskin has been rightly praised for applying such a bold yet true metaphor as "arm-holes" to those pits which are scooped under the branches at the point where they leave the tree. The same praise should not be refused to the North-countryman who talks of "the clough" of the tree, literally the valley, the cleft, where the branches part. The peasant's terms are full of grace. Water-lilies in the North are "water-bells," and corn-ears in Northamptonshire are "corn-bells." The moon, in Devonshire, does not change, but "tines," that is, closes her light, just in the same way that Shelley says she "swoons." In Derbyshire, the wind, when it eddies into any nook, is said to "bosom in;" and a mountain-range, which encloses a valley, to "wing round" it. In Yorkshire old wood pierced with holes is termed "bee-sucken." Evening, in the Eastern counties, is called "crow-time," from the rooks then flocking homeward. In the North ponds are said to be "mossed over," when covered with Shakespeare's "green mantle of the stagnant pool." You may cull posies of such words.

In fact, the phrases of our old poets now linger only in the mouths of our peasants. The echo of Piers Plowman's voice still rings not so very far off from his own Malvern Hills. The proverbs in Chaucer may still be met in the North. Shakespeare's flowers are still in his native county, called by the names which he called them. Ben Jonson's "knots," or "buddings of the spring," are not forgotten in Devonshire. Milton's "rathe primrose" is still understood in Wiltshire. In the Northern counties his "spring," for a grove, and his "swink't

labourer." are both known; whilst in Oxfordshire the shepherd still tells his "tale" of sheep, and in Northamptonshire—

The star that bids the shepherd fold,

is still known as "the shepherd's lamp."

These things prove at least the strength and stability of the English language, and the affectionate feelings with which the peasant clings to those homely sounds which his forefathers used. But many of our most expressive terms are fast dying. That fine word, "knoll," used with such effect by the Queen Theseus in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*—

Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' the world,

retains its charm only, perhaps, among our Roman Catholic peasantry. Shakespeare's "herb o' grace" is in many parts sadly corrupted, and hardly recognizable under the form "herby-grass." Some have altogether perished. Fletcher's "Lady-gloves," that is, fox-gloves, "le gant de Notre Dame," are lost. Day by day, too, they will go. As schools are built and schoolmasters increase, so will the old-world words perish in the struggle with the new. We say, schoolmasters, for the old village dame was in herself a chronicle of word-lore. Yet so it must be. The wheel of necessity crushes words like all other things to pieces. They, too, are governed by the law which evolves progress out of destruction.

In the meantime, however, it is pleasant to go forth into some of the quiet nooks which may be found in the Midland and Northern counties, and hear such primitive-sounding words as "bell-house" for tower, "wall-root" for the bottom of a wall, "hand-stocking" for mitten, "nail-passer" for gimlet, and "overtune" for the burden of a song;—to come upon, as in Devonshire, such a primitive word as "gusan-chick" for gosling, or, as in Gloucestershire, "furse-pig" for hedgehog—Shakespeare's hedge-pig. Pleasant indeed is it in these days to escape from the flash of the fast novelist and the slang of the pressman, and meet such good Old-English plurals as "peazen" for peas, and "been" for bees, and "shoon" for shoes, used by Keats.

Such words have an antique grace of

their own. They smack of Eld. We hardly require Aristotle to refute Bryso, and to insist on the necessity of employing apt and beautiful words. Words are, in fact, the colors by which an author paints his pictures. And the color which he uses betrays the man. In our day the exigencies of science, of commerce, the requirements of modern life, the new thoughts, the new feelings, to which progress gives birth, are in one sense expanding, and in another restricting, the meaning of words. Our language requires both enriching and purifying. And we can best do this by drawing on our rich mines of dialects. They still fortunately furnish us with an armory by which we may hold our own against all the hideous hybridisms which are invading us.

No one needs to be told how much the translation of the Bible, and Shakespeare, have done to arrest the decay of home-sprung words. And one of the few healthy signs of the day in literature, is the manner in which Mr. Tennyson has drawn from the common well of vulgar speech. His early poems were marked by a delicate use of provincialisms, some of which we have quoted. The power was again seen in the *Idylls of the King*, but is most conspicuous in his last work. We speak not of the genuine Lincolnshire dialect of the *Northern Farmer*, but of *Aylmer's Field*, where provincialisms would at first sight seem out of place. Yet to them the descriptive passages owe some of their chief beauties. Thus we read of cottages which in late summer—

Were parcel-bearded with the traveler's joy,
In autumn parcel ivy-clad.

The Elizabethan poets used the word "parcel" in the same way, and some thirty years ago various attempts were made to revive it; but except in a technical sense, we believe it is now restricted to the lower orders. Again Mr. Tennyson has rightly poached the word "conies" from the same class. He has, too, re-introduced the good old common name for kestrel, and with a touch of nature tells how Sir Aylmer pauses—

For about as long
As the wind-hover hangs in balance.

Every one who has ever watched the kestrel hanging poised in the air, perhaps

above some field-mouse, knows the truthfulness of the name, which finds a parallel in the Welsh "*cudyll y gwint*." Mr. Ruskin somewhere speaks about "swallows leaning against the wind," but the provincial name of the kestrel is quite as vivid as that description. With it may be compared another local name, "stand-gale," and also "crutch-tail," formerly applied to a kite, both equally descriptive of the birds. But Mr. Tennyson has yet more to tell us about the habits of hawks. For instance take the following landscape, when Sir Aylmer's hall is pulled down—

And the broad woodland parcelled into farms,
And where the two contrived their daughter's good
Lies the hawk's cast.

The last word we know well as a Lincolnshire term for the pellets of indigestible food which owls and hawks throw up. In the High Peak of Derbyshire the more expressive term "*hawk's-cud*" is used.

We will not stop over the words "*burr*," for the seed-vessel of the burdock, used by Shakspeare; nor "*Martin's summer*," also used by Shakspeare; nor "*pock-pitten*," though we perhaps like the form "*pock-fretten*" better—all of them used with a poet's nice sense of fitness. We will rather dwell on the picture of Leoline and Edith, how,

With her he dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy chain.

Blossom-ball, if it be not a provincialism, of which we are not sure, is evidently formed after the West-country "*cow-slip-ball*," the "*tisty-tosty ball*" of Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, which children yearly make. Ben Jonson uses a somewhat similiar word for the downy globe of the dandelion, and sings that Earine's footstep is so light that it will not bend a blade of grass,

Nor shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk.

Again, take the picture of Sir Aylmer, who—

When dawn
Aroused the black republic on his clms,
Sweeping the froth-fly from the fescue brush'd
Thro' the dim meadow.

"Fescue," though a Romance word, and formerly in common use, is now decided-

ly a provincialism, and we have to thank Mr. Tennyson for restoring us the cast-away. "*Froth-fly*" we do not remember to have met as a provincialism. It sounds like one, and is more expressive than the common word "*brock*." If it be Mr. Tennyson's own coinage, we must congratulate him on forming a word so true in its analogy.

We think that we have now shown, as far as a slight sketch would permit, not only the vigor and the life that color our provincialisms, but also how in the hands of a poet they may be made to yield fresh beauty. Many of them still wait to be taken up. The requirements of science will absorb some. The special use of "*forecast*," a term which never died out in the Midland counties, with reference to the weather, is a good instance how a forgotten word may be rendered serviceable. But science, as a rule, makes her own words. To the poet must the care of our provincialisms be left. He alone possesses the instinct to perceive which must be kept, which rejected. And he must choose them, on the one hand, from no sentimental feeling; nor, on the other, from any Dryasdust prejudice, but simply because he finds them the most expressive and the most beautiful. If he chooses them from any other reason he will only be the resurrectionist, instead of the Prometheus of words. Clare, for instance, possessed a far wider knowledge of provincialisms than Mr. Tennyson, but he knew not how to make a proper use of his riches. His verse is consequently only encumbered by them, and has sunk from the high purposes of poetry to become simply an object of interest to the philologist and the county historian.

And never had we more need of fresh life and vigor in our poetry than at the present moment. Our Muses have emigrated from the woody heights of Parnassus and the springs of Hippocrene into Mayfair. Poetry, instead of being an oak of the forest, nurtured by the wind and the rain, is now a plant forced in the hot air of drawing-rooms. The manliness of tone, which so stamped itself upon our Elizabethan dramatists, seems in danger of dying. Those great poets mixed with the crowd, wrestled with a thousand ills, and throve upon misfortunes, which

would overwhelm the modern minstrel. One was a brick-mason, one a parish-clerk, and the greatest the son of a butcher. Their plays are full of life, of its stern trials, such as the poor only know, reflect man's passions and joys and aspirations, and above all, are written in strong homely English. And yet upon mere words poetry of course does not depend. You may use the most beautiful words, as a limner the most beautiful colors, and still produce only a daub. For poetry comes only out of a high, earnest life, purified by discipline, and fortified by reason in the essential goodness of things, and then comes only at those rare intervals when

Our great good parts put wings into our souls.

Cornhill Magazine.

TO HOMBURG AND BACK FOR A SHILLING.

THE map of Central Germany is as bewildering a puzzle as Bradshaw's guide. A chart on any reasonable scale presents the appearance of being nearly all frontier with very little interior, like a farm all hedgerows. To the general run of tourists, it does not signify greatly whether their conveyance is passing through Baden or Nassau; whether they are eating their sandwich during the train's delay in Hesse-Darmstadt or Hesse Cassel; certain it is they will seldom know. The natives themselves have long since given up the attempt to distinguish localities.

The Irishman who discovered the sausage on his road to market, reconciled himself to eating it by declaring "it was all meat anyhow," and a bewildered traveler in the land of principalities and powers may console himself with something of the same sort—"It is all Germany anyhow." One day or night, however, good reader, when some half-hour of your life seems to have lost its value and its wings, open a map of Germany, and explore it until you discover a section of it bearing the name Hesse-Homburg: it is a Land-gravate as I daresay you know, and its capital is Homburg!

There and back for a shilling, by the aerial machine plying between Cornhill

and all parts of the globe is surely reasonable, and if this mode of conveyance precludes your taking a draught of the very nasty waters—which are certainly not those of Lethe, since once tasted, one never forgets—it spares you the risk of drawing a draft of another kind.

On the supposition, then, that you are seated in the cloud-cleaver, with your humble servant at the helm, farewell Cornhill, and presto! hail Hesse-Homburg!

Microscopic dominion with a huge plague in thee!—gnat's eye, with a prodigious beam in thee!—the sunshine seems to linger lovingly over thy hilly woodlands, and Nature to turn her sweet calm face upwards for the crimson-dyed sunset to tinge with its warm glow. Alas, perhaps it is to blush for the bad ends her beauty has been made to serve. The thrush throbs out its song, and the black-bird chatters out its startled notes; but human ears, when their owners bring them to Homburg, find more music in the rasping of the roulette-table, and the chink of gold, each coin of which is damp with the sweat of avarice's crooked fingers. Caustic to a festering sore, reprobation to a moral ulcer, and may success wait on the physician!

Shabby and uninteresting is the town of Homburg, with its plethora of hotels and Brummagen-jewelers' shops, to be compared not inaptly to a nut, of which the Casino is the kernel—the shell worthless, and the fruit unwholesome. Anomalous in every condition of its existence, the Kursaal, or Casino, is not supported by the town, but supports it. The sovereign is not its patron, but its dependant. Poor old Landgrave! the hundred thousand florins "la Direction" pays you, leaves you poor indeed, for it robs you poverty of its respectability.

If extremes meet anywhere, it is at such places as this that the point of contact may be looked for. Your tailor or your sovereign—it is a toss-up which you stumble upon while you take your morning ramble. Society sends samples of all her products to the exhibition temples of Mammon. The rustling silks of Kensington Gardens by day, and the rustling silks of the Haymarket by night, mingle their folds around the gaming-tables. A Montmorency handles the rake

turnabout with a late hotel waiter, who levanted with the money he is now losing at roulette.

Does the expression "lights and shades of life" mean anything that prose can handle? if so, it is at Homburg that they force themselves upon our notice, but so blended that the light partakes of shadow, and the shade of a sort of meretricious glitter, peculiar to that lofty spacious temple reared to Dives, which seems to echo every sound within its walls except a laugh, and its mirrors reflect each thing and sign except a smile.

To abandon generalities, however, let us take our stand upon the stone terrace in the rear of the Homburg Casino, and observe.

What is going on in the green space below you? Foot-ball; and that accurately dressed dandy has inadroitly, "slipped" the ball on to the parasols of that coterie of elderly ladies occupying the bench near the kiosk. How disgusted they look; and he, the sinner, how disconcerted! The ill-directed ball is lost among the mysteries of crinoline and muslin, and will not stir unless the ladies do, and they will not. Lavender kid gloves and patent leather boots for foot-ball! Serve you right, Sir Dandy! Ne bougez pas, mes dames!

And who have we here, with festooned skirt, displaying a handbreath of embroidered whiteness beneath, and a foot that scarce would crush a butterfly; and one, two—five little dogs—fluffiest of Maltese, and puggiest of pugs? That group of pretty children is more charmed with the small quadrupeds than their mistress with the toddling bipeds. Nay, madam, there was no need to call your curly favorite so crossly from the child's caress. A farthing for your heart! Fair are the features your lace fall shrouds, graceful and womanly your step and bearing. Pass on; that knot of mustachioed men yonder, under the trees, will pat your pets unhidden.

That smoke rising among the branches of the linden, curling away into space, is only tobacco-smoke apparently; but if our sight could separate the visible from the invisible, we should behold the sigh that escaped with that puff of smoke. Examine the smoker—a man of thought originally, if physiognomy be not an

utter sham. His cold eye rests on the ball-players, but does not see them; his fingers tap the bench, in cadence to the music, but he does not hear it; he draws a ring from his finger and examines it. Then he rises, and after walking once or twice to and fro before the bench with eyes fixed on the ground, quits the gardens briskly. If we follow we shall observe him disappear in a building immediately opposite the side entrance to the Casino, on the front of which is painted in large characters "Mont de Piété."

Why do not our pawnbrokers take a hint from their Continental co-fraternity? They make clean the outside of the platter at all events, by assuming a name suggestive of meekness and charity. The three balls have become odious: a picture of the Good Samaritan might be recommended in its stead. Our smoker wears gloves when he leaves the establishment, thinking every one would notice the absence of the diamond from his finger; his coat, too, is buttoned, lest spectators should observe where his watchguard is *not*, and guess where it is.

Now, the swinging portals of the Casino give him admittance, and in an hour, perhaps, he will resume his seat on the bench where we first saw him, listless and moody, with the dark ring darker round his eyes.

These desultory and unfilled-in outlines might be multiplied indefinitely from the twenty thousand strangers, or thereabout, that throng Homburg during the summer season, but they are figures in the background, and no more. Taste and ingenuity are abundantly evident in the arrangement of the spacious gardens and pleasure-grounds, wherein, if so disposed, you may find the "Drinkhalle." Walks serpentine through fragrant hedges and avenues; green lawns inviting trespassing feet to a nearer inspection of flower-borders gorgeous with many-colored blossoms; elegantly light pavilions draped with caressing creepers, from a scene fitly peopled by the well-dressed crowds who lounge away the mornings in its midst. Take one good look, then, at the landscape far and near, and own it beautiful; rich in the distant wooded slopes of variegated green—in valleys wherein are hamlets half-hidden. It is the beauty of nature and innocence.

Turn now and see the beauty of human art, and the allurements of what is exceedingly like vice. Are you wondering to see that company of men issue from the Casino, shooting-coated, guned, and belted? Marvel no more; the sporting over woods and plains belongs to Monsieur Blanc and "la Direction." So you may weary out your legs in the green woods by day, killing hares and pheasants for the restaurant, if you will rest them at night beneath the green-clothed tables. Guns and dogs too are at the disposal of who will, and if the former burst occasionally, and the latter have but hazy notions of the distinction between rat and hare, or pheasant and hedge-sparrow, these details do not obtrude themselves in the paragraph dedicated to the sporting item of the director's programme.

Let us enter. The glass-doors by which we pass from the terrace admit to the concert-room. Cool is the marble-floor, pleasant the walls in tinted arabesque, on which fall bright rays of light through the cupola above. Would you rest? soft couches fill the niches in the walls. Would you read? pass through that door to the right, and you will find the press of all the world ready to your hand. Look around you and admit that the stateliest of our Pall-Mall club-houses scarcely equals this unrivaled "hell" in general plan or detail of decoration. There is no niggardly economy of space about those noble corridors whose massive columns, Cheysonaar's *chef d'œuvre*, may fairly claim to be the best bad thing of the century. Pace the front corridor, a promenade in itself—cool in summer, agreeably warm in winter—erring, if at all, in the too fragrant exotics which avenue its lengths; and, when you have reached its left extremity, there are the willing doors which scarcely need a push to give you entrance to the rooms.

Many are the rooms in that gigantic swindle, but they have each a name, while these shrink from baptism: they are the rooms. Leave the doors closed, there are more outer courts of the temple to tread ere the iniquity of iniquities be entered. Retrace your steps to the other end of the corridor. If a cigar tempts you, ask a light of the smoker yonder in the white coat. A pleasant face under his white hat, eh? Fair, florid, blue-eyed,

Saxon-looking. English, do you say? not a bit of it; German as the Drachenfels, and deeper than the Rhine at Bingen. Measure him from his well-made boots to his delicately-colored neck-tie. Is there something of design in the widely thrown-back coat front? The waistcoat is spotlessly white, the watch-guard massive and the dangling pendants bulky. Is there purpose in the ungloved left hand? the diamond in the ring has certainly no flaw. His race has known how to distinguish pure stones and standard gold ever since it spoiled the Egyptians. He eyes you keenly—it is his business to scan faces and fathom pockets. But let us be just; the Homburg banker and money-lender loves gold without hating his fellow-creatures, and if he has many acceptances in his iron chest, he has a heart in his own. His mania is to collect autographs beneath "Orders to pay." Do you suppose he does not know that you had a chief interest in the two cargoes of cotton the lucky *Pursuivant* brought safely out of Wilmington last year? Pshaw, my dear sir, he has even calculated your profits, and is now calculating on your losses—at roulette. Well, if flies will dash into webs, spiders must eat them!

Here we are at the other end. Two hundred feet of tessellated marble pavement has brought us to the billiard-room. Where will you equal it? What could be more chastely correct than the tinting of ceiling and walls, or more original than the inlaying of the oaken flooring? The tables are models of carved work, the cues as bright as the marriage of rosewood and mother-of-pearl should be. Fingal might reflect himself in those mirrors from crown to toe without stooping, and on the velvet couches a Roberts might lounge and watch two ignorami knock the balls about, without losing his temper.

Hard by we have the restaurant, in every sense a banqueting-room. What of the Maison Dorée or the Café Riche after this Lucullusian hall? Autumn's self might have snatched his grape-leaf coronal from his brow, and wreathed it round that pile of pictured fruit—so real, so ripe it looks, so fresh and soft the vine that wantons round it. Those flowers planted on the ceiling by the clever brush,

seem about to drop their petals in one's plate: "Cotelette aux feuilles de rose"—print it, Maître Chevet, in your "Speisek-arten."

As a rule, the Germans do not know how or what to eat; their diet is only fit for Germans; but Chevet's art steers a nice mean between all the routes of cookery, and the god who made eating pleasant created Chevet as the equivoise to hunger. A sandwich, then, of brown bread and pâté de foie gras, diluted by a glass of Château d'Yquem, ere we pass to the right wing of the Casino. It is dedicated to the Muses—a theatre, limited in its dimensions, but nearly perfect in symmetry and arrangement. A good French company will enable you, on three days in each week, to persuade yourself that you are *not* at the Français, but the Variétés, or the Porte St. Martin.

So long as the multiplication of amusements can retain those who have the money to pay for them in Homburg, there is a chance of the fascination of play absorbing the hours of interval between pic-nics and concerts, balls and theatrical representations. The "Direction" base their proceedings upon this hypothesis; the value of the shares proves how solidly.

Listen to the music. How it seems to filter through every obstruction! If we go now to the concert-room we shall no longer find a vacant seat. We might, as we look into it, imagine the illustrated page of *Le Follet* had been suddenly vivified. Such natty little hats, and loves of bonnets, adorned by faces pretty and expressive of "expressionlessness." Silks of peach blossom hue that nothing more profane than the delicate glove that lifts it should touch. Butterflies of girls, half white, half rose, or blue, or green, sit in the sunny spots as butterflies should. Ah me! Maidens, take away your innocence. And you, respectable father of a family, did you bring your four bright young daughters here because your Bäder's guide told you that an evil thing flourished? Will you take them to the London Casino, or the Argyll Rooms? or is depravity become pure because it is in Germany? How do you know, sir, who that well-dressed man is, that you allow him to hold your pretty inexperienced girl's skein of silk? Very convenient to

chat with somebody in English, and he seems a gentlemanlike person. Very good! if you *will* try the experiment of making acquaintances in Homburg and such places, try it in your own person. You may come to regret that in your purse—a grief you may forget: Homburg has led to others you could *not*.

Now let the sweeping trains of silk and lace dust us a path—we will follow. Who could not fix the habitat of that bevy of showy dames? the merest lounge at Tortoni's must get the type so stamped into his brain that nothing short of drowning could efface it. What is it that separates a Parisian woman from all other women? giving Mademoiselle Flore of the Quartier Bréda something of Versailles, and Madame la Duchesse de Pursang something of the Quartier Bréda. You guess where they are going by the direction they take.

But we must not talk now, or whisper at most. Here, the croupiers have tongues, the multitudes, ears only. Respect for the sanctity of gold! the offerings of cupidity are piled on its altars, and from some hundreds of lungs the bated breath is rising—a fitting incense. How the feet sink into the pile of the rich carpet! But before you quarrel with the profusion of embellishment about you, examine the care that has been lavished on its smallest detail. Every cupid in those frescoes is a study—every tint of cloud and sea an artistic contrast. The gilded frames are enormous, but the mirrors are gigantic: see how large a space their fields reflect. Let your eyes wander over the enameled mouldings and along the wreaths of flowers, among which enough of gilt is dashed to make one think of sunshine in a garden. Behold those silken hangings coquettishly relieved by laced edges drooping in rich cords of many-colored strands, and those crimson velvet couches sedately contrasting with buhl and ormolu. Verily, great is the mystery of upholstery!

We are in the principal saloon; it is about one hundred feet by forty, and its two or three hundred occupants are divided into two groups, hiding the centres to which they gravitate. Approach and you will see in the midst of this first crowd a green-clothed board, not unlike a billiard-table without cushions, spaced

by colored lines—it is the Trente et Quarante table.

The individuals occupying raised seats on either side of the board, and supported right and left by another holding a short wooden rake, are the bankers and croupiers. In the centre of the table, equidistant from the respective trios, observe "the bank." The amount displayed in coin and notes rises perhaps to a hundred thousand francs; allowing as much more to be apportioned to each of the other three tables, it gives a united capital of sixteen thousand pounds—a very tall candle too, to attract moths. The rouleaux of gold coin are neatly piled pyramidally as a centre, from which radiate star-like lines of five-franc pieces, thalers, and florins, ready to the "banker's" hand.

The bank divides the table into halves, each of which is a copy of the other. A square space defined by red lines in the middle, a triangle at the head where sits a single croupier, and on either border a diamond, the one red, the other green like the cloth. You notice coin in various sums lying irregularly within the sections of the table. That inside the square is staked on couleur, within the triangle on inverse; that near the red diamond is on la rouge, all near the green diamond on le noir.

The croupier, with playing-cards in his hand, is calling the game; it is very simple. He turns, face uppermost, from the pack, card after card, until the number of the pips has passed thirty (trente)—the cards having their numerical value from one to ten, and each picture-card counting as ten likewise. He then stops and declares the sum total of the first line of cards—it is the declaration for le noir. Recommencing, he turns a second line of cards from the pack, until their value reaches or passes thirty, when he again stops and calls their sum total—it is the declaration for la rouge. The least in number wins.

Thus the numbers always range between thirty and forty, hence the name Trente et Quarante. If you had staked on the noir, and the cards first turned formed in the aggregate the number thirty-three, while those turned in the second instance rose to thirty-four, you would win, because the cards first turned always

form the number for the noir, thirty-three is less than thirty-four. Again, if the first card of the first series be red, a heart or diamond, and the last of the last series also red, couleur wins and inverse loses, because there is coincidence of color; but if the first card be red and the last black, or *vice versa*, inverse wins and couleur loses, because there is divergence of color. You are at liberty to stake upon any one or two of the four places—rouge, noir, couleur, inverse.

Should the cards when turned present in each series a corresponding number, what is called a *refait* takes place. When the first turned card of the corresponding series is red, *refait* signifies that the deal counts for nothing; but when the first card is black, *color nefastus*, your stake is put in prison on the line that bounds the place whereon you staked, and if that place wins, you recover possession of your stake, but nothing more. Thus in each such instance the bank plays for your money without the possibility of losing its own. The *refait* is then the odds in favor of the bank, and as it frequently occurs there is no need for the cheating such as is often groundlessly attributed to the establishment. To cheat outside of the rules would be to kill the goose outright. Watch the banker's face while he fulfills his office. Note how the one-expressed eyes follow their changeless orbit, and the one-expressed voice intones the weary monotone—the croupier's shibboleth. "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs—vos jeux sont faits? rien ne va plus!*" The class is typified in him. Watchful, patient, civil, hard as the bright counters that habit has converted this money to, to them, they lead their life of dreariness, and pass away, nobody missing, nobody regretting them.

The players in the first rank occupy chairs; the outsiders stand. Where shall we select a subject for observation? There is one—the young man with a broad coarse face, eyes too close together, lips too wide apart, sensual and imbecile at once. Mind seems to have feared lest conduct like his should be attributed to her, and to have stamped the declaration of her absence on his face. The ancient patrimony squandered leaves him the ancient name to drag dishonored through the court of bankruptcy. The next face tells a different

tale—a good face learning bad expressions. The smooth brow wrinkling in a frown, the shapely mouth losing its lines of softness, and the pained eyes forgetful of their kindly look. A short week ago he played his maiden stake: it was as much a portion of his programme as to climb the Jungfrau, or see the Staltzenfels. He played to lose and won; since then he has played to win and lost—and now he sits bewildered, fearing alike “to bear those ills he has, or fly to others that he knows not of.” Close by, is one who comes from Australia—a man of many speculations and fortunate in all. Countless herds peopled his vast “runs,” and multiplied like the patriarch’s in Padan-Aram. When sheep and oxen lost their worth as such, tallow took the form of wealth and slipped into his coffers. When earth gave forth her secret, and the startled colony went mad on gold, he dealt in that until his name became the synonym of luck. Now he sits the cool-headed speculator, shrewdly conscious that the present speculation is a sham, yet unconvinced that there is not in its constitution some flaw through which his coach-and-four of luck may be driven. Habit of rapid thought and practice of self-reliance are shown in his look and gestures, and the homely ill-cut clothes he wears are borne with the ease of one whom success has rendered independent of appearances.

Some cards whereon the game is pricked by pin-holes, and an open memorandum-book whose pages shows columns of penciled figures, lie before him, ramparted by piles of double Fredericks d’or. He seldom stakes, but, as each “coup” is called, perforates the card with his pin beneath the “R” for “rouge” or “N” for “noir,” according as each wins. Careful never to miss the call, he still finds time to watch the fluctuations of a neighbor’s fortune, or take a lesson in human nature from the countenances round him, in his quick, brief mode of gathering conclusions.

That old woman next to him has fixed his attention, as in querulous tones she addresses the grey-haired attendant at her side. False hair, false teeth, false bloom, false everything. Widow of a subtle statesman whom Europe honored, she peers through her artificial curls at

the gold she stakes upon the board that earns it her; for Countess — holds it no disgrace to owe her revenues to shares in the Casino. Hear how she rates her poor old servant because the rouge whereon he staked by her direction, lost. Her shriveled fingers, glittering with gems, strive to supply the place of failing sight by *feeling* for her gold. At times, they come in contact with another player’s stake, and, on learning her mistake, the courtliness of manner that neither age nor avarice can spoil, dignifies the prompt apology; followed, however, by as prompt abuse of her attendant. Forty years and more, she says, she has played where she sits, and she hopes to die there.

The Australian stakes at last. Six times noir has won in succession; the rakes have collected and distributed the coin from the last coup, then sounds the banker’s voice: “Faites vos jeux, messieurs!” The Australian, catching his eye, touches the red diamond with his pencil, and declares, “Cent Fredericks!” “Cent Fredericks à la rouge? C’est bien, monsieur;” then, after looking round the table, the banker adds, “Vos jeux sont faits, messieurs? rien ne va plus!” The cards fly from his rapid fingers, and the declaration of their value from his fluent tongue: “Neuf, seize, dix-neuf, vingt-sept, trente-cinq. Dix, vingt, vingt-trois, vingt-neuf, trente-deux. Rouge gagne et couleur perd! The croupier now thrusts with his rake a rouleau of fifty double Fredericks to the rouge, and as he withdraws his arm rakes in whatever stakes lie on couleur. Our Australian does not withdraw the rouleau; he enters the usual memorandum in his book, perforates his card beneath the “R,” and scarcely looking up, declares—“Deux cent Fredericks.” “Deux cent Fredericks à la rouge,” repeats the banker, imperturbably. Once more the game proceeds with the result:—“Rouge gagne et couleur!” Two more rouleaux from the bank swell the Australian’s stake. The countess in feeling about upsets one of the piles of gold in front of him. “O mon Dieu, monsieur, qu’est ce que je viens de faire? pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie. Mais, Antoine, vous êtes vraiment insupportable; vous n’êtes bon qu’à manger des pommes et à baig-

ner mes chiens. Voilà encore une maladresse que vous me faites faire. Mille pardons, monsieur, je vous supplie!"

Long before the old lady has finished speaking the Australian has re-made the pile of gold, and with a smile that partakes as much of pity as good-nature, is entering the game in his book. "Tout à la masse, monsieur?" inquires the banker, with his finger on the cards. Our player nods. "Quatre cent Frederics à la rouge—rien ne va plus! Deux, huit, douze, vingt-deux, vingt-huit, trente-sept—" That looks like winning for the rouge. "Quatre, douze, dix-sept, dix-neuf, vingt-neuf, trente-huit—" No! by the fickle goddess! "Noir gagne et couleur!" The Australian does not even cast a look at the rouleaux as they are raked into the bank. Not so the player with the handsome face and troubled look; his knees tremble convulsively beneath the table—he too had staked on la rouge. The first will return to his hotel and eat his filet de bœuf à la maître d'hôtel with appetite that no loss he will incur can impair; the last will lie with the moonlight on his colder face in an avenue of the woods, where the Jäger will find him, pistol in hand. "La Direction" will bury him and pay his hotel bill if need be. They would even, had he asked it, have given him the means to go to the next duchy to destroy himself; but as it has happened here it can not be helped. "Faites vos jeux, messieurs!" The average of suicides enters into the statistics of the gambling establishments. Last year they were rather in excess of others, and rose, it is stated, to twenty-two cases.

Have you seen enough of the game? Let us wander on. There is the English chaplain—unobtrusive and obliging to every one. His lines are cast in unpleasant places; frothy-mouthed bigots "spread phosphorous of zeal on scraps of fustian," and tease his life out. The school of men who vex "the House" with biennial motions to bring in bills to reform the Liturgy, would have him enter Mammon's temple as The Great Example did of old the Jewish one, to overturn the table of the money-changers, and withdraw their subscriptions from the church-fund because the pastor will not preach a gospel of damnation. Some

good motive must exist for his presence in this unhallowed place. He can not distinguish who greets him, for his sight is very dim; look at the ill-tied cravat and rebellious collar, and coat buttoned all awry; his gloves, too, are not fellows—one is black, one green. He sees none of these shortcomings, and who knows him would have a waspish tongue indeed, to speak unkindly of them.

The Jews abound here. Splendid heads have some of them; but some of them look very evil, too; hungry, furtive, and unclean. A German Jew is the pariah of the race, and Homburg is his paradise. Here is one before us, sitting at the corner of this second table with several piles of silver coin and a few gold pieces before him. His face makes one think of Judas and the thirty drachmæ; the woolly hair, grizzling at the temples, peaks down over the low forehead, a ridge of which sustains the straight black eyebrows; the long, glittering tawny brown eyes seem to express a longing to break all the commandments at once; his unwashed fingers wander from the double to the single florins as if the desire to gain two conflicted with the wish to risk but one. Let us be thankful that we owe him no pound of flesh.

The game, you see, is no longer Trente et Quarante; there is more noise and bustle. This is the roulette table. The machine comprises a fixed sunken basin, channeled mid-way down with a groove in which the ball runs. The bottom of the basin is separate from the sides, and revolves at the motion imparted by the croupier when he turns the lever fixed in its centre. This portion of the machine is divided into thirty-seven small compartments, alternately red and black, and numbered from zero to thirty-six.

When the game begins, the croupier turns the lever smartly, and thus sends the ball spinning round in the groove in a direction opposite to that in which the numbers revolve. Presently the ball, losing the momentum required to keep it in the groove, drops to the lower part of the machine, which retains its rotary motion for a longer period. Here it is hustled and jumped about against the divisions separating the figures, until, finally, it lights in the numbered space between some two of them, which de-

cides the result of the coup. Observe that each half of the table presents, firstly, three columns of twelve figures each, coinciding with those in the basin, but inclosed in squares like those of a chess-board, and so arranged that the sequence runs horizontally across the three columns, not longitudinally down their length. The zero occupies a space by itself at the head of the column; secondly, right and left of the numbers, a lined space divided into three sections; those to the right presenting respectively a red diamond (*rouge*), then the word pair, further on the word *passee*, and, in the corresponding sections in the lined space on the opposite side of the table, a green diamond, *noir*, and the words *impair* and *manque*; thirdly, at the end of the table farthest removed from the machine, another lined space a few inches in breadth, subdivided at its right and left extremities into three small squares.

Such is the roulette table. The choice of chances is varied. You can play on any one or any quantity of the numbers by placing a stake on each of those you back, and if among your choice there should happen to be the corresponding number to that into which the ball falls, you become entitled to thirty-five times the amount of the stake upon it. Or you may play a single stake upon any two contiguous figures by placing it on the line separating the one from the other. In the event of either coming up you are entitled to sixteen times the amount of your stake. Or upon any four, by covering the point at which two lines cross in the body of the columns, by which means the coin touches the corners of four adjacent squares. Success entitles to eight times the stake. Or upon any sequence of three by placing a coin upon the boundary line in front of the sequence you select. Or sequence of six by allowing the coin to touch the boundary as well as the dividing line between two sequences. To make the meaning plainer: you see that the numbers 1, 2, 3, form the first series heading their respective columns divided by a horizontal line from 4, 5, 6, which follow in the second rank. To stake on the first sequence it would be necessary to place a coin so that one half of it lay inside the square occupied by the 1 or the 3, and the other half out-

side the line defining the space allotted to the numbers. To retain the sequence of six, while half the coin must still be outside the boundary line, the other must cover the point of contact of this last with the line separating 1, 2, 3, from 4, 5, 6. A successful coup on the sequence of three entitles to eight, on the sequence of six to five times the amount staked.

The three smaller squares at the end of the table are termed severally the places of "*Le premier douze*," "*Le douze du milieu*," and "*Le douze dernier*." By placing a stake in the first you back the twelve numbers from one to twelve inclusive, the second represents those from thirteen to twenty four, the third, the remaining twelve numbers from twenty-five to thirty-six. Should any one of the numbers in the douze you play upon, win, you become entitled to twice the amount of your stake. You may, if you prefer it, back any one of the longitudinal columns of twelve figures—the result of success is the same.

The compartments in the machine being alternately red and black explain the significance of the red and green diamonds.

Pair (even) wins when the number declared is even.

Impair (odd) when the reverse is the case.

Passe (to pass) is successful when the declared number is included in the last half of the numbers, and has passed the middle number eighteen.

Manque (to miss) when it falls short of, or only attains to the middle number. Whenever zero is declared, the bank takes every stake on all the numbers except it; but those on the colors and on pair, impair, *passee*, and *manque* are placed in prison, and played for in the same way as when a *refait* occurs at Trente et Quarante, and with results as little remunerative to the player.

Now, watch the game in operation: it sounds a more complex affair than it is. Look at that tall man with the heavy bushy moustache, who has just tossed a gold piece on the numbers, seemingly indifferent as to which it lights on. The croupier bows, and indicating 12 with the end of his rake, inquires by the gesture if that be where the money is to be staked. The player's countenance is not

a common one, neither German, English, nor French in type—a bold manly face too—thought, obstinacy, and resolution about it. He does not look a communicative man, nor of those one would ask to pass the salt, or give a light for a cigar. There goes the machine. The keen eyes of banker and croupiers are on every square inch of the table to see that no stake is placed or altered when the ball falls. So! did you not hear it drop? "Rien ne va plus. Trente-deux, rouge, pair, et passe!" Such is the banker's declaration.

With a half smile the tall loser of the gold piece turns away, his eyebrows lifting slightly as he encounters the glance of two gentlemen, who standing behind him move aside to let him pass, and follow him at a short distance as he moves towards the doors. His gold piece is tossed in among the rest; to-morrow it will be no longer recognizable. The hand that staked it can do much, but can not make the double Frederick worth more than twenty florins, although it belongs to Alexander, Emperor of All the Russias.

Is it Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, who says that every separate atom possesses in itself all the natural properties and forces of this agglomeration of atoms on which man sells and buys, marries, and makes his last will and testament? Well, Homburg is no more than an atom. A particle cohering to the totality of the great human system by the central attraction of civilization, exactly as a grain of sand gravitates to the earth's centre. And just as mites betray their existence, with all its fit conditions, upon the grain of sand, so is human society in all its phases, and under all its aspects, visible on the larger atom—Homburg. The evil aspects predominate; but so they would everywhere, if mortal intelligence could take cognizance of the doings and seemings of the whole human family. Homburg is a microcosm; Gulliver could see a vast deal more in Lilliput than he could in Brobdingnag.

Turn your eyes upon that group of people pressed one against the other to watch those two Frenchmen who are playing in concert at the roulette table. By the way, one of the players is he who was condemned the other day *par confu-*

mace, as the absolutist tribunals in France call it, to several years' penal servitude for the most flagitious cheating at the Paris clubs. Well, within that group are to be found representatives of most of the classes into which nature, employment, or necessity has forced the flood of humanity to diverge. Can you recognize any of the spectators? No. You see that little man, so short that even on tiptoe he can scarcely look over the shoulders of those in front—he with the green ribbon in his button-hole. A beholder can not remember what his face is like, because it is so difficult to get beyond his eyes. What a glance there is in those deep dark optics: how unwinkingly they meet one—the windows of his brain whence his thought looks out: he is one of the great clocks of finance; when he strikes the money-mongers set their watches by him. He is great on the Danube—vast at Vienna, and has solved the problem of extracting riches from poverty—*entendu*, that of the Austrian exchequer. The man whose broad shoulders intercept his view spends a fortune in advertising a quack medicine; the advertisement sheet of every newspaper in Great Britain undergoes a course of his pills. Near him again, is an oddity; the old, old man in the brown coat with a cape to it. He was at the duchess's ball at Brussels on that memorable summer night in —15. The British treasury has paid him half-pay for fifty years, which he has regularly lost at roulette; he spends his life in compiling systems of play, in the belief that the bank is to be broken by arithmetic.

What a lovely face!—that girl's who has just handed a florin to the croupier to stake for her. Where are we to find the blue with which her eyes are painted? So young, so beautiful, so innocent; for crime itself would be found not guilty if detected in such guise. Mercy upon us, what a sham the world is. She is *Fräulein* —, *la sylphide des sylphides* of the ballet at Berlin, and that gentleman who has just arrested her hand in the act of passing another stake to the croupier is the Herzog von —, her protector.

The embryo Redpaths and Robsons of society are there too, looking with sickening heart at the rake of the croupier, pitilessly overtaking the gold diverted

from its legitimate destination, and feeling the damp shade of the prison creeping over the glittering saloons—the “coming event casting its shadow before.”

Certainly it was not philanthropy which built the Casino in Homburg. The town itself possesses neither attraction nor interest. The neighborhood is charming, but far less so than the Valley of the Lahn, or the banks of the Neckar, and would not attract or retain the crowd of strangers that resort to it but for the lure of the Casino. Of course it will be advanced by its defenders, that the benefit the town derives from the influx of visitors is at once the motive and justification of the establishment, and that the insignificance of the town, apart from it, adds cogency to the justification. The objections that suggest themselves to this theory are, the manifest incongruity of subsidizing the sovereign of a state enormously for permission to improve his dominions; the stringent municipal regulations, prohibiting all participation of the subjects of the Landgrave in the pursuits of the Casino, and the oft-recurring enactments by which the government finds it necessary to exercise pressure on the Direction, to wring from them their unwilling contributions towards the maintenance of the town.

Homburg proper benefits but in an infinitesimal degree from the toleration extended to legalized robbery. The hotel-keepers (and Homburg, like Ems in Nassau, and Interlaken in Switzerland, is little more than an assemblage of hotels,) are almost without exception strangers who transfer from the scene of their accumulation the fortunes made there. The “Direction” is foreign in all its elements, and if we except a few Jew money-lenders (by courtesy bankers) who, for the most part, keep branches of other establishments—these are the only communities who profit by the existing state of things.

The outward and visible attractions of the Casino are so offered that any mere pleasure-seeker may readily be misled into the belief that Homburg is but a German Cheltenham improved upon by the liberality of its organizers. Gratuitous amusements in a sumptuous edifice create a feeling in favor of the promoters, which, in an uninitiated person, inspires

something akin to gratitude. No sort of pressure is exercised to exact compensation from the amused by attendance at the gambling-tables. Curiosity and covetousness are the allies the Direction counts upon to serve their turn. The balls, sporting, concerts, theatre, races, etc. are the confection, les salons the grain of strychnine it overlays.

The imposture practiced under the title *Trente et Quarante* and *Roulette* is so patent that the signalizing of a few facts will render it clear to the most careless attention. It is not here intended to convey the impression that individuals have never risen from the tables with money won; but it must be borne in mind that the money is not won from the bank, but from other individuals who are losers as a necessary corollary to the first individual's being a winner. Every player at either of the games established in the Homburg salons, is *betting odds on an even event*. The establishment of a maximum stake which a player can not exceed, precludes the neutralization of the odds zero creates in favor of the bank. Were it possible to double the stake after each loss until the fluctuations of the game brought round the player's turn for success, capital would always counterbalance zero, but your power of staking being limited, added to the fact that at roulette the chances are thirty-seven to one against every single number on the table, two to one against every douze, and that the apparently even betting on the rouge or noir, pair or impair, passe or manque, is enormously modified against the player by the zero; it becomes evident that to sustain the hypothesis of a possibility of winning at the game is to maintain that abnormal conditions are the rule, and normal the exception. At *Trente et Quarante* the events betted upon are, in their essence, *even*, but the *re ait* gives the bank the certainty of winning without the possibility of loss; for inasmuch as, of the four denominations or chances, two must lose, whenever a *refait* takes place, the two losing chances pay the bank, while the two that win merely regain their own stakes.

Homburg, then, possesses interesting features of its own: it offers the spectacle of the mine of weakness being sagaciously worked by avarice, and so we

may dismiss the subject, with the brief verdict: "Players deserve to lose—but the bank does not deserve to win!"

The aerial machine is once more spreading its wings. Lady of the dogs, Sir Dandy of the football, miserable pawnbroker of the diamond, farewell!

London Society.

VIS-A-VIS; OR HARRY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.

I was going down to Dover,
By the afternoon express,
When I first met Kitty Lucas
In her pretty sea-side dress.
As she stepped into the carriage
On that summer afternoon,
Some one whispered, "Good-bye Kitty,
I'll come down and see you soon."

'Twas her father, and he lingered
In the crowd, to see her start;
She looked up with eyes that glistened
With the fullness of her heart.
For an hour and forty minutes
Kitty was my *vis-à-vis*,
And I did my best to please her,
But she would not speak to me.

When I spoke she seemed to shun me,
And pretended that she read,
Though I felt quite sure she listened
To each syllable I said.
Sometimes she looked out of window,
Sometimes she would make a screen,
Though as if without intention,
Of a monthly magazine.

She was not exactly pretty,
But she looked so kind and good,
There was not a single feature,
I'd have altered if I could.
With new joy my heart was bounding,
Till that moment of my life
I had never seen the woman
I could think of as my wife.

Strange it was how little Kitty
Crept into my heart that day;
Strange it was how well I loved her
Ere an hour had passed away.
Strange the hopes and fears she wakened
While she looked so sweetly shy,
Strange how sad I felt on seeing
How the milestones flitted by.

Every moment little Kitty
Grew more precious to my heart,
Every moment we drew nearer
To the spot where we must part!
Soon we saw the heights of Dover,
Soon we saw the silver sea,
And too soon a stately lady
Came to claim my *vis-à-vis*!

How I trembled with emotion
When she rose to leave the train,
And I whispered, "Good-bye, Kitty;
God grant we may meet again!"
Then a look of timid wonder
Stole across her wistful face,
For a moment, then she gently
Bowed with sweet unconscious grace.

Thus we parted. All in silence
Little Kitty went her way,
And I felt as if the sunshine
Of my life had passed away.
How I thought of little Kitty
When that night I crossed the sea;
How I hoped that she was thinking
At that very time of me.

Often did prophetic fancy
With sweet visions fill my brain,
Till I sometimes felt quite certain
That we soon should meet again.
I a thousand times decided
Every word that I would say,
And a thousand times imagined
How she'd blush and turn away.

Time passed on. I Came to London
All in haste to see the bride—
Loveliest of Denmark's daughters,
Through the crowded City glide.
'Twas a glorious day for England,
'Twas a joyous day for me,
For by happy chance my Kitty
Was once more my *vis-à-vis*.

She was sitting on a platform
Very near to Temple Bar,
And with hope and fear I trembled
While I watched her from afar;
Watched her till at last she saw me,
And looked up with glad surprise,
Then, abashed and blushing deeply,
Downward bent her violet eyes.

I could tell she half repented
Giving me a look so sweet;
In that sudden recognition,
How it made my pulses beat!
How she tried to look unconscious
Of my fond and earnest gaze,
And her long-lashed eyelids quivered
O'er the eyes she would not raise.

With her friends she gaily chatted
Looking glad as glad could be;
Still I hoped that she was thinking
At that very time of me.
Why I dared this hope to cherish
I must own I scarcely knew,
But I know my heart was beating
With a love both strong and true.

After long impatient waiting
The beloved bride appeared,
With the young and princely bridegroom,
To all English hearts endeared.
When they halted just before us,
Kitty gave one glance at me,
Full of loyalty and feeling,
Full of loving sympathy.

All was over. Little Kitty
From her seat was led away,
And I struggled to the entrance
Hoping she would pass that way.
How I longed for leave to tell her
All my heart would have me say,
How I feared that like a vision
She once more would pass away.

After long impatient waiting
Kitty came, but would not see,
Though I'm sure she *felt* my presence,
For she turned her face from me.
It was agony to see her
Pass away without a word
And my heart grew sick and trembling,
Sick and faint with hope deferred.

For a moment I was spell-bound,
Or like one transformed to stone;
But I roused myself to follow
Where my heart and thoughts had flown.
Suddenly a voice cried, "Harry!
Who'd have thought of seeing you?
Come and dine with us, old fellow,
If you've nothing else to do.

"George will be so glad to see you
At his house in Sussex Square;
We have quite a merry party,
All the girls are staying there.
You will hardly know my sisters,
You've not seen them such a while.
Isn't Alexandra lovely?
Doesn't she know how to smile?

"I was at the railway station,
And I had a splendid view;
But my sisters and my cousins
Were in Fleet Street;—where were you?"
Thus my old friend Charley chatted,
While we slowly made our way
Through the streets so gaily crowded
On that memorable day.

We were rather late for dinner,
But they soon made room for me,
And I saw that little Kitty
Was once more my *vis-à-vis*.
To the friendly greetings round me
I could scarcely make replies,
For I felt too much bewildered,
And could hardly trust my eyes.

Kitty's face looked grave with wonder,
And her sweet eyes seemed to say,
"Do not let my cousins fancy
We have met before to-day."
So I tried to pay attention
To the lady by my side,
Talking of the royal marriage
And the young and lovely bride.

I was glad when we were summoned
To the drawing-room for tea;
But among the fair young faces
Kitty's face I could not see.
Charley found her in a corner,
And he caught her by a curl,
Saying, "This is Kitty Lucas,
Uncle George's youngest girl.

"Kitty, why have you been hiding?
This is Captain Harry Blair;
He was my best friend at Eton,
All the while that I was there."
Kitty said, with easy freedom,
As she gave her hand to me,
"Any friend of Cousin Charley
I am very glad to see."

(She pretended not to fathom
All my love and my delight,
Though I'm sure she knew I wanted
To propose that very night.)
Then she asked a dozen questions,
All about the fair Princess:
"Do you think her very pretty?
Did you like her style of dress?

"Did you see her queenly forehead?
And her sweet and friendly smile?
Did you notice Albert Edward,
How he watched her all the while?
I have heard she calls him 'Bertie,'
And I really think it's true,
For no doubt they love each other
Just as other people do."

Thus she chatted. On our spirits
What a sudden change had come!
Now, with seeming ease and freedom,
She could speak, while I was dumb.
Restless hope and joy had driven
All my measured words away:
While I sat in troubled silence
From my side she stole away.

Stole away to join the dancers,
And I watched—till jealous pain,
Strong and sharp, revived my courage,
And I sought her out again.
Then I asked if she remembered
When and where we first had met;
And her ready, "I remember"
In my ears is ringing yet.

"I remember, 'twas last summer,
And you wore an Albert chain,
Like the one I gave to Charley
Just before he went to Spain.
In your hand you held a volume
Written by a friend of mine,
And you did not seem to like it,
For you scarcely read a line!"

Thus with playful ease she chatted
Just to keep me still at bay,
And half vexed, half charmed, I listened,
Till at last I dared to say:
"Did you hear the prayer I uttered,
That we two might meet again?
Kitty, now the prayer is answered,
Tell me, is it all in vain?

"Kitty, do not speak so gaily,
Do not look so much at ease."
Then she answered, archly smiling,
"You are very hard to please."
But her voice began to falter:
She grew timid, I grew bold;
And that night before we parted,
I my tale of love had told.

Of the happy days that followed
 Scarce a word I dare to say.
 Kitty whispered that she loved me,
 'Ere a month had passed away;
 With love-light her eyes were beaming,
 With new joy my heart was stirred,
 And her hand in mine was trembling,
 When she spoke the whispered word.

Kitty's love was worth the winning,
 Kitty's all the world to me;
 Kitty says through life's long journey,
 She will be my *vis-à-vis*.
 We are happy, we are hopeful,
 We are waiting for the spring,
 Then the old church-bells at Dover,
 With a merry peal shall ring.

M. E. R.

Art Journal.

OLD AND NEW LONDON.

Allons, Messieurs les Artistes, tenez vos crayons. London is now rapidly losing all its old features. Upon the pen and pencil must we soon depend for all knowledge of what the ancient city looked like; it will be impossible to realize the past by a ramble down an old street which, by its lonely insignificance, may have been spared from change. Town land is thrice valuable, and trade is *exigant*. The quietest lanes are invaded, and where lonely old houses had slept in the sunshine for centuries, vast and busy offices and warehouses rear their giant heads. The transformation of Paris in a few years is complete; all its historic sites, with very few exceptions, are gone, and its interest to all but the *flaneur* is gone with them; London has lately imitated its Gallic sister, and at fabulous cost, has destroyed old buildings and created new, with a rapidity that has outstripped the record of either pen or pencil, and many curious topographical features are gone for ever. The few that do remain should be portrayed at once: not by photography, which bears in itself the elements of decay, but by honest, faithful drawing, such as gives value to the works of that most industrious antiquary and admirable etcher, John Thomas Smith, whose labors will increase in value as time adds years to their age; or to those of still more minute truthfulness, which came from the *atelier* of the elder Cooke, and with which no photograph can compare for clearness and beauty.

Washington Irving once rambled about Eastcheap as he did at Stratford-upon-Avon, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," but producing reminiscences that gave vitality to all he touched upon. It would be difficult now to conjure up any picture of the past in any historic locality of London; all speaks of busy to-day, or busier to-morrow; in the fever-haste to get rich none spare a thought for the past, few reverence what it has confided to our care. Historic associations meet with little sympathy. When the great conqueror of antiquity destroyed cities recklessly, he spared the humble house of Pindar in the midst of the Thebes he had so cruelly doomed; for even the stern heart of Alexander felt the influence of gazing on the home of one who had done so much to elevate the mind. It may be doubted if such a relic would be spared in the English or French metropolis by any merchant-prince or railway contractor.

Leigh Hunt rambled through "the Town" of his boyhood, and has made himself our companion, as he will be the still more valued companion of our latest posterity; by the charming information he imparts so pleasantly on the history of the old streets and their former inhabitants. No writer on London as it was, is so agreeable to read; we listen to his words as to those of an unpretentious but well-informed old friend, and as we pass over the pages of his book, almost feel that we are walking the ancient high-ways in his company. Walter Thornbury, the most recent of our topographic guides, has happily termed our metropolis "haunted London;" it is indeed haunted by the memories of the great, or the remarkable; so that every street and every old house becomes an illustrated chapter of history; what that history is may be best traced in the voluminous pages of that most industrious and original compilation—Cunningham's "Handbook of London;" here, indeed, we may revel in the rich literary anecdote which makes sacred many a street or house in the mind's eye of the student, who, book in hand, may re-create the past glories of various now dingy localities once festive with wit and hilarity. Let the plodding worshiper of Mammon think how small a share of attention he or his broth-

er millionaires will ever attain in comparison with the rich in intellect. A man of enormous wealth died lately, but what interest can he raise in comparison with the poor boy-poet Chatterton?

Take, then, some good writer on London, study him well, and go over the locality he speaks of while that locality remains. It is an intellectual pleasure we may not long possess. Everywhere, "improvements," real or fancied—"necessary changes" sometimes equally visionary—are clearing away all the historic landmarks left to us. It is but two years ago, since the writer of these lines contributed to Chambers's "Book of Days" an essay on such localities as time has spared us of London before the great fire; and in that paper quoted Winchester Street, Moorfields, as a fair, and almost unique example of an old street. Now it is nearly all gone, to be replaced by modern warehouses of gigantic proportion. Twenty years ago, many similar streets remained; now we have not one.

Occasionally the deep digging, necessitated by modern works, lays bare ancient foundations of much interest. Such has been the case with the great railway works crossing Thames Street to Cannon Street. Here, the workmen came across the foundation walls of Roman buildings of vast size and strength. As if to put to shame our modern bricklaying, the Roman brick or stone could not be dislodged from its mortar, and resisted disseverance even by the pickaxe; gunpowder was ultimately used to split to pieces what it became necessary to remove. These foundations were laid bare soon after the terrible fire in 1666, and were seen and described by the great architect Wren; portions were again laid bare about twenty years ago, when large business premises were being erected on the spot; it will be long ere they are again seen, as they are now beneath the foundations of the railway works. This short portion of line between the Thames and Cannon Street has displaced many interesting features of old London life: the Steelyard, a warehouse for the use of the merchantmen of the Low Countries, its gate being surmounted with the arms of Henry VIII., quaintly carved; and many good old houses of the time of Charles II. and William III., with ware-

houses attached, telling of days when citizens, however rich, resided at their places of business. In Mark Lane there still remains one such old mansion, with an entrance hall of paneled oak, staircase thickly balustraded with twisted columns, and a passage to the garden, where a leaden cupid still spouts water as a fountain amid old fig-trees.

Opposite Mark Lane, on the other side of Leadenhall Street, stands the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, celebrated among city churches for containing the monument of the great antiquary, John Stow. Opposite the church was a range of old houses, quite Elizabethan in character, which were only removed at the close of last year. St. Mary-Axe and the neighboring St. Helen's, recently abounded with fine specimens of residences, such as may never again be erected within the precincts of the City. It is now a vast warehouse, or mart; yet people living remember when Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, was chiefly the residence of merchants who dwelt near to their places of business, as did the elder branches of the Rothschild family to the uninviting Judengasse, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Until the end of the last century, after passing Houndsditch, "fresh fields and pastures new" awaited at no great distance such as were tired of being "in populous city pent." Moorfields, literally, was a place of fields, with shady walks under trees, and all beyond the Artillery Ground and Bunhill Fields was pretty open country, across which paths led to pleasant villages, where "cakes and ale" awaited London visitors. Let any one who wishes to breathe—in imagination—the "fresh air" of the northern side of London, forget for the present the dense mass of streets and houses that crowd over and far beyond Islington, and remember only that fifteen years ago the "archers' marks" still remained in the fields between the City Road, the canal, and Islington; marks which, put up in the middle of the seventeenth century, succeeded such as had been there from the old time when the practice of archery was enforced by law, and considered most proper and wholesome for city apprentices; being to the young men of the Elizabethan era what the Volunteer movement is to our own.

It seems scarcely possible that so few years ago Canonbury Tower should have faced the open country; yet people ascended its "prond eminence" only thirty years since, to mark how the fields between it and London were succumbing to "the march of bricks and mortar." Then, a large pond was in front of its principal entrance; and it was a country walk beside the New River to the old Sluice-House; and considered quite an expedition to get as far as Hornsey Wood, where an old-fashioned country inn received visitors exhausted by the long journey from town. They need not have gone so far for country inns and open field-walks: these began at White Conduit House, which was celebrated for its tea-garden and its little white loaves. It was the delight of the small tradesman and his wife to stroll thus far from the busy streets and look towards the Cockney Alps of Highgate and Hampstead; far away places, only visited by such persons "now and then," by means of a lumbering stage coach, built in humble imitation of the "long stagers" and "mails." Readers of "Pickwick" will remember old Weller's contemptuous allusion to a brother of the whip who was "only a Camberwell man." To all these suburban places such vehicles went twice daily, consequently people did not travel much; to get out of sight of St. Paul's was no easy matter, and we may understand the bewilderment of the City Lady, described by Tom Hood, who once lost sight of that familiar load-star.

Hackney-carriages crawled about the streets then as lugubriously and about as quickly as hearses. They were dear in their charges—only patronized by the "well-to-do," or those necessitated specially to use them. Shoreditch, consequently, knew nothing of Pall-Mall; society was distinct and divided; the east and the west of London had inhabitants who looked on each other as different tribes. The author well remembers in his boyhood an old tradesman in Tottenham Court Road, who died at the ripe age of 72, and had never seen the Monument.

The northern side of the metropolis was the latest to change; many comparatively young persons can remember Rhodes's dairy and extensive pasture for

cows where now the Euston Station stands amid a labyrinth of streets. Fifty years ago, and there were fields where Torrington and Gordon Squares are now erected. It had little altered since the days of Elizabeth, but was all market, garden, or pasture land. Those who have a curiosity to know how profoundly rural this part of Middlesex was, should look at Ben Jonson's play, *A Tale of a Tub*, composed in 1633. The scene is laid between Pancras, Tottenham, and Marylebone; as far as any notion of the near proximity of London may be formed from the characters and action of the drama, it might be laid in Sussex. The great people of the play are Squire and Lady Tub, of Totten Court; Justice Bramble, of Maribone; and Canon Hugh, the Vicar of Pancras. We have also "the High Constable of Kentish Town" to carry out these great people's behests; their inferiors are as clownish and ignorant as if they lived in some outlandish locality. They talk a broad country dialect, and use the *z* for *s*, as the Somersetshire folks do now; thus one of them, on being asked if he is "close enough" to keep a secret, answers, "Ich'am no zive" (I am no sieve). Indeed, it is all this clownishness and simple ignorance that make the humor of the comedy. There is a sense of fresh air in the long field-walks these people are supposed to take to Hampstead; and of danger in the robberies at St. John's Wood "by a sort of country fellows." Indeed, this district continued unsafe until a comparatively recent period; and to walk after dark between St. Pancras Church and Gray's Inn was to run the chance of highway robbery.

What, then, is there to regret in the loss of all this rude life? Nothing but the green fields and picturesque character of the past. That we may surely regret, the latter more in city than in suburban life. It is much to be regretted that as trade has enriched us, it has not given us a perception of the beautiful—that we have, in fact, deteriorated in public taste. Take any old street in any old town, Shrewsbury, Chester, or Tewkesbury, as an example. Observe the variety of form, the picturesque disposition, the beauty of carved detail, in some of these old houses, and contrast it with our modern streets of dirty, monotonous

brick. We have become hideous in our utilitarianism. Contrast Ford's Hospital at Coventry, enriched by the most exquisite wood carving, with a modern hospital, destitute of all attempt at aught beyond plain walls perforated by doors and windows. The late architect, Pugin, once gave mortal offence to the members of his own profession by publishing a pictured series of architectural parallels, in which he thus contrasted an old work with a new one. It exasperated, but it helped to cure, a very self-sufficient body of gentlemen. We have no longer Strawberry Hill Gothic, or Wyattville Gothic, such as disfigures our noblest royal house, Windsor Castle. When Nash commenced "improvements" by the formation of Regent Street, that class of architecture was sufficiently debased. It was said of the Roman emperor that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; so it has been asked for Nash—

"And is not our Nash, too, a very great master? Who found London brick, and left it all plaster!"

It is this sham architecture which is so peculiarly offensive; it has not the honesty, and consequently it never has the satisfactory effect, of the simplest timber house of the sixteenth century. Fortunately this fact has obtruded itself so long that at last our tradesmen are ashamed of it. City warehouses are now built in Germanised Gothic, a cross style between a monastery and a storehouse. We have yet to learn architectural fitness, but we must wait, be thankful for present progress, and spend hundreds of thousands of pounds in public and private buildings, buying that experience which is already cheaply at hand in elementary books, if those who order our buildings would read them. We are now in danger of streets of most heterogeneous character, made up of palatial offices and warehouses of all designs, like the mixed prints in a cheap portfolio. A minister of public works prevents much of this abroad, but the English love of liberty allows of any amount of eccentricity at home.

Before all is gone that time has left to us of old London, to be succeeded by something so very different, let us once more look upon the old localities, endeared to the historic student by so very

many associations, and think over the great men of the past whose presence made these houses famous. Places that we looked upon but two years since are gone without the record of a sketch. The workman's pickaxe knocks down as rapidly as the auctioneer's hammer, and while we look around us, that which was "going"—is "gone."

Bentley's Miscellany.

DON SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

HISTORY shows a long list of royal imposters, and of them all there is none more remarkable than he who, twenty-three years after the supposed death of Don Sebastian of Portugal, laid claim to the crown of that country. In truth, while reading the meager and imperfect records of the investigations to which the claim gave rise, one is strongly inclined to believe in his pretensions, which raised uneasy doubt even in those whose interest it was to repudiate the truth and justice of his story. All evidence tending to establish the facts he proclaimed were as much as possible suppressed at the time, and afterwards garbled and misrepresented in the relation, so that a very one-sided statement of the case is all that has descended to us.

Don Juan, Prince of Portugal, whose short life had been a lingering torture, died eighteen days before his son, Don Sebastian, was born. The young widow, Doña Juana of Spain, religious almost to monomania, saw in her husband's death a manifestation of Heaven's will that she should be disencumbered of earthly ties, the better to devote herself to the austere devotional life which had always been her ideal. It was, therefore, with something akin to pleasure that, in compliance with the laws of Portugal, she resigned her fatherless boy to the guardianship of his paternal grandparents, King John and Queen Catharina; and from the time the infant heir to the throne was four months old his mother never again beheld him, for at that period the Emperor Charles V. summoned his widowed daughter to Spain, there to assume the regency on the occasion of the marriage

of her brother Philip with Mary Tudor of England. The young widow seems to have loved her country and her family next to her religion, and, almost wholly forgetful of her son, became alternately absorbed by ambitious projects and the most rigorous devotional exercises.

Queen Catharina, meanwhile, being a woman of strong sense and sound judgment, devoted all her energies to the well-being of her grandson. The frequent intermarriages between the houses of Avis and Hapsburg had produced their natural effects in revoltingly-near relationships between the royal spouses of the two races, and the transmission of diseases, both bodily and mental. Queen Catharina determined to counteract Don Sebastian's hereditary delicacy of constitution by all the means at her command, and so judiciously did she regulate the training of the royal child, that his fretful, fragile infancy was succeeded by a robust, hardy boyhood. Strong as a peasant, and delighting in the roughest sports and most violent exercises, the prince yet inherited from his parents a wild religious enthusiasm, which was still further fostered by the Jesuit Mentors with whom Catharina surrounded him. King John having died when Sebastian was but three years old, Catharina was nominated Regent of Portugal and guardian of her grandson during his minority, and it was at that period that Doña Juana made her only attempt to reassume her maternal rights. Her claim, however, to be entrusted with her son's education fell through from two causes, the one being the Portuguese jealousy of the Hapsburg influence, and the other the lukewarm support afforded her by her father, who was anxious, by propitiating Catharina, to obtain from her a recognition of the right of King Philip and his son, Don Carlos, to the throne of Portugal, in the event of Don Sebastian's death.

As the young king grew in years and intelligence, his hereditary bias became more strongly marked, the favorite themes of his studies were the records of the magnificent exploits of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the no less remarkable achievements of his maternal grandfather, the Emperor Charles V., in the wars against the Moors. These, with books of wild

adventure and foreign travel, were Sebastian's delight, to the exclusion of the subtle mysteries of statecraft, to which his grandmother wished to turn his attention. Daring even to temerity, the youth had no sympathy with diplomatists and their cobweb scheming; he burned with martial ardor, and the devout longing to secure the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and even in early childhood was wont to be visited by seasons of ecstatic reverie, in which the favorite saints of Portugal vouchsafed to appear to and encourage him in what soon became manifested as the settled purpose of his life. Constantly courting danger in his desire to inure his body to fatigue, he so often hazarded his life, that his grandmother (who must have regarded him much as a hen might do an eaglet which she had hatched) found his guardianship more than sufficient to engross all her attention, and therefore resigned the regency to the Cardinal-Infant Don Henrique, who, in his turn, formally relinquished it when, at the age of fourteen, Sebastian, by the law of Portugal, attained his majority.

The young king astonished all parties by the ease and power with which he assumed his new duties. Declining his uncle's offered assistance, he firmly grasped the reins of government, read all despatches, summoned cortes, exhibited the keenest interest in the military details submitted to him, but above all, true to his leading idea, manifested supreme solicitude in the affairs of the Portuguese colony of Goa and the settlements on the coasts of Barbary. The populace and the army adored him, the Jesuits hailed him as the champion of their order, the bolder and more chivalrous portion of the young nobility also looked fondly towards him as their future leader in well-fought fields; but with the luxurious court and those whose well-being depended on its magnificence, Sebastian was in sad disfavor, the gorgeous pageants and gay revels of King John's time were evidently things to be reproduced no more; severe almost to asceticism in his personal habits, the young king discouraged everything which bordered on effeminacy or luxury, and the lovely young doñas of Lisbon saw with mortification that their sweetest smiles

and most bewitching glances were wasted on one who preferred a boar-hunt in the forests of Cintra, or the braving of wind and wave in a small vessel (which he put forth in the wildest weather,) to all the charms of youth and beauty. Another great enjoyment of Sebastian's was the drilling and reviewing of a corps of volunteers, composed of the most abandoned ruffians and rogues in Portugal, who flocked eagerly to his standard. Still keeping in view the conversion and subjugation of the Moors, and with reason believing that the wild and scorching regions so dear to his heart might be less efficacious in exciting the zeal of the regular officers, Sebastian dispensed with their aid in reducing his ragged corps to proper discipline. And taking for his lieutenant one Juan de Gama, habited in a hermit's robe, girt with rope, he unweariedly toiled in the endeavor to initiate his disreputable army into the proper use of their weapons and some semblance of military uniformity, and in these efforts he more than once was in imminent peril from the extreme awkwardness of his recruits. Sebastian's rashness and daring naturally caused his people much anxiety, and the desire to have the succession secured, produced a negotiation for the young king's marriage with the young Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, second daughter of the Emperor Maximilian.

It may be imagined that Sebastian was an unwilling wooer; indeed, he openly declared that women were a mistake in creation, and sent into the world only to create confusion and mischief. No ladies of the court, save those whom age and ugliness combined to render repulsive to others, were treated with civility by their monarch; the bitterest sarcasm, the most pitiless ridicule of their fruitless efforts to charm him, were all the attentions he had at the service of the dark-eyed daughters of the noblest families in Portugal. Sharp reproofs for their frivolity, and sneers at their vanity and feminine artifices, caused the court beauties to flee from before the king, whom they looked on as something between a savage and a saint. For a long time Sebastian systematically avoided all discussion of the hated marriage, and refused to entertain the idea of this or any

other matrimonial compact; but a length, wearied by the incessant importunities of Queen Catharina, and the urgent letters of Doña Juana, he yielded, with cold and ungracious reluctance, and the courts of Lisbon, Vienna, and Madrid were filled with joy and gratulation.

Fate, and the scheming Empress Marie (mother of the destined bride,) had, however, willed that the marriage should never take place. The empress regarded Sebastian as almost a monomaniac, and, moreover, desired to match her youngest daughter with Charles IX. of France. Fearing that Philip of Spain might resent her preference for Charles, she sought to bribe him to overlook the slight offered to his nephew, by tendering him the hand of her eldest daughter for himself, at the same time suggesting that the Spanish king should smooth down matters with Sebastian, by giving him, in lieu of Elizabeth, the beautiful Marguerite de Valois, afterwards wife of Henry of Navarre, and sister to Philip's dead wife, Elizabeth de Valois.

Sebastian's wrath and indignation at the slight offered to him were quite disproportioned to his indifference, and even repugnance, to the matrimonial negotiations, and his grandmother, herself deeply offended, reproached Philip and the Austrian empress in the bitterest terms. Philip, cautious, crafty, and plausible, defended the change of partners with specious arguments, and, after a time, mollified Catharina, and even Sebastian so far, that, although the latter refused obstinately to make a formal demand of Marguerite's hand, or send a properly accredited ambassador to Paris, he yet began once more to entertain the idea of matrimony, and consented to allow his uncle and grandmother to arrange the matter as they pleased, so that he himself should have no more trouble respecting it. It would seem, however, that, while Sebastian amused his relatives with projects for marrying him, his own mind never wavered in its allegiance to his darling project. Barbary was still the goal of his hopes; its complete subjugation and the conversion of its people were ever the subjects of his glowing aspirations. And in 1572, Mahomet, Emperor of Morocco, besought his alliance and aid in opposing the claims of

Muley Maluc, who, according to the will of Mahomet I., was the rightful heir to the crown of Morocco. Sebastian hailed with joy this opportunity, and, contrary to Queen Catharina's expressed wishes, he provided a fleet, which was stationed off Cape St. Vincent awaiting the king's orders. Before all was arranged, Doña Juana died, and Sebastian found himself compelled to defer his expedition for some months, in order to be present at his mother's obsequies. Catharina, hoping that this delay might cause him to relinquish his project, set on foot various intrigues, which threw innumerable difficulties in the way of his departure; but a strong will and a fixed purpose defeated all the engines of priestcraft and diplomacy. On pretence of suffering from the summer heat, Sebastian retired to Cintra, where he secretly prepared for his departure, and on August 14, 1575, he went on board the flag-ship, and commanded the admiral, Don Fernando de Noronha, to put to sea. From the Bay of Lagos the king sent powers to his uncle, the Cardinal-Infant Don Henrique, to conduct the government in his absence, and, without awaiting any reply, he continued his voyage, and landed at Ceuta on the 3rd of September.

All Portugal mourned the departure of the young king, and mournful presages and disastrous omens filled all hearts with boding fears. In the tower of St. Nicholas de Xelva, an Aragonese village close to Villila on the Ebro, hung a miraculous bell, said to have been cast by a pagan Gothic king, who had caused to be fused in the metal one of the pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his Master. This bell was said to be tolled by spiritual agency whenever death or danger threatened any of the Spanish Hapsburgs, and on the occasion of Sebastian's departure, its wild tones were heard, night and day, for twenty-four hours. Admiral de Sousa ran his ship into a Flemish merchantman, which sunk at once, and a gunner on board Sebastian's galley was killed while firing the royal salute. Undaunted by portent or danger, Sebastian continued his journey, and at Tangiers met Mahomet, who urgently implored immediate succor against Muley Maluc. The king wrote urgently to his uncle the regent, and his council, stren-

uously entreating them to send sufficient forces to enable him to combat Maluc with success.

The reply to his letters came in the shape of a formal refusal, signed by the cardinal-regent, the queen, and council. Funds were wanting, it was averred; fresh levies of soldiers and seamen must be made; and the king was reminded that Amurath II. had threatened to devastate Italy, and probably Andalusia also, in which event Portugal would need not only all her available forces, but also her absent king, who was conjured to return without delay. Finding himself forced to fail in his promise to Mahomet, urged by the admiral and the prelates of his suite, and burning with rage and mortification, Sebastian, after an absence of four months, returned to Lisbon, where his measures excited equal anger and astonishment. He removed the Jesuit fathers from all government offices, and took into his own hands the management of affairs. Recruiting and drilling troops went briskly on, and, despite the obstacles which were thrown in his way—despite the bad faith of Philip, who, having promised assistance, now drew back, alleging that, as he had made a treaty of peace for three years with the Grand Turk, his assailing the Moorish kinsmen and allies of Amurath would be a violation of that treaty, and further pleading the increased violence of the war in Flanders as a reason for his breach of faith. In defiance of all these obstacles, Sebastian's purpose knew no change, and once again the king left Portugal with a fleet of fifty ships, and five galleys, twelve cannon, and transports and tenders—in all a thousand sail. In July, 1577, Sebastian landed at Arzila, on the African coast, and Muley Maluc, though dangerously ill of a fever, headed his troops in a litter, and advanced to engage the Christians with a force of sixty thousand horse and forty thousand foot.

A frightful carnage ensued. Sebastian's troops fought on unfamiliar ground, and were, moreover, badly, or at least imperfectly trained, nine thousand of them were Portuguese, two thousand Castilians, three hundred volunteers, three thousand Germans, and seven hundred Italians, under the command of Sir

Thomas Stukely, a brave English exile. All behaved valiantly, with the exception of the Portuguese, who were panic-stricken, but gallantry and daring availed them little against overwhelming numbers, the field was covered with dead and dying, and Sebastian's army, with the exception of about fifty men, was exterminated; the king himself fought like a lion, had two horses killed under him, and having seen all his body-guard fall, save Don Nunez de Mascarenhas, fell beneath the sword of Mustapha Pique, the alcaide of the Moorish body-guard. The blow severed Sebastian's right eyebrow, cheek, and lower jaw, and the assailants seeing him whom they most dreaded laid low, hastened away to complete their victory. Sebastian's two intimate friends, Don Christovão de Tavora and the Duque de Aveiro, were said to have fallen in defence of their beloved master, and with them the ruling spirits of the Portuguese army departed, and all was dismay, bootless flight, and slaughter. Meanwhile, the enemy had had their own share of disaster. Numbers were killed and wounded, and Muley Maluc himself had died in the very heat of the battle, his brother Hamet assuming at once the vacant dignities and offices of the deceased. At the close of day, the Moorish army was commanded to bring all the Portuguese prisoners of rank to Hamet's tent, and a select guard was sent, under the command of Mustapha Pique, to the spot where Sebastian had fallen, to bring the dead body, that the fallen nobles might recognize their king. The guard returned, leading a mule, across which was thrown a body said to be that of Sebastian, but so disfigured by innumerable wounds, and the decomposition produced by exposure to the scorching rays of the sun, that recognition might well have seemed impossible. Nevertheless, Don Nunez de Mascarenhas, and five other noble cavaliers, at once attested that it was assuredly the body of Sebastian, and demanded the right to ransom it, but Hamet stipulating in return for the cession of all the Portuguese forts on the coast of Barbary, and the nobles being of course unable to yield so great a point on their own responsibility, the Xerife caused the corpse to be enclosed in a chest, sealed with his state signet, and

deposited in an apartment of the Castle of Alcazar.

Nothing could exceed the dismay which spread through all ranks in Portugal when news of the disastrous defeat reached the council. The populace, idolizing Sebastian, mourned him bitterly, and were scarcely to be persuaded of his death; and in addition to his loss, the nation had to deplore the flower of its chivalry. There were few families who had not lost some friend or relative in the terrible slaughter, and through the length and breadth of the land there was mourning and desolation, business was almost entirely suspended, and exaggerated reports lent a new ghastliness to horrors which needed no aggravation.

The churches were crowded to suffocation, and holy men and women were visited by celestial visions, in which they beheld the glorified spirits of the slain ascending to heaven. One important exception there was, not one of all the privileged seers alleged that Sebastian was among the number of those who were now reaping their reward in a better world, and, on the contrary, it was openly averred that Sebastian had not been killed, for (argued the populace) who would have a higher or more conspicuous place in heaven than a king whose dearest object was the glory of the Church? In fact, so dearly did the Portuguese love Sebastian, that it was said by Philip (who had reasons of his own for being angered by the tenacity with which the people clung to the hope that their king still lived), that had an ape come to Lisbon, and said he was Sebastian, he would have been received with acclamations and triumph. Meanwhile, those in authority saw no reason to doubt the fact of the king's death; his body, disfigured as it was, had been identified by Don Nunez de Mascarenhas (who was, however, notoriously in the Spanish interest), and several others, and many averred solemnly that they had seen him fall beneath such wounds as he could not have survived, and as some guiding hand was needed at the helm of government, the Cardinal-Infant Don Henrique took possession of the crown. Ten days after his accession, a monk, footsore and travel-stained, demanded private audience of the king, and although at first denied

admittance, the privilege was finally ceded to his urgency, and his eager asseveration that he had news of import, which it nearly concerned the king to hear. The notoriety of the Jeromite monastery to which he belonged also helped him to attain his purpose, and the tale he had to tell fully warranted his pertinacity.

The story of Manoel Antonez (for such was the carnal name of the monk) was this :

Sebastian was not dead, but lay at the monastery to which Manoel belonged, in the vicinity of Lagos, enfeebled by many wounds and great loss of blood, and stricken to the dust by the humiliation of his defeat at Alcazar. According to the narrator, there was every probability that death would speedily end the sufferings of the young monarch, but in the event of his recovery, he wished it to be distinctly understood that he had no present intention of reclaiming his crown, nor did he mean to return to Portugal till, by the gracious favor of Heaven, he should have blotted out the memory of his disastrous defeat by the renown he should achieve in other lands. Don Christovão de Tavora and the Duque de Aveiro, two attached friends of Sebastian, and members of his body-guard, also reported as slain, were with their fallen master, and this recital was substantiated by a written communication from the prior of the monastery certifying the young king's dangerous state. Sebastian's account of his wonderful escape was as follows :

Cut down by Mustapha Pique, and crushed beneath a heap of slain, Sebastian had been at first stunned and senseless. When his faculties returned, he heard the roar of battle still unabated, and the Moorish proclamation of Muley Hamet's succession. When the slaughter and pursuit left the spot where he lay for a time deserted, the king managed to undo his armor, and by slow and painful efforts crept to some distance, where he concealed himself beneath a heap of dead bodies. There he lay till night, when, stripping a robe and turban from the body of a Moorish officer, he disguised himself, and succeeded in reaching the sea-coast, where, wandering despairingly in the grey dawn, he, to his surprise and delight, encountered the Duque de Avei-

ro and Don Christovão. Weeping, they embraced, and after some hours of peril they found a man fishing from a boat near the shore; him they bribed, by the gift of a valuable ring worn by the Duque, to put to sea with them. A tempest rose and almost swamped the frail vessel; but after hardships and dangers well-nigh incredible, the unfortunate trio landed on the coast of Algrave, where the king's strength was so much exhausted that he became insensible, and was conveyed by his companions to the monastery, where he was at once recognized, and carefully and reverently attended.

King Henrique, startled and disturbed, sent a secret embassy to Philip II., entreating counsel. Philip, cool and crafty, as well as interested, expressed the most contemptuous disbelief of the tale; but at the same time advised perfect secrecy on the subject (to use his own words): "The people begin to think their mad boy-king is dead; let us not blow the torch." He urged the policy of letting the subject rest as it was, and all the more so, that there was no present need for any examination into the truth or falsehood of the story; he therefore counselled Don Henrique to take no further notice of the communication which had been made to him, but to allow the so-called Sebastian to set out on his travels, plainly hinting at the possibility that one so headstrong, brave, and rash as the young king, would in all probability never return to renew his claim. Henrique coincided with Philip's opinion. Manoel Antonez was dismissed without receiving any reply to his disclosures, and when Sebastian was sufficiently restored to travel, he, with his two faithful friends, left the hospitable monastery, and quitted Portugal. Henrique, always frail in body, did not long enjoy his sovereign away, for he died in 1580, having reigned but seventeen months, and, naming no successor, he was also silent as to Manoel Antonez and his mission. So that Philip II., on assuming regal authority in Portugal, boldly solemnized Sebastian's obsequies, and was quite at ease with regard to pretensions so long in abeyance, and which were not likely to be again brought forward. The wandering king, in the mean time, entered on such a course of travel and adventure as would be won-

derful even in these locomotive days; he traveled over Europe, Asia, and Africa, fought against the Turks under the Persian standard, visited the Grand Llama at Thibet, and Prester John in Ethiopia, encountering danger, fatigue, and privation, not only with indifference, but pleasure. At Alcazar he lost his two faithful friends, and at their death Sebastian retired to a hermitage in the wilds of Georgia, resolving thenceforward to devote himself to prayer and penitence.

In 1597, however, a vision enforced on him that it was the Divine will that he should return to Europe, and landing in Sicily, he made himself known to one Marco Tullio Catizioni, who became his envoy to noblemen in Portugal, but Catizioni was never heard of more. The Portuguese hated the Spaniards and their rule, and were, moreover, known to cherish such fond recollections of Sebastian, that Philip, or those in his interest, would have been very unwilling that any rumor of Sebastian's being still alive should reach them; so that it is probable Catizioni, not being cautious enough in the performance of his duty, attracted the jealous and vigilant attention of the wily Spanish king, and paid the penalty of his rashness.

After this succeeded several years of impostures more or less skilful. The Portuguese were befooled in turn by Hernano, a pastry cook of Madrigalez, Pedro Xavila, a shoemaker of Fancoso, who was patronized by the confessor of Queen Catharina, a Dominican monk named Miguel de los Santos. Hernano and Xavila, together with the Dominican, were hanged by Philip's orders, and as disaffection towards Spain, and rumors of Sebastian being yet alive, gained ground, Philip caused a proclamation to be made, setting forth the undoubted death of the King Don Sebastian, and declaring that any villain who, like Hernano and Xavila, endeavored to work on the weakness of the nation by a pretence that he was the restored monarch, should meet the fate of the above-mentioned impostors, and any man who aided or abetted such imposture should be dealt with as if he were a principal offender. This proclamation, and the punishments which preceded it, were noised abroad, and the intelligence soon reached the

Jeromite monastery in the Algarves. Manoel Antonez repaired to Lisbon once more, and had audience of the Cardinal-Viceroy Albert, who referred him to Philip. Antonez set out for the Escorial, had one audience of Philip, and was seen no more.

The disappearance of this monk, coupled with that of Catizioni, seems to have intimidated Sebastian, who made no further effort to regain his throne till Philip's death, which took place in 1599, and during this interval the unfortunate exile struggled against indigence and misery sufficient to have quelled all the energy which his former disasters had left him. Robbed and deserted by his servant, cheated and starved by those with whom he lodged, often in rags, and without proper or sufficient food, he never once faltered in his declaration that he, and none other, was Sebastian. At Philip's death he begged his way to Padua, where he lodged with a Cypriot very little richer than himself, and who earned a living by hawking pies in the streets. Some Portuguese then in Padua heard of Sebastian's arrival, and flocked to welcome him, and tender to his acceptance their homage and their worldly goods. The news was sent to Portugal, and received there with transport. Spain, alarmed at the excitement which prevailed, empowered the Spanish ambassador at Venice to demand Sebastian's expulsion from Padua.

The signory issued an edict, commanding the Podesta of Padua to banish his luckless guest within three days. From Padua, Sebastian went to Venice, and on his arrival there he was seized by the suite of the Spanish ambassador, and would, it is probable, have been effectually silenced, did not the commotion raised by the imprisonment terrify those concerned so much that they did not dare just then to venture on any severer measures. A Dominican, named Sampayo, published a relation of the facts, which he dedicated to the potentates of Europe, and which created a violent and widespread sensation. Those in the Spanish interest averred that anything written by Sampayo must of necessity be unworthy of credence, as he was a renegade monk from Calabria, and of infamous repute. Whether this charge were true or false,

certain it is that Sampayo and his production were the topics of the day; nor did he want powerful supporters, Don Christovão of Portugal and Henri Quatre being at the head of his friends. After much contention, Sampayo was sent under safe-conduct to Lisbon, there to collect such evidence as he could as to the identity of the prisoner; he returned with a paper signed by competent persons, the apostolical notary among the number, which paper specified all Sebastian's peculiarities of person and mind. Sebastian demanded a public trial, and his right to be heard and compared with the written description. Among the marks mentioned were a large mole or wart on the instep of the right foot, the extraordinary size of the bones of the forearm, a tooth wanting in the lower jaw, and a deformity produced by an in-growing nail on the fore-finger of the left hand. In all these particulars the prisoner exactly corresponded with the description, in height also and in general appearance, but it was objected that the claimant was much darker, both in hair and complexion, than the real king, and that his face was so seamed and scarred as to be unrecognizable. To this, Sampayo and his party answered that the change was not greater than that which must inevitably arise from over twenty years spent in burning climates and from wounds received in many battles; nay, they triumphantly showed the deep cicatrice of the wound inflicted by Mustapha Pique, and adduced also, as another proof of identity, that Sebastian, when undergoing a personal examination, had asked whether Pedro Diaz, the court barber, who had extracted the tooth from his jaw, were yet living.

On these facts the Venetian senate deliberated for four days with closed doors, in the presence of the Spanish ambassador and Don Christovão de Portugal, but, though too honorable to falsify their convictions, the Pregadi were too much in fear of Philip III. to dare to declare their real opinion, so that when, at ten o'clock on the night of the fourth day of deliberation, the broken man was brought before his judges, they gave no opinion whatever as to the truth or falsehood of his claims, but merely sentenced him to depart within three days from the Vene-

tian territory. Friendless, and thus hunted from place to place, the wreck of a king once again turned his back on his enemies, and, in making his escape, was seized by Spanish emissaries, and sent to the galleys.

In this degraded and miserable condition he remained for some time, but still steadily adhering to his first declaration, he aroused the sympathy of his wretched companions, as well as that of his guardians. The Duke and Duchess of Medina-Sidonia, who had entertained Sebastian with princely magnificence when he was on his way to Barbary, visited the galleys on one occasion, with the view of satisfying themselves whether the wretched slave who had occasioned so much tumult in the kingdom were Sebastian or not. They failed to recognize him, which, indeed, was not to be wondered at, and on his being pointed out to them they entered into conversation with him, and were beyond measure amazed by his recounting many trivial incidents of his visit, which were known but to themselves and Sebastian. As they talked, the duke and duchess began to see remembered traits in the seamed and scarred face before them, and all doubt was erased from their minds when Sebastian suddenly asked the duke if he yet possessed the sword presented him by the young king, then so full of high hopes and sanguine projects. The duke gave private orders to one of his attendants, who brought several swords, which the captive looked at for a moment, then saying, "You have here handsome weapons, but not that which I gave you." It was so. And three or four other swords being brought, the slave selected the right one at once. Then, turning to the duchess, he asked her if she still wore the ring he had given her, and she, imitating her husband's example, caused her jewel-case to be brought, the ring having been previously taken out. Again Sebastian looked, and again he immediately detected the absence of the jewel in question; but when the duchess caused a baguier to be brought and opened, Sebastian, without hesitation, singled out his gift from the rest. Throughout the interview he spoke to his visitors as any monarch might have done, and when the duke and duchess left, it was with the

firm belief that the prisoner was indeed the king. They tried by every means in their power to procure his liberty, or even some commutation of his sentence, but the cruel policy of Philip III. refused to hear anything which might tempt him to mercy.

After a time, discontent, and the inclination to rebellion, coupled with extreme deference for Sebastian, became so great in the galleys, that it was judged advisable to place the cause of contention in strict confinement in St. Lucar; but here, too, the vraisemblance of his story caused his gaoler to be more indulgent to him than was deemed fitting, and the captive was transferred to a fortress in the very heart of Castile, where, while his rigorous confinement and the harsh brutality of his keepers gave him every inducement to destroy himself, he was carefully supplied with the means of doing so, a stout cord and a dagger being the suggestive companions of his cell. He was also repeatedly urged to declare himself an impostor, and promised wealth and liberty in another land if he would but do so. All such baits he resisted, declaring, "You may tear my body in pieces, but my soul is God's; and as it must soon go to him, I will not sully it by a lie. I will never deny my name and lineage."

After suffering all the tortures of severe captivity in Castile for a short time, the popular excitement, which had been quieted for a while, broke out afresh, and to such a height did the rebellious outcry reach, that Philip sent sudden orders for the immediate execution of the prisoner, who was hanged from the battlements of his prison. At this distance of time, and with all the precautions taken by the Spanish government to destroy all testimony which might seem to confirm the prisoner's identity with Sebastian, it is impossible to arrive at any decisive opinion on the subject; but one must inevitably pity the unfortunate who, if he were an impostor, displayed firmness, intelligence, and courage, worthy of a better cause. If indeed he were the real Sebastian, what pity could be sufficient for such a life of misery and suffering?

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THE ELIZABETHAN POETRY.*

It is in general a mistake, and one that is very fruitful of error, to attempt rigidly to define the different stages in the advancement of the human mind, and to break up its history into eras. For the progress which we trace from age to age is not made by sudden leaps, but is gradual, and the first indications of it are often obscure and subtle; neither can we rightly understand the annals of any period without a considerable knowledge of the times which preceded it.

Nevertheless, we think that without exposing ourselves to any serious mistake we may regard the Elizabethan poetry as a phenomenon isolated and independent. For from the time of Chaucer and Gower to the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., there is an entire break in the history of English poetry, and with Surrey and Wyatt there began a new school differing from the earlier school in all its most important features. There is however so close an alliance in thought and manner between the poets of the time of Henry VIII. and those who are strictly called the Elizabethan poets, that we can not consider them apart, but must class them together by virtue of their style, though in chronological arrangement they are separated by a few years.

By the Elizabethan poets, then, we understand that group of writers, of whom Surrey, Wyatt, and Sackville, were the forerunners, and whose leaders are Spenser, Sidney, Gascoigne, Lodge, and Daniel. We do not here intend to treat of

* 1. *The Faerie Queene: The Shepheardes Calender: Together with the other Works of England's Arch Poet, Edm. Spenser*: Collected into one Volume and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for MATHEW LOWNES. 1611.

2. *England's Helicon, or the Muses Harmony*. London: Printed for RICHARD MORE; and are to be sold at his Shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard. 1614.

3. *The Arte of English Poesie, Contrived into three Bookes*. Lond. by RICHARD FIELD. 1589.

4. *The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*. Selected and arranged with Notes. By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. Macmillan & Co. 1861.

the dramatists as such. Shakspeare must be classed alone. There are in his writings a breadth of range, a freedom from merely local and temporary influences, which separate them by a vast interval from all other writings of the time, and compel us to consider them apart. Most of the men whom we have named wrote during the last twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth. In the following reign there was introduced a manner less musical and more constrained, with a quaintness of thought, a display of learning, and an affectation of wit, of which the most striking examples are to be found in the verses of Donne, Herbert, and Cowley.

Attempts, more or less successful, have been made to determine the cause of the sudden appearance in England at the close of the sixteenth century of so many masters of the art of song—to discover the reason of

"Those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

We do not intend to enter into the discussion of this question. But we think that in order fully to understand the Elizabethan poetry, there must be borne in mind the circumstances in which it was composed; and we propose therefore very briefly to set before our readers the state of affairs in England during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth.

We may regard this period as an interval—a kind of breathing time, between the religious conflicts that occupied the nation during a great part of the sixteenth century, and those political contests that were in the following century yet more terribly to distract it. The Catholics were still of sufficient importance to be visited with severe penal laws. Indeed it is probable that during the greater portion of Elizabeth's reign, they were in numbers not much inferior to the Protestants. But neither by the persecutions which they endured, nor by the intrigues of seminary priests, were any considerable number of them induced to adopt the practice of treason as an article of their religion; and after the great body of the Catholic gentry had proved its loyalty in the preparations to resist the Spanish armada, the bitterness of the

antipathy that had existed between the two sects appeared to be extinguished for the time by their common patriotism. Another difference, that between the High-Church party and the Puritans, existed more or less among all classes and in all parts of the country; but it was still a difference of religious opinion only, and had not yet become synonymous with a difference of political creed that was to rend asunder families and households.

The statesmen who were the chief advisers of the Queen were confirmed in the Protestant faith, which either from political feeling or religious conviction they had adopted, by their sympathy with the Calvinists of the Low Countries and the Huguenots of France, as well as by the constant hostility to England of the Pope and the King of Spain. To foil the devices of these enemies was the constant study of Burleigh and Cecil; and the nation was kept in continual readiness to meet their attacks. We can not doubt that the continuance of this attitude of preparation, producing a sturdy self-reliance and a strong mutual confidence, influenced very materially the character of the people. The quick sense of danger unaccompanied by any feeling of fear, the intense patriotism and enthusiastic loyalty which have been for many generations characteristic of the English nation, seem to have become more marked, if they did not arise, in the sixteenth century. This development of the national character was accompanied and in no small measure aided by the rapid growth in political importance of the middle class. By the great increase of commerce and the extravagant expenditure of the nobles, many of the merchants and shopkeepers were much enriched. The broad line of distinction between the gentleman and the citizen began to be obliterated, and marriages between persons of rank and the daughters of rich commoners became not infrequent. A further cause of the rise of the middle class is to be found in that passion for adventure which obtained for men distinguished by their daring, though of obscure families, the companionship of nobles, and in some instances the favor of the Queen herself. There had lately been opened to persons of humble

birth yet another road to eminence. Classic studies were now no longer the exclusive privilege of the clergy. The great revival of learning was late in reaching England, but its influence here was not less remarkable than it had been on the Continent. During the latter part of the sixteenth century a knowledge of the Latin writers had become an essential part of the education of a gentleman, and if this knowledge was seldom profound, it was at least employed with a greater appearance of freedom than has generally accompanied its use in later times. The Queen herself and many of the ladies of the court had made no inconsiderable progress in classic studies. All persons of rank were presumed to be well acquainted with the fables of the Roman mythology, and a continual and unrestrained allusion to these fables, which would appear to us an offensive pedantry, was to the courtiers of Elizabeth an ordinary grace of expression. The fashion was imitated by persons of lower station, and the numerous translations from Latin writers published at this time aided its diffusion. The allegorical pageants in which all classes took delight, were for the most part representations of the deities of ancient Rome. Such were the shows prepared for the entertainment of the Queen by the noblemen at whose houses she visited, and that bid her welcome at the gates of the cities which she entered in the course of her progresses. The speeches that were addressed to her by wood-nymphs and Tritons, were often written by gentlemen of the Court; for the practice as well as the study of literature was fashionable, and it was the ambition of a gentleman to excel as much in the composition of a sonnet, or the production of an impromptu rhyme, as in the exercises of the tilt-yard. Hence the Court, rather than either of the Universities, became the centre of attraction to men of letters, and scholars and poets began to seek the patronage of nobles, or even to solicit the notice of the Queen. In all this there was doubtless combined with what was favorable, much that was detrimental to the interests of sound learning. How in these circumstances English literature fared we shall presently see.

We find in the "Arte of English Poesie," supposed to have been written by George Puttenham, a list of the poets who were then held in most repute. It will be noticed that many of these are courtiers:

"Of the later sort," says Puttenham, "I think thus. That for Tragedie, the Lord of Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys for such doings as I have sene of theirs do deserve the hiest price: Th' Earle of Oxford and Maister Edwardes of her Maiesties Chappell for Comedy and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastorall Poesie, Sir Philip Sidney and Maister Challenner and that other Gentleman who wrate the late Shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amorous ode I find Sir Walter Rawleyghs wayne most loftie, insolent and passionate. Maister Edward Dyar for Elegie most sweet, solempne and of high conceit. Gascon for a good meetre and for a plentiful wayne. Phaer and Golding for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation cleare and very faithfully answering their authours intent. Others have also written with much facilitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Quene our soveraigne Lady, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sence, sweetness and subtiltie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kinde of Poesie Heroicke or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Maiestie to employ her penne, evon by as much oddes as her owne excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassalls."

We have quoted this passage at length, because the criticisms are not only interesting as the opinion of a contemporary, but are also for the most part remarkably just. It will be noticed that Shakspeare, who had probably begun to write before 1589, is not mentioned by Puttenham. It has been suggested in explanation of this that the "Arte of Poesie" was written several years before its publication, a supposition which is confirmed by the fact that Spenser's "Shepheardes Callender" was published in 1579. In 1589 its author must have been well known as the friend of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. In a later part of the "Arte of Poesie" we are furnished with a means of testing its author's estimate of Queen Elizabeth's skill in poetry, an estimate which we may perhaps reasonably believe to have been in some slight

degree influenced by the fact that he was one of her Gentlemen Pensioners. He gives at length what he calls a "dittie of her Maiesties owne making, passing sweete, and harmonically." From this ditty, written at the time of the discovery of the plots made in favor of the Queen of Scots, we extract a few lines, in which, through the conceits and alliteration which were the fashion of the time, appear much of the vigor and imperiousness that marked the character of Elizabeth:

"The doubt of future foes exiles my present ioy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares as
threaten mine annoy,
For falsehood now doth flow, and subiect faith
doth ebbe,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd, or wisdom
wen'd the webbe.

The daughter of debate that eke discord doth
sow
Shal reap no gaine where form or rule hath
taught stil peace to growe.
No forreine banisht wight shall ancre in this
port.
Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let
them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest, shall first his edge
employ,
To poll their toppes that seek such change and
gape for ioy."

Of the poets named by Puttenham in the passage quoted above, almost all are notable as writers of songs. The same may be remarked of the later poets of the time, of Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and constable, and of Shakspeare. Excellency in song may indeed be regarded as the one chief and common merit of the poets of the Elizabethan age.

Other merits they have—not a few—but this one belongs to almost all of them, as compared with the poets of other times, in a remarkable degree. Under the name of song we do not include every short poem that possesses a certain unity and completeness, even though with these be combined fire and force of expression. To entitle a poem to be called a song, we think it requisite in the first place that it should have in itself some aptitude for being sung. In verses possessing this primary and essential qualification of a song, the Elizabethan poetry is peculiarly rich. Take as examples, this verse from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure,"—

"Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,—bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,—seal'd in vain."

and this, from a poem by Thomas Heywood,—

"Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow;
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow!"

It is not difficult to give a reason for the perfection of these Elizabethan songs. We have abundant evidence in the records which we possess of the social life of the time, and particularly in its plays, that the English were then, more emphatically than ever since, a musical people. From the familiarity of the poets with good music resulted the exquisite beauty of the rhythm of their songs. The shrill pipe and the lute, which to later poets have been mere figures of speech, were to them present realities. Singing, now an accomplishment, was then the natural expression of joy or sadness. The Queen sung, and the courtiers; men and women of all degrees sung at their work and at their entertainments; they sung when alone. Indeed the best of the poems of the time were set to music. Many that have come down to us are taken out of "M. Bird's set songs," "M. Morley's madrigals," and "M. John Dowland's book of tableture for the lute." We wish that the musical composers of the present day would imitate M. Bird, M. Morley, and M. Dowland. We are inclined to think that one chief cause of the want of hearty love for singing evident among educated persons, is the utter inanity or absurdity of the words to which even good music is now commonly set. An improvement in the quality of the words of our songs might lead in time to an improvement also in the general character of the music, and we might have less of what Mendelssohn justly describes as "neither forcible, nor effective, nor poetical, but only supplementary, collateral, musical music."

Several artifices were adopted by the Elizabethan poets for the purpose of rendering their songs melodious. Before the end of the period these artifices began to be used in excess, and in their extravagant use produced a constrained and affected manner from which the earlier writers of the time were free. Among them we may notice a play upon words, an iteration of the same syllable or sound, the use of double rhymes, and the rhyming of words with words immediately preceding,—devices which were employed constantly in the refrain, and which occur not infrequently in the body of the song. Take as examples of their use these verses by Nicholas Breton,

" Say that I should say, I love ye,
Would you say, 'tis but a saying?
But if love in prayers move ye,
Will you not be mov'd with praying?

" Write that I do write you blessed,
Will you write, 'tis but a writing?
But if truth and love confess it,
Will ye doubt the true enditing?"

this couplet of Sir Walter Raleigh's,—

" With Wisdom's eyes had but blind Fortune
seen,
Then had my love my love forever been,"

and these verses from Spenser's 'Shepherd's Callender',—

" Thou feeble flock, whose fleece is rough and
rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,
Maist witness well by thy ill government
Thy master's mind is overcome with care;
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn;
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

I love this lass (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my goodwill, but doth reprove,
And of my rural music holdeth scorn."

In the following stanza from an anonymous poem printed in "England's Helicon," there may be discerned a more subtle skill,—

" Come away, come sweet Love,
The golden morning breaks;
All the earth, all the air,
Of love and pleasure speaks.
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosie lips to kiss
And mix our souls in mutual bliss;
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
Viewing, ruling love's long pain,
Procured by beauty's rude disdain."

But where the artifice, instead of being the means to an end, became itself the object of the writer, there resulted the utmost affectation in manner and extravagance of conceit. The following verses by Nicholas Breton display these characteristics of the worst school of the time:

" Fair in a morn (O fairest morn)
Was never morn so fair,
There shone a sun, though not the sun
That shineth in the air.
For the earth and from the earth
(Was never such a creature)
Did come this face (was never face
That carried such a feature.)
Upon a hill (O blessed hill)
Was never hill so blessed,
There stood a man (was never man
For woman so distressed).

" This man had hap (O happy man)
More happy none than he,
For he had hap to see the hap
That none had hap to see.
This silly swain (and silly swains
Are men of meanest grace)
Had yet the grace (O gracious guest)
To hap on such a face.
He pity cried and pity came,
And pitied so his pain
As dying would not let him die,
But gave him life again."

Another device frequently employed is the alternation of question and answer. It appears in this little song from "England's Helicon," signed "I. M.," and supposed to be by Jervase Markham:

" Sweet thrall, first step to Love's felicity.
Sweet thrall, no stop to perfect liberty.
O Life! What Life?
Sweet Life! No Life more sweet.
O Love! What Love?
Sweet Love. No Love more meet."

But the artifice most constantly used is alliteration, either the arrangement in immediate sequence of several words beginning with the same letter, or the more subtle and musical alliteration of alternate words, or of accented syllables and words upon which falls the cadence of the verse. There are rarely found in the poetry of this period many lines together without an alliterative passage. Wisely and moderately used, the artifice contributed much to the beauty and melody of the verse, but the passion for its employment became extravagant. Its use—or perhaps we should rather say, its abuse—was one of the prominent features of the

new style of writing, which was introduced by Lyly in his "Romance of Euphues," published in 1580; and while this fashion lasted, to compose alliterative verses was the constant pastime of the courtiers and labor of the poets. The fashion yielded at length to good taste and common sense. It was mocked by Sidney in his sonnets and the "Defence of Poesie," and by Shakspeare in the play of "Love's Labor Lost." When restrained within proper limits, alliteration ceased to be offensive, and by none was it used more successfully than by those who ridiculed its abuse. Shakspeare practices alliteration less frequently than other writers of the time, but when he does use it, it is with a subtle power that is truly admirable: thus in the beginning of the thirtieth sonnet,—

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste."

and in the song of Ariel, from the "Tempest,"

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

We have dwelt at length on the beauty in form of the Elizabethan songs, because this kind of beauty is peculiarly characteristic of them; but it must not therefore be thought that they possess no other merit. They are confined for the most part to representations of the different phases of the one great passion of Love. The changes of this passion they portray with great fullness, and in general with much simplicity and freedom from exaggeration. They are distinguished by a sweet and delicate fancy, and a remarkable quickness and brightness of thought and feeling. If they express sorrow, it is not a hopeless sorrow; if pain, it is not an incurable pain. They never touch the deepest and sternest passions of human nature. There is not to be found in them the energy and bitterness of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and "Bridge of Sighs," nor do they ever give expression to that form of patriotic enthusiasm which

appears in Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." They seldom depict the settled pensiveness, the sober sorrow, identifying with itself the forms and voices of nature, which is found so commonly in the songs of our more modern poets, and particularly in those of Shelley and Tennyson. It may be thought perhaps that what we have said is disproved by the occurrence of such poems as Edmund Bolton's "Palinode":

"As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossie mountains,
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life
gathers;

Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The wither'd primrose by the morning river,
The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
The light blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away."

But the melancholy of these verses, as manifestly appears in the whole tenor of the poem, and especially in the last two lines, is a purely fanciful, philosophic melancholy. It has no reality in it, no link of connection whatever with the intensity of sorrow that is implied rather than expressed in this song of Shelley's:

"A widow bird sate mourning for her Love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.
"There was no leaf upon the forest tree,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air,
Except the mill-wheel's sound."

Within their own limited range, however, the songs of the Elizabethan poets are unsurpassed for truthfulness, vividness, and power. For this latter merit especially, and for their brightness of fancy and fullness and richness of color, the songs of Thomas Lodge may be reckoned among the most remarkable. Lodge, a student of the law, and afterwards a physician, was the author of a book entitled "Euphues' Golden Legacy," intended as a continuation of Lyly's romance which we have already mentioned. In this book, written, as we learn from the dedication, during "a voyage to the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries," are some songs of exquisite

beauty. The finest of them, "Rosader's description of Rosaline," beginning—

"Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines, &c.,

has been inserted by Mr. Palgrave in his "Golden Treasury," and ought to be well known. We will therefore rather quote two verses of the song entitled "Rosaline's Madrigal"—

"Love in my bosom, like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest;
Oh, wanton, wilt ye?

"What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurke in mine eye, I like of thee,
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee."

In all the excellencies that we have named as being common to the Elizabethan poets, Shakspeare shares, and he displays in addition a wider range of subject and an intimate acquaintance with every variety of human passion. Milton somewhere expresses in three words the characteristics of the highest class of lyric poetry. It is "simple, sensuous, passionate." And this description applies fully and with an almost singular propriety to the poetry of Shakspeare. The proof of this, if proof be needed, may be found in his songs and sonnets included in the first book of the "Golden Treasury." From almost any one of these it may be learned in how marvelous a manner and degree this greatest of all English writers was independent of the accidental influences which fettered the other poets of his time.

We must not pass by without special notice the Pastoral poetry of this period. Probably the best known example is Marlowe's poem, entitled "The Passionate Shepherd" and beginning, "Come live with me and be my love," which, with the answer to it by Sir Walter Raleigh, is quoted in Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." In these and like poems no at-

tempt is made by the writers to represent the actual life of shepherds. The life that they imagine is that of a world where it is always summer; where the birds always sing, the grass is always green, and the flowers bright; where soft breezes murmur among the leaves, and no storms disturb the eternal serenity of the sky; where, above all, no busy courtiers, no brawling soldiers, no knavish lawyers, and no extortionate tradesmen can find entrance into the groves that are sacred forever to love, poetry, and peace. This imaginary world had for the Elizabethan poets a strange but powerful charm. It is possible that something of its fascination may have been owing to the tendency of the human mind ever to place its ideal of happiness in scenes and circumstances the most foreign from those with which it is daily conversant, and that just as the child longs to be a man, and the man looks back with wistful regret upon the days of childhood, so these poets took delight in the imagination of a world the most different that it was possible to conceive from the court and city in which most of them were compelled to spend their lives. It is evident, however, that the form of many of these poems is directly imitated, and their general character derived, from the Eclogues of Virgil. In the introduction to Spenser's "Shepherd's Callender," Theocritus is indeed said to be of more authority than Virgil, yet it appears that our English pastoral poets were better acquainted with the Latin writer. The classical allusions which not infrequently occur in their poems are generally to Roman history and Roman mythology. These do not necessarily imply a familiarity with the Latin text. Though made with an ease and freedom which is wanting to our later and more learned writers, which even Milton rarely attains to, they appear in many instances to have been the result of a perusal of translations. Before the end of the sixteenth century the works of many of the chief Greek and Latin poets had been translated into English verse. Many of these translations were indifferently made, but their publication was the means of enriching the English language with many new words and phrases, an effect which was indeed foretold by Thomas Phaer, one of

the first translators, in the Conclusion to his translation of the "*Æneid*."

One only of the numerous translations of this time has taken rank as a standard book in English literature. Chapman's translation of the "*Iliad*" and "*Odyssey*," of which the first part was published in 1598, is still talked about and sometimes read. Whatever may be the faults of Chapman—and his work is certainly not perfect—he appears to us to represent the original much more nearly than does Pope. His versification is generally fluent and his words well chosen. His attempts to render in English the compound epithets of Homer are singularly daring, and in some cases remarkably successful. "Both-foot-halting god" is indeed an awkward description of Vulcan; "killman Hector" is rather too like a nickname; and to call the horse of Mars "golden-riband-bound-man'd," is to attempt unhappily to compress a sentence into an adjective; but the phrase, "more-than-honey-sweet discourse" may perhaps be admired, and we must reckon among the most precious gains of the English language such epithets as these — "the ivory-wristed Queen," "soft-fingered sleep," "the rainbow-girded dame," "the silver-throned morn," and "the lady of the light, the rosy-fingered morn." A short extract will give some notion of the style of Chapman's translation. The following passage is taken from the description of Achilles' shield in the eighteenth book of the "*Iliad*":

"Then in passing a pleasant vale, the famous Artisan fed
Upon a goodly pasture ground, rich flocks of white-fleece'd sheep,
Built stables, cottages, and cotes that did the shepherds keep
From wind and weather. Next to these he cut a dancing place
All full of turnings, that was like the admirable maze
For fair-hair'd Ariadne made by cunning Dædalus;
And in it youths and virgins danc'd, all young and beauteous
And glew'd in another's palms. Weeds that the wind did toss
The virgins wore; the youths wov'n coats that cast a faint dim gloss
Like that of oil. Fresh garlands too the virgins' temples crown'd;
The youths gilt swords wore at their thighs with silver bawdrics bound.
Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to which as fast they spun

As any wheel a turner makes, being tried how it will run
While he is set; and out again as full of speed they wound,
Not one left fast or breaking hands. A multitude stood round
Delighted with their nimble sport; to end which two begun
Mids all a song, and turning sung the sport's conclusion."

In making the translations we have mentioned, the attention of their authors was naturally attracted by the classic metres; and an attempt, which at one time seemed likely to be successful, was made to naturalize these metres in England. The fashion was set by Gabriel Harvey, who in one of his letters exclaims, "Let me be epitaphed the inventor of the English hexameter." He made converts for a time of Raleigh, of Sidney, and even of Spenser. But the English hexameters happily proved unsuccessful. They were but lame lines, and well deserved the ridicule of Nashe, who wrote about them in 1592, "The hexameter verse I grant to be a gentleman of an ancient house (so is many an English beggar), yet this clime of ours he can not thrive in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; he goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable, and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gait which he vaunts himself among the Greeks and Latins."

This luckily unlucky attempt to introduce a new kind of verse was probably one of the means of directing the attention of men of letters to the *art* of poetry. On this subject there were written at the end of the sixteenth century several books, one of which, Sidney's "*Defence of Poesie*," retains to the present time an almost undiminished value. The completeness of its argument, the justness of its opinions, and the vigor and elegance of its language, render this discourse worthy of an attention more general and careful than it now receives. Were the fame of its author to rest upon this book alone, he would take no ordinary rank as a scholar and critic. A less known and less intrinsically valuable, though much longer and more elaborate essay, is the "*Arte of English Poesie*." This treatise is divided into three books—the first of

Poets and Poesie, the second of Proportion, and the third of Ornament. The last two contain a very complete system of rules for the manufacture of poetry, illustrated in many cases by verses of the author's composition—verses of which Sir John Harrington says, not unjustly, that "though the poor gentleman laborereth greatly to prove, or rather to make poetry an art," yet by all these "he doth prove nothing more plainly than that which M. Sidney and all the learned sort that have written of it do pronounce, namely, that it is a gift, and not an art."

Translators did not labor only upon the Greek and Latin classics. The Italian poets and novelists, and among them especially Petrarch, Ariosto, and Boccaccio, became very popular in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and many of their works were translated into English verse. These works had materially contributed to the revival of poetry in this country during the first half of the sixteenth century. Surrey and Wyatt are called by Puttenham "novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch." The influence of the Italian poetry upon our literature during the latter part of the century is not less marked. Shakspeare borrowed the plots of many of his plays from Italian tales, and he was not singular in the practice. Ascham, in his "Scholemaster," mentions the popularity of translations of these tales, and condemns their immorality. "They are sold," he says, "in every shop in London," and he complains that "our Englishmen Italianated have more in reverence the Triumphs of Petrarch than the Genesis of Moses. They make more account of Tully's Offices than Saint Paul's Epistles, of a tale in Boccaccio than the story of the Bible." To Italian influence probably was owing the popularity of the sonnet, a kind of poem that was written with more or less success by almost all the writers of this period. Among the sonneteers two stand pre-eminent—Shakspeare and Sir Philip Sidney. The sonnets of the latter are wanting occasionally in simplicity and ease, but many of them are very happy both in thought and expression. Ending as they do most commonly in a rhymed couplet, they are indeed less perfect in form than those of

later writers, but almost all of the Elizabethan sonnets end thus; to the rule a few exceptions only are to be found, one among Daniel's, and one, which indeed is not properly a sonnet at all, among Shakspeare's. Shakspeare's sonnets were first published in 1609, but they were probably written some years earlier. Francis Meres, in a critical discourse, printed in 1598, mentions Shakspeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," and we see no good reason for the doubt expressed by Mr. Hallam whether these were what we now possess. Like the other works of this great master, the sonnets stand alone and unapproached by any of his contemporaries, remarkable for their varied excellencies, for the union in themselves of what might seem incompatible merits. In concinnity, in closeness of argument, in conciseness and elegance of diction, these admirable poems are unsurpassed, and they display moreover a depth and fervency of passion, a wealth of imagination, a fineness of fancy, a keenness and accuracy of observation, and a plenitude of knowledge discovering itself in a prodigality of illustration, that are to be found but seldom singly, united never, in any other compositions. Faults they have, it is true; the energy of passion which they express seem sometimes to be excessive; there is occasionally an obscurity of thought or diction, but the faults are as the spots in the sun, which can be discovered indeed by one who is searching for them, but to all others are swallowed up by the glory of his ineffable splendor.

There are among the later Elizabethan poets two whose works are now rarely read, but who probably exerted in their own time, and in the generation immediately succeeding, no small influence on the English language and literature—we mean Hall and Daniel. Bishop Hall is better known as a preacher than as a poet, but his satires, imitations of Juvenal, display much poetical power. With an unsparing ridicule of the follies and vices of his time, he associates a marked tenderness and reverence for all that is really great and good. But many of the follies that he satirizes have become obsolete, and his works now deserve to be read chiefly on account of their style.

Hall and Daniel anticipated the smooth, even flow of thought and verse which distinguishes the poetry of Dryden and Pope. Their writings exhibit a remarkable freedom from affectation and conceit, with a terseness of expression and disdain of unnecessary ornament which is rarely found in their contemporaries. It must be admitted that in Daniel's works neatness sometimes becomes dullness, and want of ornament renders his verse prosaic. But his best lines are models of clear, elegant diction, and are by no means wanting in sweetness and harmony. His faults are less evident in his epistles and sonnets than in his long poem on the Wars of the Roses. From one of the shorter poems we extract the following verses:

"Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate,—seek to beguile her end
Of some few lingering days of afterstay,
That all her little all might not descend
Into the dark an universal prey;
And give our labors yet this poor delight,
That when our days do end they are not done,
And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives where others have but one."

We have reserved to the close of this review the consideration of one poem, great—not like the works of Shakspeare by freedom from temporary influence, but by its perfect embodiment of all that was purest, noblest, and most beautiful in the habits of thought and feeling prevalent at the time. In the "Faerie Queene," Spenser has delineated the grace and glory of the mediæval life which was passing away, with a sweetness and refinement that belong wholly to the modern period which was then beginning. He has employed in praise of virtue the fancy and imagination which not a few of his contemporaries used to hide the deformity of vice. While other poets were describing the attributes of pagan gods, he sets forth the excellency of the Christian graces. While they in their fictions made sin lovely, he in his allegory labored to attract men to the practice of holiness, temperance, and chastity. The object of the poem is, in Spenser's own words, "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous discipline." It was intended to consist of twelve books, each of which was to portray in the image of a knight one of the twelve cardinal vir-

tues. Six only of these books were finished. Through the whole poem two personages move, exalted above all others in station and merit, interfering sometimes to direct, deliver, or avenge those who are below them. One of these is Prince Arthur, in whom is set forth "magnificence," the virtue which is the perfection of all the rest; the other is the Faerie Queene, the unseen lady of his love, the object of his long laborious search. By her the poet intends glory, the reward of virtue, but also, by a kind of secondary meaning, the Queen, Elizabeth herself. The admiration of Elizabeth, which all the poets of that time assert, is by none of them more enthusiastically expressed. "In her," says Spenser:

"In her the riches of all heavenly grace
In chief degree are heaped up on high,
And all that else this world's enclosure base
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye,
Adorns the person of her Majesty.
That men beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortality,
Do her adore with sacred reverence
As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence."

This devotion to Elizabeth was perhaps rendered in truth not altogether to the actual woman, but in part also to an ideal of queenly and womanly perfection, which she was supposed to represent. During the middle ages, men had found such a pure and perfect ideal of womanhood in the person of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as presented to them by the Church. But, at the close of the sixteenth century, this ideal in the sight of all the foremost men in England, had lost its splendor. Seeking about for something to supply its place, they found this Queen Elizabeth, glorious by reason of her exalted station and mental excellency, and they set her up instead as their new ideal of womanhood. Not a perfect ideal certainly, perhaps not so lofty as that earlier one, but better, infinitely better than none at all. There has been in England a time when men in high places lost all reverence for womanhood, and ever since Englishmen have read its story with a burning shame. We would that the annals of the Restoration could be blotted out of the pages of our country's history.

In the writings of the Elizabethan

poets, and particularly in those of Shakespeare and Spenser, we find the most lovely female portraits that our literature supplies. In the women whom they describe

"There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honor and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne
And giveth laws alone."

There is in them a sweet unconsciousness. They are dignified without the affectation of dignity or the thought of it. There is in them nothing frivolous, but a rare largeness and nobility of character. They have strength and energy without becoming masculine. Spenser's Britomart, for instance, though fighting as a knight in man's armor, never for a moment loses the modesty and refinement of her woman's nature. Her strength and courage only increase the admiration that her beauty and gentleness excite. But of all the creations of Spenser, none is fairer than the character of Una, an almost perfect conception of maidenly grace and goodness. In all the range of later English poetry, we know nothing of the kind that equals its rare beauty. It reminds us of a Madonna by Raphael, painted in those early years when with his own surpassing skill he combined the saintliness of Angelico.

We have said that the absence of a high ideal of womanhood has always upon man a degrading influence. And the converse of this is true. The existence of such an ideal contributes most materially to the exaltation of manhood. And so, as we might expect, many noble types of manhood are presented to us by the Elizabethan writers. The flower of chivalry was then fading away, but as it faded its proper fruit appeared in the modern ideal of the gentleman. All the virtues of the gentleman are described by Spenser in the persons of his faerie knights.

His truthfulness:

"Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all,
Of all things to dissemble foully may befall."

His regard for right:

"Vain is the vaunt and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands than rightful cause
doth trust."

His gentleness to the weak:

"Nought is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth besem brave chivalry,
Than to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redress in such as wend awry."

And his self-control:

"For nothing is more blameful to a knight,
That court'sy doth as well as arms profess,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Than the reproach of pride and cruelty.
In vain he seeketh others to suppress
Who hath not learned himself first to subdue."

As the poets of this time revered in their Queen the ideal of womanhood, so in one stainless knight they had ever before them the living embodiment of all manly excellence. In Sir Philip Sidney, the poet, scholar, soldier, courtier, statesman, they found the pattern of all virtues, the nearest possible approach to moral, mental, and physical perfection. In him, while he lived, his friends, neither mean nor few, found

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel book."

In him, after his death, they mourned

"A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue
ever shined,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and what
he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
works of wit."

It is not wonderful that from the story even of an age so rich in men of lofty and varied powers, we single out and linger long and lovingly upon the memory of Sir Philip Sidney.

Chambers's Journal.

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

IF we desire to look upon something which the first inhabitants of our planet saw exactly as it is to-day, we have only to stand before a bird's nest. Your bird is no innovator; he laid down the plan of his dwelling at the creation of the world, and, while everything around him has been changing, assuming new forms, yielding to the influence of fashion, has remained content with his primitive architecture ever since. He calculates the

number, and considers the necessities of his family, and with unerring sagacity provides for them all. He imitates none of his neighbors, and his neighbors, in their turn, display no inclination to imitate him. There is in our rural districts a tradition of a farmer's daughter, who, having observed her mother winnow at a certain barn-door, stuck to the same locality through life, without the slightest reference to the quarter from whence the wind blew. So exactly is it with the bird. He cares for nothing but his own ideas of comfort, convenience, suitability—whether the original type of his mansion necessitated its being built on the summit of a rock or a tree, under the eaves of a house, or in the thick foliage of a bush, in the crevice of a cliff, or amid the rustling grass of a meadow.

To study the habitations of birds, is to traverse the whole extent of man's universal habitation, through every zone from the equator to the polar circle: from the tops of the highest ranges amid unscalable crags and snows, to the sedgy margin of the sea, and the mossy banks of streams. Wherever the air is fanned by a wing—wherever eggs are deposited—wherever little bills are opened almost hourly for food—wherever the hen sits, and the male bird roves and toils to support her—wherever, from bough or twig, he pours music into the woods, to cheer his helpmate during her labor of love, there is poetry; whether, as on the lofty surface of Danger Island, or amid the flowery bogs of the Orinoco, the airy artisan works in solitude, or on village roof and church spire, clings to the vicinity of man. Naturalists gravely inform us that birds are bipeds like ourselves, which in some cases may be thought to account for their fondness for our society, as with the sparrow, the swallow, the redbreast, and the martin; but, on the other hand, several members of this numerous family, though they boast of no more legs than we, make careful use of those they have to keep out of our way. Even among the swallow tribe, there is one remarkable branch which abjures the man-loving qualities of his congeners—we mean the sea-swallow of the Twelve Thousand Islands, which in breeding-time mounts high into the air, takes a scrutinizing survey of the

earth beneath, and selecting for his quarters the least-frequented, descends, skims into some lofty cave, and there builds his procreant cradle. In this way he hopes to elude observation. Flattering himself that his whereabouts will remain undiscovered, he darts away with his wife to their favorite element, the ocean, where it breaks upon solitary shores, and flying along its crested surges, gathers from amid the foam and spray the materials of its dwelling, the nature of which still remains unknown. Whatever it may be, it forms a delicate bassinet in which to deposit its eggs and rear its young. Less white than alabaster, the nest of the sea-swallow is of a light color, and semi-transparent, odoriferous in smell, glutinous, and rather sweet to the taste. Rows of these little bowls, which look like so many vessels of porcelain, run along the rocky walls of caverns, and are filled with eggs thickly bedropped with spots of celestial blue. To the people of the Flowery Land, these nests are a delicacy, which, when of the best quality, are weighed in the market against gold. What, however, renders some nests better than others is uncertain; it may be that in parts of the ocean the ingredient which imparts the most delicate flavor to the substance is not to be found; or else, on shore, the flowers that supply the perfume are too few, so that the swallow is compelled to have recourse to blossoms of inferior sweetness.

From the mouth of the swallow's cave, you may sometimes, from a long distance, discern another and very different specimen of ornithological building. This is a mound, sometimes sixty or seventy feet in length, almost as much in diameter, and about six feet high. This also is a nest, or rather a city of nests, for it is constructed so as to receive a whole republic of birds, who, as in a well-ordered state, have all their separate dwellings, with streets, highways, common chambers, breeding apartments, and so on. In some, therefore, you find callow citizens, or fledglings, or eggs, or the grave parents of the state, discussing or meditating upon its common interests. Nothing can be more curious than a section of such a bird-mound, with its various cells and compartments laid open to the view.

From this cyclopean style of architecture, the distance is prodigious to the house of the tailor-bird, which selects for its habitation the inside of a leaf, and with its bill and claws, sews its house to it. It takes a filament of fine grass, and steadying the leaf with one of its feet, uses its bill for a needle, or rather for a borer; then having made a little hole, it introduces the grassy filament into the edge of the leaf, and afterwards doing as much for the other edge, weaves between both a sort of herring-bone netting, strong enough to support its nest. Within this net it immediately begins building until it has wrought a small soft purse, sufficiently capacious to contain the female and her eggs. The habitation being completed, she enters tail foremost, leaving her little head and bill visible at the top of the purse, situated directly under the leaf's stem, and forthwith commences her maternal duties. Now begins the business of the male, which flies backwards and forwards in search of such delicacies as his lady loves; and having been successful, approaches the leaf, and with true marital tenderness, puts them gently into the female mouth. He then seats himself upon a branch overhead, and watching his helpmate as she swings to and fro in her airy couch, twitters or sings incessantly to keep up her spirits.

Among us, the most accomplished bird-architect is the wren, which, in compliment to his building powers, is by our neighbors called the *roitelet*, or little king; and certainly no king has a more comfortable dwelling. The most flexible grass roots, the finest grass, the softest moss, the most delicate down from its own breast, constitute the materials of this beautiful structure, which forms a perfect sphere of dark emerald green. This edifice has two doors, one at which the little king or queen enters, the other through which it emerges when it desires to stretch its wings or plume its feathers. When at home, the point of the bill and the tip of the tail are visible at the opposite entrances, while the vaulted roof protects it from raindrops, and assists in concentrating the heat by which the regal fledglings are hatched. The builder of St. Paul's, when projecting his magnificent dome, may have taken a hint from his ancestors, the wrens. But un-

willing to accumulate all her gifts on one of her children, nature has left the *roitelet* quite without the power of charming Madame Wren by his voice, a fact to which Shakspeare alludes where he says:

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

But this unmusical character does not belong to all the varieties of the wren, since there is one kind which may be regarded as a songster. With respect to external appearance, there are few northern birds more favored than the golden-crested wren, the feathers of whose crest, as they glance and quiver, look like sprays of burnished gold in the sunbeams. The war recently declared against these little people is as absurd as it is cruel. Supposed to be the gardener's enemies, they have been hunted down without pity or remorse; whereas, instead of destroying the fruit, they only eat the insects which do really destroy it, and should therefore be esteemed as little winged scavengers, who clear away from gardens very much that is pernicious. If we understood our own interest, we should look upon our diminutive ally, not exceeding two drachms in weight, much as the Turks do upon the stork, which they reverence for its filial piety. If contempt can dwell within breasts so small, the wren must surely feel it for the stone curlew, which, too ignorant or too lazy to build a nest at all, lays its eggs on the bare ground, where they are crushed by Hodge's foot, or by the plough.

The country people in France love the song of the wren, which is most agreeable in the month of May, that being the breeding-season. In many French provinces, the rustics entertain so great a respect for the *roitelet*, that they not only abstain from injuring it, but will not so much as touch its nest, built sometimes against the sides of their houses or stables, though generally a thick bush or full-foliated tree is preferred. Like nearly all other birds, the wren takes a fancy to some particular locality, where it will construct its habitation, in spite of dangers and difficulties. Its eggs, from ten to twelve in number, are about the size of peas, and when they are hatched, it

becomes so fierce and pugnacious, that it will attack large birds, and put them to flight by the punctures of its sharp bill. It is the smallest of European birds, and holds, therefore, with us the place which the humming-bird occupies in Asia and America. This diminutive creature, which is as ingenious as it is affectionate, forms its tiny nest with cotton or fine silky filaments, which it twines and arranges so as to afford the softest conceivable couch for its eggs, which never exceed two in number, and resemble small white beads, dotted with bright yellow. The young, when they first emerge from the shell, are little larger than flies, and perfectly naked, though a fine down soon appears upon the skin, which gradually ripens into feathers so brilliant and dazzling in color as not to be exceeded by the rarest gems, or even by the tints of the rainbow. So great, in fact, is the beauty of these birds, that the ladies of the countries in which they abound suspend them instead of diamonds as drops to their ear-rings.

Tiny as the humming-bird is, neither the eagle nor the condor exceeds it in love for its young. A French missionary, during his residence in Surinam, took a humming-bird's nest in which the young were just hatched, and placed it on the sill of an open window in a cage. The parents, as he conjectured, followed their young, and brought them food, the male and female by turns, which they introduced between the bars of the cage. At length, finding that no attempt was made to harm them, they grew fond of the place, and perching upon the top of the cage, or flying about the room, rewarded the worthy priest by their music for the delicate fare he soon learned to provide for them. This was a sort of soft paste made of biscuit, Spanish wine, and sugar, and nearly transparent. Over this they passed their long tongues, and when they had satisfied their hunger, either fell asleep or burst forth into song. Familiarity, if it did not in their case breed contempt, at least banished all apprehension, for they alighted on the priest's head, or perched on his finger, where their long rainbow-like tails floated like little ribbons in the air. But all earthly pleasures have an end; a rat ate up the humming-birds, nest and all, and

left the poor missionary to seek for new companions.

Down among the coral-reefs in the Southern Pacific you meet with other bird-structures, which in their way deserve equal attention. Here the sea-eagles build their nests, always, if possible, in the same islet, and, if their be such a convenience, on the same tree. On a small wild flat in the ocean, too confined to allure inhabitants, and apparently too arid for vegetation, there grew nevertheless one tree, on which a pair of fishing-eagles erected their dwelling. There these lords of the waves, contemplating their vast empire, sat aloft in their eyrie, male and female, looking at their eggs, and dreaming of the future. Our readers will remember the Raven's oak, which the woodman, whose brow like a pent-house hung over his eyes, felled and floated down the course of the river. So it was with the tree of the fishing-eagles; some savage applied his axe to the stem, and down it came, though, it is to be presumed, not while the young eagles were in the nest, for the mother did not break her heart, neither did the father follow the timber with vindictive pertinacity. On the contrary, having consulted his helpmate, he took up his lodgings in a bush, and there provided as well as he could for the support and comfort of his heirs and successors. There might be tall trees at no great distance, there might also be islands larger and prettier; but he was born on this sandy flat; he therefore loved it, and stuck to it, and had it not provided him with a bush, he would have built his nest on the sand. Such, over some creatures, is the power of locality. The higher the nature, the more extensive become the sympathies, so that to some it is enough if they can rest anywhere on this globe. They love the planet in general, but would like, if they could, to make a country excursion from it to Jupiter, Sirius, or Canopus just by way of exercising their wings.

We have seen the humming-bird building in a little garden shrub, the tailor-bird in the folds of a leaf; but there is one of their family which selects a far more extraordinary situation, in order to place its young beyond the reach of vermin. Selecting the tallest tree within the range

of its experience, it weaves for itself a sort of long pouch with a narrow neck, and suspends it to the point of a bare twig some sixty or seventy feet from the ground. There in its pensile habitation, it lays its eggs, warms them into life, and when the callow brood begin to open their bills, feeds them fifty or sixty times in the day with such dainties as their constitutions require. This bird is the *Aplonis metallica*, about the size of a starling, with plumage of a dark glossy green, inter-fused with purple, which gives forth as it flies bright metallic reflections. The *aplonis* is gregarious, like man, since it loves to build its nest in the close neighborhood of other creatures of its own species, so that you may often behold fifty nests on the same tree, waving and balancing in the air. On the plain beneath, the *aplonis* sees from its nest the long-necked emu flying like the wind before the hunter, immense flights of white pigeons, or the shy and active bower-bird constructing its palace, four feet long by almost two feet in height, where it eats berries with its harem, brings up its offspring, and darting hither and thither before the savage, seeks to allure him away from its home. All the shrubs, and vines, and low thickets in the vicinity are haunted by parroquets no larger than sparrows, whose plumage, gorgeous as the brightest flowers, may be said to light up the woods.

The only European bird that builds a pensile nest is one of the family that we familiarly denominate tom-tits. This lilliputian architect is as choice in his materials as he is skilful in the arrangement of them—his bases, his arches, his metopes, and architraves consist of cobwebs, the finest mosses, the most silky grasses, which are woven, and twisted, and matted together, so as to defy the drenching of the most pitiless storms, while within, his wife and little ones recline on beds of down as soft as the breast of a swan. Scarcely less genius is displayed by the magpie, which, having constructed its dwelling with extraordinary care, covers it with a sheath of thorns, which, bristling all round like quills upon the fretful porcupine, effectually defend it from the approach of insidious enemies. The portal to this airy palace is at a little distance scarcely visible; but if you diligently

observe, you will perceive the magpie dart swiftly between the thorns, and disappear beneath his formidable *chevaux de frise*. To this stronghold he sometimes carries his strange thefts—his gold and silver coins, his spoons, his sugar-tongs, and any other bright article that strikes his fancy. Birds of the dove kind are proverbial for the slovenly style in which they provide for their families. Putting together a few sticks, which form a sort of rack to support their eggs, they think they have done enough for posterity, and forthwith lay without scruple upon this frail cradle. It may be fairly conjectured that they say to themselves: "If man will eat my eggs, my young ones, and me, upon him be the charge of seeing that I have decent accommodation." In the same spirit act all the barn-door fowls, hardly taking the trouble to find a soft place for their eggs, but laying anywhere, like the stone curlew. This reckless depravity of the maternal instinct has generally been attributed to the ostrich as well as to the domestic hen—but unjustly. She lays, it is true, her eggs in the sand, but not without knowing where she puts them, and not without visiting the same spot daily to lay a new egg, till, as the French say, she has finished her *ponte*. If the case were otherwise, how could we account for finding all her eggs together? Nature has informed her, that in those warm latitudes in which she shakes her feathers, it is quite unnecessary for her to squat upon her eggs, which the solar heat amply suffices to hatch; indeed, so scorching is the sand of the desert, that if she did not lay her family hopes tolerably deep, her eggs would be roasted instead of hatched. To the superficial observation of man, the surface of the desert looks all alike—smooth, undulating, or blown up into hillocks; but the ostrich's practiced eye is able to detect the minutest elevations in the arenaceous plain, so that she can go straight to the spot where her first egg has been left, to deposit a second and a third close to it. Indeed, the Arabs, who habitually traverse the waste, sometimes rival her in keenness of perception, and take forth her treasures, while in maternal confidence she is scouring hither and thither in search of food.

To many others among the inferior

animals, man deals forth his unthinking reproaches. To the cuckoo, for example, he objects to her habit of obtruding her egg or eggs into other people's premises, and leaving them there to be hatched by sparrow, wry-neck, or starling, as the case may be. But while bearing thus hard upon the cuckoo, he forgets the terrible curse, under which, like another Cain, she walks about the earth, urged forwards by some resistless impulse, and condemned to the eternal repetition of two analogous notes—cuckoo, cuckoo. What do those syllables mean? The Abbé de Nemours, who devoted twenty years to the language of birds, or one of the original doctors of the Hellenic mythology, might perhaps have explained, but has not; so we must be content to regard as a mystery the secret of the cuckoo, which in some respects resembles those *ames damnées* which fly for ever over the Black Sea, according to inconsiderate tradition, for if they never paused to build nests or lay eggs, it must have been all over with them long before this time. The cuckoo has some odd tricks which have seldom been noted—for instance, she seems to find out some small bird's nest, say, in a hole in the wall, too small by far for her to enter. In this case, she squats upon the ground, lays her egg, and then, with bill or claws, takes it up, and pokes it into the hole, after which she flies away, shrieking her awfully-monotonous song. In a forest in France, we used day after day to watch this smoky blue traveler, as, in the dawn of a summer's morning, she flew across the leafy glades, or down the glens, resting her weary feet for a moment on some giant bough, and then shooting away through the soft green light, repeating her strange and ominous cry. What is the original country of the cuckoo? Has she any original country? Or is she not one of those wretched cosmopolites who know no attachment to any hallowed spot, no love or knowledge of parents, having been brought up by strangers, who regarded her from her birth as an ugly changeling, thrust by some evil spirit into their nest? Surely the cuckoo is to be pitied, since she knows no home, has never seen a hearth, or experienced the soft care of fabricating a nest or hatching an egg.

Cornhill Magazine.

DANTE.

DANTE was born in Florence on the 14th May, 1265. On the 14th May, 1865, Italy, for the first time, celebrated the anniversary of his birth, acclaiming him the precursor of her resurrection, while the latest descendants of the Florentines who so ill-treated him sought how best to atone for the injustice of their ancestors. The attitude of the statue erected in the Piazza of Santa Croce does not certainly impress one with the idea of an appeased spirit. The scornful gesture of the exile, his eye fixed on Florence, reminds us of the writer of the letter of the 31st March, 1311, headed, "Dante Alighieri, Florentine, unjustly exiled, to the infamous Florentines who dwell in the city," containing the following sentence:—"O vainest among Tuscans, by nature and by custom stolid. O miserable descendants of the Fiesolians! O modern Carthaginian barbarians!"

If report speak truly, it was the line—

O servile Italy, of woe the home!

that inspired the sculptor Pazzi's hand; and the apostrophe comes not amiss from Dante's lips at a moment when the national sentiment is offended by the negotiations entered into between the Pope and the Italian Government. Dante, who digs a deep narrow red-hot hole in hell, and thrusts down, headforemost, one on the top of the other, the successors of St. Peter—Dante, who sorrowfully exclaims, "Ah, Constantine! how many ills were caused, not by thy conversion, but by that dower which from thee the first rich Father took"—Dante, who represents St. Peter as losing patience in the serene spheres of Paradise, and while the heavens were eclipsed, even as when Christ suffered on the cross, venting his magnanimous ire in the following invective: "Those who usurp my place, my place, my place, which, in the presence of God's Son, is void, have made a sewer of my cemetery." The bride of Christ was not fed with my blood, with that of Linus and of Cletus, that she might serve to purchase gold. It was not our intention that a portion of the

Christian people should be seated on the right hand of our successors and a portion on the left; nor that the Keys which were committed to me should serve as signs on the banners of those who combat the baptized; nor that I should stand as signet seal for venal, lying privileges, the thought of which often makes me blush and burn. In the dress of shepherds we see rapacious wolves roaming over all the pastures. O arm of God, why tarriest thou still?"—Dante, could he now behold the most splendid conquests of progress sacrificed to the Pope, would assuredly repeat—

O servile Italy, of woe the home!

The ceaseless war he waged against the Papacy in his poem, and in his minor works throughout the chequered vicissitudes of his life, forms one of his chief titles to the gratitude of Italians; but it was ignored by the directors of the sixth centenary festival, who honored in him the father and prophet of Italian unity.

Dante having exhausted his researches into all the dialects of the peninsula, created at one stroke the Italian language, brought it forth as Michel Angelo his statues, sculpturing them at once in marble. The Italian of the *Divine Comedy*, the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, is, with very slight modifications, the same as we write and speak at the present day; and it is worthy of note that, as long as Dante remained the inspirer and guide of Italian intellect, Italy never knew an inglorious moment; whereas she has rapidly declined every time that, forgetting Dante, she has taken Petrarch as her model. Creator of her language and founder of her literature, Dante gave to Italy both word and thought, added intellectual individuality of race and soil, and hence is fairly entitled to be regarded as the author of the possibility of an Italian nation, of an Italian autonomy; but neither as prophet nor father of the present Italian unity, of which he never dreamed. As a politician, in common with the jurists of his time, he shared the belief in the resurrection of the Roman Empire, desired the predominance of Rome over Italy, and of Italy over the rest of the world, under a German emperor.

Born in the thirteenth century, he died in the early part of the fourteenth, and

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his grand individuality is reflected in the errors, defects, passions, and virtues of his time. He stands at the head of modern civilization as Homer stands at the head of ancient. He did much to recall men's minds to real and terrestrial life at a time when they were exclusively absorbed in celestial contemplations, influenced by their fears that the end of the world, predicted for centuries, was at hand.

A mundane atmosphere encircles even the saints and blessed ones of Dante's Paradise; the damned in hell do not envy the elect in the celestial kingdom; they yearn for the bright sunshine, for natural beauties, for busy life, for cities; they are interested in passing events, in the fate of their party;* all the passions that stirred them in life have power to stir them still. Society, thanks to Dante, emerged from the chrysalis in which the prolific barbarity of the Middle Ages had enveloped it, to soar on the wings of the genius of a new European epoch.

He has had hundreds of commentators and interpreters, each explaining his meaning as best suited their own peculiar views. Benvenuto da Imola and Landino regard him as an artificer of symbols and allegories; Rossetti as a freemason and a Luther; Foscolo as a Ghibelline and apostolic missionary; Balbo as a Guelph; Ozanam as an orthodox Roman Catholic; Mazzini as the Paul of Italian unity; the Florentines and the deputies of the Italian communes present at the sixth centenary festival, as a Count Cavour. Exclusively he was none of these. He was the man of his age, the grandest individuality of the heroic times of individualism. He loved tenderly, he hated implacably, he was relentless in his vengeance; he thought much, wrought much, and suffered more than all. The plaster cast handed down to us as the one taken from his austere face after death impresses us with the feeling that that face never smiled. This cast, bequeathed by the

* Take, for instance, the reply of Farinata, the Ghibelline, when Dante, in answer to his taunt "that he had twice banished his ancestors from Florence," reminded him that "they returned each time," "an art which the Ghibellines had not learned." Up to his waist in hottest fire "that magnanimous one changed not his look, nor stirred his neck, nor bent his form, but continued: The fact that they learned that art so badly torments me more than this fiery bed."

Marquis Torrigiani to the Royal Gallery of Florence, has, by the Commission chosen to examine the remains of Dante found in Ravenna, been compared with the skull; and, in their report to the Minister of Public Instruction, they pronounce the frontal, eye, and nasal bones to be identical with the impression left in the plaster, making due allowance for the flesh that covered them.

In his youth, an hour of hope, of happiness, of illusion, was vouchsafed to him in the love of Beatrice Portinari, in the friendship of Guido Cavalcanti, and Lapo Gianni. "Who wished to know love," he writes, "might have learned it by watching the tremor of my eyes. . . . When she appeared in any place, no enemy remained to me; indeed, a thrill of charity pervaded my whole frame, causing me to forgive all who had offended me; and to whoever asked me any question, my only answer was love—my countenance clothed with humility."

Guido, I would that Lapo, thou, and I
Were taken as by magic,
And put on board a vessel, which, in all winds,
Sped by our wills alone, should ride the sea,
So that no adverse winds nor tempests
Could place a hindrance in our path.
So that, guided ever by one will,
Our wish to stay together should increase.
I would the good magician sent us also
Both Monna Vanna* and Monna Bice,†
And her we find at number thirty,‡
And there of love conversing ever,
I would that each of them should be content,
As I believe that we ourselves should be.

But grief soon overtook him, and remained for ever at his side. "Leaving the world, I went to solitary places to bathe the earth with bitterest tears, and then, when this weeping had somewhat relieved me, I retired to my chamber, that there I might moan unheard. . . . And I returned to the chamber of tears. . . . O sweetest death, come thou to me, and do not be unkind! Come to me now, for much I desire thee! Thou seest that I already wear thy hue."

Close on the heels of this grief of the poet's imagination followed the crueler

grief of reality. He saw his Bice the bride of another, and later learned that she was dead. He was then four-and-twenty, and in the second part of the *New Life*, which he wrote four years later, we find symptoms of a brain distraught. He tells his desolation in lines full of tender reverence, whose beauty was never equalled by Petrarch:—"In tears of grief and sighs of agony, I wear my heart out when I am alone, so that if any saw me they must grieve: and what my life has been since my love went to the *new age*, no living tongue can tell."

In the last paragraph of the *New Life* he writes—"On this a marvelous vision appeared to me, and in it I saw things which decided me to speak no more of that blessed one until such time as I might speak of her more worthily. And to attain to this I study as much as I can, as she well knows. So that if it be the good pleasure of Him by whom all things live that my life for a few years shall endure, I hope to speak of her as no woman has ever yet been spoken of."

This marvelous vision was the first conception of the *Divina Commedia*. His passion for the beautiful Portinari was merged in intellectual love; the terrestrial Venus, as Socrates says, was transformed into the celestial Venus. Beatrice—symbol henceforward of wisdom, virtue, philosophy, theology, the idol of his whole life—sends Virgil to lead him out of the "dark wood" in which he had lost his way, and to guide him in his pilgrimage through hell; then, acclaimed by angels, who strew flowers on her path, she herself descends to accompany him in his visit to Paradise. "Already I beheld, at break of day, the Eastern sky rose-tinted, and the Western heaven dressed in a sweet serenity, and the sun's face arose so veiled that, tempered by the mists, the eye could long gaze upon it. So, in a cloud of flowers, strewn by hands angelic, falling within and round the car and on the snow white-veil with olive crowned, a woman, 'neath a mantle green, appeared, and robed in hues of living flame." The mantle green, the veil white, the dress flame-colored—here we have the national Italian tricolor of to-day.

The poet now gives us to understand that Beatrice's heart had not always re-

* Guido Cavalcanti's lady-love.

† Beatrice Portinari.

‡ Laggia, the lady-love of Lapo Gianni, to whom Dante, in his *Serventese*, written in honor of sixty beautiful women, gives No. 30; as to Beatrice, No. 9.

mained deaf to the beatings of his own. She, telling the angels who encircle her of his subsequent infidelities, timidly confessed her love:—"Once I sustained him with my glance, on him my eyes in girlhood turned, to lead him by my side in the right path."

Love-sorrows were followed by political storms. Born a patrician, of a race so ancient that he claimed to have Roman blood in his veins, proud of his nobility and a bitter scorner—

Of every peasant who a partisan becomes,

He stood by the Guelphic banner of his ancestors, and puts into the mouth of Farinata degli Uberti, the chief of the Ghibellines, sentenced with the other leaders, Lamberti, Ezzelino, Buoso, Federico II., to hell, the following phrase—"Thy ancestors were fiercely hostile to me, my ancestors, and party; hence I twice dispersed them."

The Ghibelline party first arose in Florence in 1215, and was vanquished in 1267, when it was for the second time banished from the city. The fugitives, aided by the inhabitants of Aretino, risked their last chance at the famous battle of Campaldino (1289), where they were defeated by the Florentine Guelphs, Dante distinguishing himself in the cavalry van of the victors. The Ghibelline star had already set in Italy when the dynasty of Anjou arose on the ruins of the Suabian throne in Naples, and their last hopes were dead when the Guelphs, during one of their periodical reformations of the republican constitution, decreed that the government should devolve on six Priors. Now the Ghibellines were originally feudal lords, who had been compelled by the inhabitants of Florence to abandon their castles, and adapt themselves to citizen life; they shunned the people, and were partisans of the Emperor. In order to become Priors they were forced to enrol themselves in some trade, to change name and crest, to become as one of the people. The unity of the triumphant Guelphs lasted but a short time under the supreme guardianship of the Pope. In 1300 it was broken up into two factions—the Bianchi or moderate Guelphs, the Neri or Neoguelphs. All these parties, whether Guelphs and Ghibellines, or Bianchi and Neri, were

composed of ancient nobles, or nobles recently created, or rich merchants, who alternately strove for and attained the upper hand. The actual people had no part in these societies, and from time to time drove out first one, then the other, from the city. Later they, too, appeared on the battle-field, and the political struggle became a social struggle.

On the 15th of June, 1301, Dante, who had enrolled himself as a druggist, was elected Prior, which office lasted two months. His lofty ideas and expansive views forbade him to ascend to supreme power only to further the narrow aims of the Bianchi faction, to which he belonged; he sought to promote the general interests of the community by counselling measures of strict justice. When the rival parties broke out into open violence, he proposed to send the chiefs of both Bianchi and Neri to the frontier, and his proposal was accepted by the other Priors. Both parties were equally offended, and his impartiality was the origin of his own irreparable misfortunes. This equilibrium was regarded by all as Utopian. Guelphs and Ghibellines, Bianchi and Neri, could not, it was believed, exist at the same time in the same city. One must triumph, while death or exile must be the portion of the others. Yet they were not divided by any very different series of ideas—it was lust of power that separated them. The idea of right was not counterpoised by the correlative idea of duty. Right with them meant wrath enthroned. The Neri, who were partisans of France, invoked the intervention of Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the Bean, who was on his way to conquer Naples. In order to avert this calamity from Florence, Dante was sent on a mission to Pope Boniface VIII. The Pope buoyed him up with fair words and ample promises, but was at the same time engaged in a conspiracy with the Neri and Charles d'Anjou, who entered Florence. Dante, still absent as ambassador, was fined five thousand small florins (*in libris florenorum parvorum*), sentenced to two years of banishment, excluded for life from all public offices (*nullo tempore possit habere aliquod officium vel beneficium pro communi vel a communi Florentia*), and in default of payment within three days, to have all his property seized and de-

stroyed. His judges accounted for this sentence by affirming that it had reached the ears of the Podesta (*ex eo quod ad aures nostras et curiæ nostræ notitia, fama publica referente, pervenit*), that Dante Alighieri was a usurer, guilty of illicit gains, of iniquitous extortions of money and substance, and of sequestering public documents. Thus the vengeance of his adversaries, not content with sending him into poverty and exile, sought also to defame him. The fine he disdained to pay, and on the 10th March was sentenced to perpetual banishment, and, if taken, to be burnt alive (*si in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, igne comburetur sic quod moriatur*). One of his earliest biographers, Leonardo Aretino, writes: "They produced a document to substantiate their accusations, and this document, which I have seen, is still in the Pretorian Palace; but in my opinion it is extremely suspicious, and I do not hesitate to pronounce it fictitious."

Banished and calumniated again and again, in company with his fellow-exiles he tried to effect his return by means of conspiracies and expeditions, but all failed, and he separated from his co-conspirators an embittered and disappointed man. Wrath and thirst for vengeance transformed the man, the citizen, the poet. The author of the *Vita Nuova*, "to whom no enemy remained," "whose frame was pervaded by a thrill of charity, which led him to pardon all who had offended him," became the author of the *Inferno*. The sweet singer of Beatrice is transmuted into the terrible painter of Farinata and Ugolino; the timid lover who, at the sight of Bice, "felt an exquisite tremor in his bosom," now drags with inexorable hand the past and present generations down into the depths of hell, "into the whirlwind that is never still," "into the hailstorm of fire," into the "eternal ice of Antenora." Here he deposits all his enemies, all who were hostile to him on earth—men, peoples, cities—in no gentle fashion either, as he himself tells us. "Then I seized him by his after-scalp and cried, Either thou dost name thyself, or here I leave thee not a single hair."

He seems to assume the office and authority of God; accuses, judges, condemns, creates the places and assigns the degrees of punishment, and writes on the

gates of the awful prison—"Abandon every hope, O ye who enter." The sentences passed by Dante are indelible in a quite other sense than that pronounced and signed by Cante de' Gabrielli da Gubbio, Podesta of Florence. Hearty thanks are due to this Cante de' Gabrielli, and to the Neri faction, for having torn Dante from the pleasures of his native city, and from his home; since, had not his genius been sharpened by sorrow, his soul tempered by misfortune, his brain stimulated by a sense of injustice, his heart stirred by persecution, never would he have produced his immortal tragedy.

His exile lasted eighteen years. In canto xvii. of *Paradise* his ancestor Cacciaguidi foretells his fate:

Thou shalt prove how salt will taste
The strangers' bread; how hard it is
To ascend and descend by other people's stairs.

In the *Convito* he tells us: "Where-soever this tongue is spoken I have wandered, almost begging; showing, against my will, the wounds of fate, which are often unjustly imputed as faults to the sufferers. Verily I have been as a vessel without sails or helm, driven hither and thither to ports and straits and shores by adverse winds, which rise from sad poverty, and thus I appeared in the eyes of many who, owing perhaps to a certain fame acquired, had formed a very different idea of me; hence not only was my person depreciated, but the work I had accomplished and that yet unfinished were less esteemed."

Exile, the injustice endured, and thirst for revenge modified Dante's political opinions materially. He ceased to be a Guelph without becoming a Ghibelline—the change being far more radical, since he substituted a belief in monarchy for his republican creed. Ghibellinism did not exclude a republican form of government—the republics of Pisa and Arezzo were Ghibelline; whereas Dante wrote a treatise on monarchy, in which he affirms that its existence is necessary to the happiness of mankind, points to the Roman people as its fountain head, to the King of the Romans, i. e. the Emperor, as its representative, and traces its immediate origin from God without the Pope's intervention. As a unitarian and partisan

of centralization he hurled anathemas at all autonomous cities and provinces; calls Florence "an accursed ditch," Pisa "the refuse of cities," Lucca "a nest of vipers," Genoa "indecent and full of every vice," Pistoja "fit only to be reduced to ashes," Treviso "full of traitors," Romagne "full of poisonous serpents and of bodies animated by demons," Puglia "of cowardly soldiers," Citaja "of madmen," Bologna "of panders," Arezzo "of dogs," Lombardy "fit for such as can not for very shame consort with good men, and where not three educated men can be found;" and in a letter he speaks of Venice in the following terms: "Truly a wretched and ill-mannered mob, insolently oppressed, shamefully governed, and cruelly taxed: how can I, O Signore, express the gross ignorance of these grave, venerable fathers? When I found myself in the presence of this grey-bearded and aged assembly, I naturally wished to fulfill my mission and communicate your message in the Latin tongue. Hardly had I pronounced my exordium when they sent to beg me either to seek an interpreter or to speak in another language. Half-astonished, half-indignant (I can hardly tell which sentiment predominated), I began to say something in that tongue which I first lisped in swaddling-clothes, and even this scarcely sounded more natural or familiar to their ears than Latin. This ought not to surprise us, seeing that they know not how to speak Italian, because, descended from Grecian and Dalmatian ancestors, their only inheritance, brought to this most fertile soil, is made up of the lowest and most indecent habits, together with the dregs of every vice."

Allowing himself to be carried away by his new monarchial, imperial, and centralizing convictions, he writes, in the *Convito*, his greatest prose works: "In order to bring human life to perfection, imperial authority was devised; this is the guide and rule of all our operations, so that if one wish to describe the office of the emperor by a symbol, one might say that he is the rider of human will, and it is sufficiently evident that the horse often wanders wild without his rider, especially in this wretched Italy, which has been left without any sort of guidance." During the first years of his

exile, impelled by his yearning to return to Florence, and by his burning thirst for vengeance on the Neri, he sought partisans among the Ghibelline chiefs, and visited certain persons who were for waging war on Florence. But, depressed by one failure after another, his spirit was tempered to more peaceful aspirations and vaster designs. Then it was that he dreamed of a German Cæsar in Rome, the concentration of the petty Italian republics and principalities in one United Italy, and of the unity of the human race as of a circle round a centre. Thus he set his hopes first on Albert of Austria, and afterwards far more firmly on Henry of Luxemburg, to whom he wrote letters, and whom he urged to enter Florence in person. Now it is that the serenity of the Utopian prevails over the ire of the partisan. "Rejoice to-day, O Italy," he writes, "for thy spouse, who is the joy of the age and the glory of thy people, the most clement Henry hastens to thy bridal: dry thy tears, O fairest one, and hide the signs of grief; since he is nigh who will liberate thee from prison and free thee from the wicked. Forgive! forgive to-day, O beloved ones, who have suffered injuries, even as I have suffered, so that the chosen Shepherd may know thee as lambs of his fold. For although, by divine permission, he holds in his hand the rod of temporal punishment, yet, because he resembles Him from whom, as from one root, branches the power of Peter and of Cæsar, he chastises his flock, yet far more gladly shows mercy unto them."

Invective is succeeded by idyll; reconciliation, forgiveness, oblivion, take the place of vengeance. Gradually as the tempestuous politician calms down, the poet also grows calmer: he sings—"To ride o'er gentler waves, the slight bark of my genius spreads her sails, leaving behind the cruel sea." He had already reached the mount of Purgatory, "where the human spirit becomes worthy of ascending to heaven." Even the new edict of death issued against him and against his children by his fellow-citizens, did not distract him. Yet once again he returned to the consideration of mundane things, when Florence offered a pardon to the exiles, on the condition of "paying a certain sum, of wearing a degrading

mitre on their heads, and, wax-taper in hand, with abject and contrite mien, marching in procession behind the ear of the Mint, and thus entering into the church of S. Giovanni, there to expiate their crimes by an offering to the saints." Writing to a friend in Florence, whom he calls *Pater*, he says,—“From your letters, received in the spirit of reverence and affection which they merit, I have gathered with thoughtfulness and gratitude all your anxiety for my return home; and I have been all the more touched by them because it is so rare for exiles to meet with friends. I now reply to their contents, and if I can not do that which the pusillanimity of some would wish, I affectionately pray that a careful examination of my motives may precede your sentence. The letters of your and my nephews, and of other friends, inform me that, in virtue of the decree concerning the exiles recently issued in Florence, if I choose to pay a certain sum of money, and suffer the shame of a fine, I may obtain absolution, and return at once. In these propositions there are, to speak plainly, two things, O *Pater*, which are ridiculous and ill-advised. I apply the word ill-advised to those who informed me of them, since you in your wiser and more prudent letter do not once refer to them.

“Is this, then, the glorious path by which Dante Alighieri is recalled to his country after the sufferings of an exile which has lasted almost fifteen years? Is this the reward of his innocence clear to all? This the result of the sweat and toil endured in his studies? Far from the man who has made Philosophy his friend be such baseness; worthy only of a degraded heart to consent, even as a certain Ciolo, and other men of ill-fame, to be ransomed like a prisoner! Far be it from the man, the apostle of justice—the man insulted and offended—to pay a tribute to his offenders, even as though they were his benefactors.

“This is not the road by which to return to our country, O my father; but if you or others find a path which will not stain Dante's honor, he will accept it immediately. But if there be no honorable path to Florence, he will never enter into Florence. What! can I not behold the sun and stars from every corner

of the earth? Can I not meditate on sweetest truth from every region under heaven, if I do not by my own act strip myself of every glory—ay, render myself ignominious to the people and city of Florence? Bread at least will not be wanting.”

So, following in the footsteps of his Beatrice, he consecrated the last four years of his life to the canticles of *Paradise*. Then reclining his weary head on the immortal book, with, perhaps, a last sigh for Florence—for him, “empty of charity and void of love,” yet never by him forgotten—he died.

Towards the end of May, just after the centenary festival, the bones of Dante were discovered at a short distance from the tomb where, since 1321, they were supposed to lie, and now await from Italy a worthy sepulchre.

During the May festival an interesting and valuable collection of the rarest MSS. and editions of the poem was exhibited in the hall of the Palazzo Pretorio, the oldest public palace of Florence, recently restored to its primitive form, almost as it existed in Alighieri's time. The place was worthy of the collection of 204 editions of the *Divine Comedy*, 32 translations in various tongues and dialects, 12 separate commentaries, 28 editions of the minor works, 65 copies of different illustrations of the Life and Works of Dante, 48 manuscripts of the *Divine Comedy*, with the date, belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; 132 of the same epoch without date, and hundreds of manuscript commentaries and documents relating to Dante, to his age, or to eminent personages mentioned in the poem. Space forbids us touching on more than a very few specimens of this collection.

The first editions of the *Comedy* were printed in Fuligno in 1472, by Giovanni Numeister, and in that same year other three were issued in Jesi, Mantua, and Naples. The British Museum possesses a copy of each, and the only existing copy of the Neapolitan edition, abstracted from the Magliabecchiana library in Florence. Lord Vernon, the famous Danto-filo, published them all at his own expense (in one volume) in fac-simile; and the book, edited by Panizzi, figures in the Pretorian exposition. Five copies

of the Fuligno edition are to be seen there to belonging to the Magliabecchiana, Laurenziana, and Palatina libraries of Florence, to Count Orsina of Fuligno, and to Marquis Trivulzio of Milan. The edition is in small folio, the pages are not numbered.

Comparing these copies with the two in the British Museum, it is evident two editions must have been printed at the same time, since in some we find errors which are corrected in others. For instance, the Laurenziana (*Inferno*, canto iii. line 68) we read, "*Pocia ch'io ebbi alcun riconosciuto*," and in all the others *Pocia*. Again, at line 63, in the Laurenziana and Magliabecchiana, "*A Dio spiacente ed a nemici sui*," and in all the others *dispiacente*. Panizzi remarks that in the copy belonging to the Duc d'Aumale in line 58 occurs *recognosciuto* instead of *recognosciuto*, and elsewhere *cogliochi* instead of *con gli occhi*, *arrivae* instead of *alla riva*, and several other errors only to be found in the Palatina copy.

The Jesi edition is extremely rare, and was printed four months after that of Fuligno by Federico Veronese. "Explicit: Liber Dantis impressus a Magistro Federico Veronese M.CCCC.LXXII. quinto decimo a Lendas Augusti. In folio piccolo." The copy exhibited belongs to the Trivulzian library in Milan; it is complete and in good condition, the frontispiece only missing. In the copy of the British Museum several pages are missing; six have been copied by Mr. Harris from one belonging to Lord Spencer, and from another incomplete copy pages 214-16 have been taken; still three are missing altogether. The Mantuan edition contests with that of Fuligno the rights of primogeniture. Dantis Aligerii poetæ Florentini Inferni capitulum incipit," stands at the beginning; and at the end, "Magister Georgius et magister Paulus, Teutonici, hoc opus Mantuæ impresserunt, adiuvante Columbino Veronensi." Two copies belonging to the national library of Naples and to the Trivulzian are exhibited. The second, rich in arabesques and miniatures, contains a dedication from Colombini, the printer, to Nuvoloni, a Mantuan gentleman, which is wanting in that of Naples. Neither of these copies have been seen by Paniz-

zi, who, in the preface to Lord Vernon's Volume, says that he only knows of those belonging to the British Museum, to the Royal Society, and to Lord Spencer.

Only in the Fuligno edition do we find the arguments placed at the head of each canto, and according to Professor Quirico Viani this one adheres closer than any of the old editions to the best texts.

Typographically speaking, the Jesi edition is the best, but less correct than any other; the most correct of all is that of Mantua. According to Panizzi, the value of these first editions "consist in their pointing out how the pronunciation has been altered, in giving us the etymology of certain words, and the primary signification of many others."

After these earliest editions figure the Neapolitan of 1477, in folio, sent by the library of the Neapolitan University, printed by Mattia Morano; that of Vindelino da Spira, sent by the Ricciardana library, with comments by Jacopo della Lana, Bolognese, 1477, erroneously attributed to Benvenuto da Imola, at the commencement of which is printed, for the first time, Boccaccio's Life of Dante; the Milanese edition, sent by the Brera Library, printed on parchment, in 1478; and especially the Florentine edition in folio, printed by Lorenzo della Magna, in 1481, with the commentaries of Cristoforo Landini, sent by the Magliabecchiana. The copy exhibited is a splendid volume presented by Landini to the Signoria of Florence, in return for which gift the learned commentator received a tower of the Castello di Borgo, in Collieria, his birthplace in Casentino.

The edition of Della Magna is the first printed in Florence; Landini's, the only one printed on parchment. In that of the Imperial Library in Paris several pages are missing, many are only printed on one side, and nearly all are defective. The poem is preceded by Landini's comments and by a Life of Dante, and by considerations on the excellence of the Florentines in arts and letters, on the site, form, and personages of the *Inferno*, on the stature of giants and of Lucifer. The miniatures which adorn the Proemio, the three canticles (and especially the first), are wrought with a delicacy and

good taste worthy of Perugino. The binding is in the olden style, the corners bound with silver clasps representing the years of the Florentine Republic, and with two medals in the centre of the cover, on which are engraved the figure of Hercules, the seal of the Republic, and Marzocco holding in his claws the banner of the Giglio.

The Venetian edition of Quarenghi, 1497, contains marginal notes by Tassoni. The Venetian edition of Ferrari, 1555, is the first in which the title of *Divina Commedia* appears on the frontispiece, while the Venetian edition of the *Convito*, 1521, is copiously annotated by Torquato Tasso.

Among the modern editions of the comedy three stand unrivalled; i.e. the three printed expressly for the festival destined to commemorate the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth—that of Bologna under the superintendence of Professor Scarabelli, with commentaries by Jacopo della Lana—that of Mantua by Pietro Rossi, 1865, a typographical chef-d'œuvre from every point of view, and the Cassinese of 1864, which is the first edition printed from the famous text of the Comedy preserved in Montecassino.

This edition is ornamented with photographic facsimiles of the text, and of other writings of the earliest ages existing in the Cassinese archives—which are useful for comparison. It seems to have been commenced during the first half of the thirteenth century; the writing, the orthography and certain comments in the margin, all conduce to this supposition. The text is written on vellum, which was in use as early as the tenth century, and especially towards the first half of the fourteenth. Its darkish tint, its weight, quality and form are identical with a legal document of 1310, which exists in the Cassinese archives. The writing of the marginal comments seems the same as that of some manuscript sermons written in April, 1326, by Ambrogio di Castello. It differs from the rough Longobard writing, with its long irregular strokes, and resembles the square ancian writing of the Romans. None of the *i*'s are dotted, the dot being first used towards the end of the fourteenth century; and the words flow into each other, as is the case

with all the writings of that epoch. Two historical proofs also determine its date. The commentator, speaking of the death of Thomas Aquinas, poisoned by Charles d'Anjou, says, "that his corpse lies at Fasanova," where we know that it was first buried, though in 1368 it was transported to Tolosa. Again, in his explanations of line 36 of canto xxxiii. *Purgatory*—

Che vendetta di Dio non teme zuppe,

he refers to a Florentine superstition still extant in his day, which led the relations of a murdered man to guard the tomb lest the murderers should come *mangiare la zuppa*, or to feast thereon. We know from Benvenuto da Imola, and from Dante's son, who flourished in 1386, that this practice had then fallen into disuse.

The paleographic observations on the Cassinese MSS. apply equally to the magnificent MSS. of the Palatine library of Florence, exhibited in the Bargello, which, for antiquity, bears the palm from all the rest, since it is anterior to 1833, hence anterior the Landini's of 1336, to the Trivulziana of 1337, and to the Cassinese, whose date can only be fixed by induction, ever open to error.

The one in the Palatina is probably the MSS. belonging to Luca Martini in 1329, seen by Baccio Valori in 1515, and thought to be lost. It is evidently anterior to 1333, because, unlike the others on record, it is written in two volumes, and the verses each occupy two lines. Its date is also determined by an historical proof. The commentator, who is also the writer of the MSS., in order to explain the following lines—

E se non fosse che in sul passo d'Arno,
Rimase ancor di lui (Marie) alcuna vista (his statue),

(*Inferno*, canto xlii. lines 145-46)—

writes—"Dopo il decto mutamento nente meno una statua di Marte rimase in sullo vecchio Ponte de la decta cittade, la quale statua dirovino nel fiume d'Arno, e per molti anni in quello stette, in fra 'l quale molte schonfite ricevette dai vicini la decta cittade. Poi dopo anni molti fue ritrovata e dritta al decto Ponte, et per consiglio d'alchuno astrologho edirecta la cittade in melliorei provvedimenti che chonsiglio que quella statua si

ritrovasse et riponessesi nel luogo dov' ella è ancora." Now Villani (Cronaca, lib. xi. cap. 1) bears witness that in the flood of 1333 the statue of Mars was again hurled into the Arno, and lost for ever.

The Landiano MSS. of Piacenza is also very valuable. It bears the written date of 1336, and hence stands second to the Palatina. Its priority is further confirmed by the fact that Antonio Delfino was commissioned to write it by Beccario Beccheria of Pavia, who was Podesta of Genoa, sub anno Domini Mill^o ccc. xxxvi. We read this declaration at the head of the canticle of *Paradise*. Comparing the Landiano manuscript with the Cominiana edition of the *Divine Comedy*, 1727, we meet with 306 variations, many of which are valuable as corrections; take, for instance, the 59th line of the fifth canto of *Hell*,

Che succedette a Nino e fu sua sposa.

The Landiano MSS. runs *che succe dette*, and means "who gave suck." And in truth Semiramide, of whom the poet speaks, was both mother and wife of Nino, and for this is condemned to the circle of lust. The *succedette* of Cominiana and the rest is an absurdity.

We will only add that not a single page of Dante's own writing remains to us; not even his signature. From Leonardo Aretino we know that his writing was *magra, lunga, e molto corretta*. It is strange to say that in the 178 manuscripts exhibited in the Bargello, and in the 236 editions—if we except Foscolo's, printed in London, 1842, by Pietro Rolandi—none of the volumes bear the title placed by Dante at the head of the poem in his dedication of *Paradise* to Cane della Scala.

Incipit comedia
Dantis Allagherii,
Florentini natione,
Non moribus.

We have not even his picture. The pretended picture of Dante attributed by Vasari to Giotto, and discovered in 1840 by Antonio Marini, is not by Giotto at

all. Vasari took the idea from Filippo Villani, who, according to Vasari, wrote that Giotto "also painted a portrait of himself by means of a mirror, and of his contemporary Dante Alighieri, the poet, in a picture of a public festival in the chapel of the Podesta on the wall (*in muro*)," whereas what Villani did write was, "on the altar table (*sulla tavola dell' altare*)." Of this *tavola* we know nothing later than 1382, and on the wall, by the side of the pretended portrait of Dante, we find no portrait of Giotto. Moreover, we know that the roof of the Pretorian Palace, or Palace of the Podesta, was destroyed by fire in 1332, and replaced by the present vaulted roofs. The fire and the masons would have destroyed the fresco on the wall if painted before 1332. Again, a document exists, which informs us that the walls of the palace were painted in 1337, when Varano was Podesta, and Giotto had then been dead six months, and Dante sixteen years; besides, the portrait in the chapel is said to have been painted when he was fifteen, and wrote the sonnet to Guido and Lapo.

No portrait remains to us save the one given by Boccaccio: "This poet of ours was of middle stature, and when he arrived at mature age he stooped slightly; his step was firm and stately; he wore the simplest dress suited to his age; his face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes large rather than small, his jaws large, his under lip protruding beyond the upper, his complexion clear, his hair and beard massive, black, and curly; his countenance ever melancholy and thoughtful." But even this is not a perfect portrait, because in his Latin *Egloga*, in reply to his friend Giovanni de Virgilio Bolognese, who invited him to Bologna to receive the poet's crown, he says himself that his hair was fair. "Were it not better that I crown and cover not under the triumphal wreath the hair which on the Arno's banks was fair, but which, if I return to my native land, will then be grey?"

Dublin University Magazine.

DREAMS

DURING READING RAMBLES.—No. I.

THEOCRITUS.

'Tis a Sicilian summer morn. From the intense azure of the firmament the sun glows with oriental splendor above the lovely coast of Syracuse, the dancing waters of the gulf, and the rich plains inland, which spread to the horizon with their woods and orchards, golden corn-fields, and emerald leagues of pasture, covered with innumerable flocks. The white city, with its five districts, rises majestically from the tranquil coast, where the island Ogygia, in which the Arethusian fountain sparkles amid fresh foliage, forms to the north one side of the many-masted harbor, fronting the semicircular arm of the southern promontory of Plemmyrium, with its shrines and groves. Skirting the clear flowing river Anapus, the second region, Acradina, extends along the shore its sumptuous many-templed streets, in whose marble shadow innumerable figures in many-colored costumes, white, crimson, and purple, move hither and thither, pursuing their business before the intense heat of the noon, sending them in-door to slumber, renders the city a sunny solitude. From the latter district a steep highway, cut through cliffs honeycombed with sepulchres, and bordered by monuments, leads westward to the rocky plateau where Tyche stands, beyond which is seen the suburb Neapolis and the three heights of the Epipolæ, with their vast catacombs, grotesque grottoes, and spring-fed summits, which supply the many-arched aqueducts extending thence to city and port; above which, amid the masses of arborage and terraced gardens of each graduated ascent, many a mighty temple soars supreme in the blinding sunshine. To the east, the blue disk of the Sicilian sea, dotted with vessels and glittering in the profuse light, spreads to an horizon as blue; to the south, beyond the plains, the many-valed mountains, amid which lie the lilyed fields of Enna; and the thymy ravines of honey-bearing Hybla; while still veiled in the light morning haze ascending from the rivered lowland, the crest of Ætna rises

midway into the northern sky sublime, like a god of the primeval race, a terror and a beauty, whose gloomy heart echoes the thunder of the dread Tartarean depths—whose stupendous brow soars into the heavens, in companionship with the sun.

While the narrow streets of the city, bathed in the blue shadows, are still vocal to the sounds of morning life, a figure emerging from the vine-draped door of a rustic cottage on the Plemmyrian promontory, paces slowly along an avenue of palm and cypress, which leads to a point where the grassy steeps of the shore, embowered in abundant foliage, overlook a little reach of sunny waters where some ships lie at anchor in the shining calm. Arrived at a pleasant nook, he stretches on the deep mosses in the broad shade of some old walnut and olive trees, whose branches are interlaced by climbing vines and trailers; and taking a roll of papyrus, a reed pen, and ink-bottle from the breast of his blue and white robe, and throwing his straw hat on the ground, for a while surveys from the height the surrounding prospect.

He is a tall figure, with chestnut beard and hair confined across his broad white brow by a band of water lily; his features, which represent in their regularity the pure Greek type, are characterized by a sort of sentient calm; and his large simple blue eyes, which lustre under meeting brows, seem the home of dreams and charmed reverie sweet and gay, as he gazes around, recipient of each form and sound of life. Now as he looks inland, the voices of the naked reapers in the cornland swoon faintly on the bright stillness; now the murmur of the spring trickling down the humid rock amid the long grasses, mingles with the faint minstrelsy of some procession moving to a temple; now with the song of some mariner resting on the bulwark of his conch-shaped barque in the azure harbor offing; then all such sounds lapsing away, give place to the melody of innumerable summer birds—to the lark in the sunny sky—to the ringdoves in the distant woods.

Along the wild and beautiful coast there are numerous straw-thatched cottages of fishermen, rude and small, formed of a few planks, and covered with leaves—summer-houses of the happy shore—

with their beds of sea-weed and ozier pillows, their baskets and water pitchers scattered on the floor, amid rods, hooks, and other implements of the trade of their occupants. Without, rude old boats lie stranded on the sunny beach, where the long brown nets spread drying.

Presently a group of girls emerge from the end of a little leafy cape anear, and advance, laughing and conversing together, until they arrive beneath the cliff where the blue-eyed figure reclines. Here they pause; picking up shells and perusing their tracteries, from which they seek to interrogate fortune.

"Look, look, Leriopé," one cries, encircling with her arm the sun-dark neck of her companion; "does not fate promise me a happy future in this shell I have found by chance; that dark dot—is it not exactly the form of a shepherd's cottage, and those tiny white ones surrounding it—can any one doubt but they are sheep?"

"They are indeed like; but where, Glacis, is the shepherd?"

The girl sighed; then throwing back her long black hair with one hand, the while she bent her eyes on the sands, "I will see him in the next I pick up," she said, faintly laughing; "but I must not look, for love they say is blind, but close my eyes and take the chance. But he shall be a handsome fellow, I promise you."

"Like Lycon," suggested her companion looking archly sideways.

"Oh! he is too rich," pouted the pretty Sibyl, "he has a hundred sheep and more; but let's see"—and stooping she picked up another shell, over which both bent earnestly a moment. The next, Leriopé, dislinking from Glacis, threw up her arms, swaying her lithe waste to and fro, laughing.

"Surely you have sacrificed to Venus," she cried, joyously holding the shell at arm's length. "Yes, there is his head, his eyes, his mouth; when the sea has painted his picture and thrown it at your feet, and when you with eyes closed have found it—what then? 't will be a marriage, I say."

At this Glacis again embraced her friend's neck, and they advanced a few paces in silence, when the latter said, "It is so kind of you, Leriopé, to prom-

ise me good fortune, when your own lover is away."

"Away, alas! yes," Leriopé returned, pausing, and turning her face, suddenly grown sad, to the sea. "It is a year since I have seen him; and though I pray daily to Neptune and the winds, he comes not."

Suddenly Glacis picked up another shell, and bending thereon her eyes dancing with gladness exclaimed, "If fate speaks in shells, dear Leriopé, not long will you lament his absence, for lo! are not those marks like clouds above the sunset, and beneath this dark dot, precisely like the vessel in which he is sailing to you over the golden-ridged waves of the western sea?" Leriopé pressed her hands to her heart, and looking upward on the sky, seemed for some moments offering up a silent prayer; nor did they again speak until they had moved round the point of a rock, and passed beyond the hearing of the listener.

Then came bounding along another group of girls whose laughs rung through the warm air, some of whom sang, while others arm enwound began to dance to their shifting shadows cast by the sun on the sands and rocks, until arrived at a cove where some young mariners lay in their barques anchored a little way out in the waters, they opened a conversation with them bold and gay, secure in the depth that lay between—a frolicking dialogue, in which they invited them to quit the rude sea, and live on the land, where love and all pastoral delight's awaited them.

The figure, resting his head in the soft grasses of the cliff, listened while this jubilant interchange of query and reply lasted; and then, the last echoes of their voices having died beyond the vine-draped caverns of the beach, the girl-group passed away, and the mariners silently occupied in their vessels which were to weigh anchor at the rise of the moon, having paused for some time wrapped in conceptive silence—Theocritus—for it was he, seizing his reed pen, and stretching the papyrus roll on his knees, began to trace some verses, of which the colloquy he had just heard elicited the ideal theme. 'Twas a Land and Sea Dialogue:

Shepherd.

Come, youthful mariners, to shore, the summer land invites to rest,
 Come, ocean wearied voyagers, hither, each a shepherd's welcome guest;
 For you a rural feast we'll order, wine and honey, milk and bread,
 A tender kid with chestnuts graced, a cheese, blue plums, and apples red;
 For you the goatherd will attune his reed, and call from cots around
 The fern-wreathed maids, blue eyed, white breasted, who with you will beat the ground
 In joyous dance, 'mid which the kiss will mingle with sweet laughter's sound.
 Come, leave the black wave-worn vessel stranded on the quiet beach,
 Ascend the soft sea slopes, whose green is mirrored on this glassy reach;
 Forget the toils and storms of ocean, which, all calm, forgets them too,
 Come, summer breathes o'er hill and mountain, summer reigns from blue to blue.
 The goldfinch sprinks minutest music near: remote the ringdoves coo,
 The grasshopper in sunny chirpings shrill, chaunts ceaseless, drunk with dew
 In the green herb; and from the dense grove, in the rivered valley nigh,
 The nightingale pours forth its plaint of mingled ecstasy and sigh;
 While, lost in bluest air aloft, a dwindling speck, the lark sings free—
Sis-sis-sis—tirr-tirr-irr-ace-wo-wo—wo-wo-wo-tirr-sis, wo-wo.
 Here happy rest; for here dark cypress, here broad oak trees shadow round,
 Here sweetly by their honey'd hives busies the bee swarms' humming sound;
 Here pulse two limpid fountains cool; here, under beeches spreading wide,
 The birds pipe garrulous: such shade is nowhere in the land beside
 As where this pine, from airy summit, drops its cones upon the ground.

Mariners.

Peace has its pleasures, but to us a life of peace seems wearisome;
 For us the restless Neptune rather, bluey spreading forth in gloom
 Its never-ending heaving billows, crested with their careless foam;
 Broadgolden in the dawn and even, solemn in the azure night,
 Reflecting all the starry clusters, burning from the infinite,
 No wish have we for quiet vales, circled by sheep, a girl beside;
 But through the swinging vales of ocean, on from sky to sky to ride.
 We prize the strong delights of danger and of brave endurance, we,
 Battling the wind and roaring waters, friendless, pleasureless, but free,—
 When gods and winds conflict, each stormy voyage becomes a victory.
 How tedious in those mountain-closed plains to live from year to year,
 To labor, feed, love, sleep, and die, experienceless from birth to lier!
 For us on ocean limitless are visions endless as its flow,
 South, north, east, west, new regions hail us, realms of sunshine and of snow;
 Black Afric, where 'mid desert temples rise the mighty dead abodes,
 The Ptolemean pyramids, stupendous as the work of gods,
 Beside which floats the wealth that flows from the deep south, the land of dream,
 In everlasting summer, down the golden Ethiopic stream:
 Rich Asia's coasts of purple mountains, hills of vineyards, realms of corn;
 The shores of India, dusk and odorous, reaching to the farthest morn.
 Rich lands of mines and silk salute us, blown before the favoring breeze,
 Rich forests on the dawn-topt hills, beneath blue depths of pearly seas;
 Nay, deeper in the orient still, seen from the mast head, but unwon,
 The magic charmed music islands, close upon the rising sun.
 Delights are these, but sterner those—to steer away from living lands
 Westward, where dies the sun when th' earth-surrounding sea expands,
 A solitude known but to gods, or ghosts who flit with closed eyes
 Toward their bourne, the blessed islands smiling in the sunset skies;
 To steer through northern fogs into the Hyperborean realms sublime,
 Where, half the year cold Dian reigns, and half the sun usurps the clime,
 Where storms of snow and moonlight billowing through the giant mountain's roll,
 And dark depths tremble to the thunder, bursting from the sightless pole.
 Such are our joys; now matched against the tempest's fury labor we;
 Now stretched beneath the faint puff'd sail, float o'er the mornings of the sen.
 Familiar with the death that fills the deeps as with the night and day,
 We fear it not—if on our bones some pious hand shall overlay
 A little earth, when cold we rest, washed on some kindly-peopled bay.

Shepherds.

'Tis golden noon, but shady stillness fills the ivy-draped cave,
 The rock beyond the headland dips and drowns in the blue-foamed wave,
 The flowers are closing in the heat, and stillness spreads o'er land and sea;
 The hour of sunny sleep approaches—

Here the reed pen dropped from the hand of the poet, who, with head reclined amid the leaves, yielded to material powers of Apollo;—but, however, to experience his spiritual breathing in sunny vistaed visions, and fragment fancies of bright summer dreams.

T. L.

Bentley's Miscellany.

A PLEASANT SUNDAY IN TIPPERARY.

"An old song will buy it," said my husband; "it is perfectly ridiculous; splendid fishing and shooting, land that only needs capital to make it pay tenfold, and a very tolerable house. Of course it needs modernizing, but that can soon be done. What do you say, Mary?"

"I don't like Ireland, and I don't like change."

"Ireland is like a certain potentate, not half so bad as it is painted. And change is absolutely necessary for us both, not a partial or temporary change, but one thorough and permanent."

"Change will do us no good," I answered, moodily.

"It shall, it must—at least, we will try."

"I have no energy or hope left. Men are so different; they get over everything in time."

"Ah, Mary, you are unjust. In one sense I shall never 'get over' our grief, but it is unwise and ungrateful to lie down supinely, and make no effort to enjoy the blessings we have left. We have health, abundant means for enjoyment and charity, and we have each other still. Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

Yes, I knew it; but our two boys, our only children, had met their deaths by drowning some ten months before the above conversation, and I was still utterly prostrate from the blow. I opposed my husband's wish to settle in Ireland with a kind of passive resistance, but the affair ended in his purchasing Tullylinch, an estate situated in the very heart of notorious Tipperary, and in the autumn of the following year we were settled there. The house, improved by large plate-glass windows, which admitted abundant light and air, was thoroughly

repaired and renovated before I saw it—a large, rambling, old-fashioned dwelling, standing in the midst of a beautifully undulating and well-planted lawn, abounding in magnificent hawthorns. On one side of this lawn, and divided from it by a thick and high beech hedge, studded at intervals by lime-trees, lay our kitchen-gardens and orchards, and on the other side was what remained of an oak wood, almost impervious to human feet from the dense undergrowth of brambles; beyond wood and gardens were meadow and corn-lands; and still beyond, miles of bare brown moorland, stretching away to the foot of a range of blue hills which bounded the horizon. Almost in spite of myself the totally new scenes and occupations around me took my thoughts from my brooding sorrow. As for my husband, he revelled in farming experiments, and seemed to take his stand on the principle of having a machine for doing everything hitherto done by human labor. Nevertheless, there was so much to be done on our estate, and so many laborers were needed by us, that our arrival was a cause of rejoicing to the peasantry in our neighborhood; and although I have not at all popular manners, I soon became as great a favorite as "the masther." Indeed, the three years which succeeded our arrival in Ireland were years to break down the barriers of reserve between rich and poor, and bring them together on the common ground of human suffering. Famine stalked triumphant over the land, and fever followed in his train. Our vicinity suffered severely, and the terrible death-wail, which once heard can never be forgotten, rose from almost every cabin of that lonely district. With plenty of money, and plenty of time, and a husband whose heart was as generous as sunshine, I must have been less than woman had I kept aloof from the misery around me. At first, the squalor, dirt, improvidence, and ignorance of my poor neighbors, somewhat disheartened me, but use soon injured me to these, and when I found that, precious as pecuniary aid was to them, they thought yet more of words of kindly sympathy, and the honor of a personal visit from "the mistress," I began to go freely and frequently among them, and I never had reason to

repent it. On the contrary, I have seen more real delicacy of tact, and natural good breeding, among those poor Tipperary peasants, than I might have found in many a luxurious drawing-room. Colonel Forrest and I became so popular, that, although disaffection and outrage became fearfully common both in our own and the adjacent counties, although landlords and others were threatened, shot at, and in many cases killed, we felt quite secure, and while we adopted such precautions as it would have been foolhardy to neglect, we were at the same time perfectly convinced of the want of any necessity for them. Our hall door was of oak, stout and strong, and besides a goodly lock, chain, and a strong iron bolt above and below, it was secured at night, and on occasions when the house was left unprotected by men, by three heavy iron bars, which rested at either end in deep sockets in the walls. The doors of the dining and drawing-rooms opened into the front hall, and the large modern windows of these apartments were protected not only by ordinary shutters, but by others formed of tough, well-seasoned wood, fastened in the same way as the hall door. The inner hall was divided by folding-doors from the outer one, and in this inner hall was the staircase and a breakfast-room. Every door and window by which ingress might be sought was equally well defended, and we thought ourselves thoroughly fortified, and should have thought so even had we had any fears of being attacked.

Three years passed quietly over, and in the early part of the summer of the fourth, my baby was born.

As soon as I was able to be about again, it was my custom to go to church every alternate Sunday, my nurse taking the others in her turn. On these occasions no one was left at home save a young girl, a kitchen-maid, to attend on the nurse or myself. My husband went through the lower part of the house, locking, bolting, shuttering, and barring, and when all but the back door had been secured, he and the rest of the church-goers went out by that way, got into the carriage in the yard, and drove out by the yard gate, which the kitchen-maid instantly fastened, as she did the back door, and from that time till the return

of Colonel Forrest, no door or window was again opened.

In the beginning of August my mother and sister came to stay with us, and one Saturday we had a small dinner-party. It was quite eleven o'clock before our guests left us, and when my mother and sister went to bed, I seated myself by the dining-room fire for half an hour's comfortable causerie with my husband. Just then nurse brought my baby, which had been awakened by the noise made by the departing visitors, and, taking off my watch-chain, bracelets, and brooch, which were very valuable, lest they might hurt the child, I laid them on the mantel-piece, and when we were going to bed I forgot to take them up stairs.

The next day it was my turn to remain at home. My sister and mother both offered to remain with me, but, declining their proffered company, I declared myself fully satisfied with that of baby and Bridget the kitchen-maid. Colonel Forrest went, as usual, through the lower part of the house, making all fast, and while Bridget locked the yard gate and back door, I watched the carriage drive off. The window at which I stood was immediately over the hall door, and gave light to the lobby and staircase. I lingered there for a short time, for the day was oppressively sultry, with that sunless brooding heat which precedes a thunderstorm. Not a leaf stirred on the heavy darkened foliage of the trees, the hot air quivered over the distant fields, and the moorlands and mountains were purple black. Not a sound was to be heard—not an insect or bird stirred in the oppressive noon—and leaving the window open to admit every breath of air, I went down to give some directions to Bridget, after which I entered the darkened dining-room. The glitter of my ornaments, forgotten the previous night, caught my eye, but as I was burdened with my nursing-chair and Bible, I left them where they were, and took up my post in the nursery, which looked into the paddock at the back of the house. Baby was sleeping sweetly, and I sat down to read beside her cradle.

I had been reading for about half an hour, when the profound quiet of the house and the heat of the day lulled me into irresistible drowsiness, and, leaning

back in my chair, I fell asleep. I started suddenly, broad awake, as the sound of a single heavy knock on the hall door, and the fierce deep-mouthed barking of Rollo, our house-dog, rudely dispelled my dreams. In a minute I felt the presence of danger, and quickly closing the nursery door, that baby might not be disturbed, I ran to the lobby window, and looked down at the door-steps. What I saw might well have appalled me, and I am free to confess that, although I never fainted in my life, and have looked on "nerves" as another name for affection and ill temper, I grew sick with fear, and felt my heart beat almost to suffocation.

A group of men, probably not more than a dozen, though it seemed to me that there were twenty, stood on the steps; their faces being covered with black crape, and shirts being drawn over their clothes, gave them a peculiarly diabolical appearance. Some had fire-arms, some short thick sticks, and two or three carried weapons like a paviour's hammer. I drew in my head as quickly as possible, yet not before the scene without was indelibly photographed on my brain, as is often the case in moments of intense excitement, when one might fancy that trivial things must be altogether unnoticed. I remember seeing a magnificent plant of scarlet pimpernel which had sprung from a crevice of the lowest step, and which I would not suffer to be removed—yes, in that one rapid glance, the first thought of which I was conscious was, that I hoped the dreadful men might not trample my fine pimpernel which lay with its scarlet blossoms and lilac eyes all wide open to the heat. I had been seen from below too, and as I leaned for a moment to gather strength against the side of the window, I heard one voice say, "There's a woman at the windy overhead." "It's the mistress sure," replied another. And the next minute the invaders had moved back so as to command a view of my position. I was trembling from head to foot, but I kept my place, and we stood silently regarding each other for a minute or two. As this state of things, however, did not seem to meet the views of my objectionable visitors, they began talking together in whispers, and then one tall, powerful-

looking man, singling himself out from the rest, addressed me:

"Mrs. Forrest, we know ye've no one in the house wid ye bud an omadhawn of a girleen an' a babby, an' we only want to do our bisniss fair an' aisy, athout hurt or harm to yerself or anything belongin' to ye, so just come down an' let uz in, an' we'll take what we want an' go, an' lave ye our blessin'."

"What is it you *do* want?" I asked.

"Just our rights, ma'am; nothin' more."

"And what rights of yours can you get here?"

"Money and fire-arms, and anything else that'll help the good cause."

"As for money," I said, "I have just got two pounds and fivepence, which I will give you with pleasure; as for fire-arms, you shall have none. You think I am unable to resist your entrance, but, if you try, you will find that the doors and windows are strong enough to keep out a stronger force than yours. Be warned in time; before you could possibly break in, Colonel Forrest will be home from church."

"Arrah! me lady," cried another man. "Sure yer not spakin' to childher. We know what time it takes to go from here to the church; it's every step ov three good mile, an' it's only one o'clock; we've a good while afore uz yit, glory be to God! Now listen hether, me lady; *in* we'll get' as sure as yer livin'; iv ye let uz in pacable, why we'll do our work, and come out again like a dhrove o' lambs, bud iv we have to let ourselves in, ye'll not be there to tell yer story whin the kurnel comes back."

"Honest men," I answered, "do not need to disguise themselves, and, owing to your disguises, I can not tell whether I know any of you or not, but if there are any among you who know me, they know that in your sickness and poverty we have never held aloof from you, your wives, and children; we have fed, clothed, and tended you, helped you out of debt, given you work to do, and you mean to reward us by breaking into our house and robbing us. I had a better opinion of Irishmen."

There arose a chorus of "Thruve for ye, ma'am, jew'l," "Every word iv id's gospel," "It's yersel's the good lady all

out;" and then the first spokesman resumed:

"We've heerd tell iv ye, me lady, an' no one ov yer own boys could be got to do this job just becace iv yer goodness, but ordhers is ordhers, an', as the thing had to be done, we've got chaps from north an' south, aist and' west; an' see, now, there's no more time for palaverin'. Let uz in, an' yer as safe as iv ye wor in a glass-case, bud dhrive us to id, an', be the Holy Farmer! we'll dash the grawl's brains out before yer face, an' lave ye not worth a thraneese."

"Do your worst, if it must be so," I said. "I have given you my answer already."

"Very well, ma'am. Boys, fall to work!"

And then began such an assault on the door and windows as shook the whole house. I rushed away, cast one look at my still sleeping baby, and, raising her cradle in my arms carried it up to an attic which we used as a store-room. I locked the door, and flew down to the hall, which was echoing to the thundering blows dealt by the assailants, and where Rollo, mad with rage, was tearing to get out, adding to the uproar by his furious barking. There was Bridget, whom I had quite forgotten, deliberately endeavoring to open the hall door, a task of no small difficulty, as it needed no common strength to let down the heavy bars. She had them all removed when I caught her by the shoulder; she started round, her face betraying her guilt and and discomfiture.

"What are you doing?" I cried. "Do you want us to be all murdered?"

"Sure I heerd them tell you meself, ma'am, they wouldn't touch uz iv they got in quiet."

"Replace those bars this instant, girl—*this moment!*"

"See here now, ma'am, it's best to open the doore, because they'll get in whether or no."

"Let them, if they can," I answered. "Put up the bars."

Her face settled into a dogged sullenness of expression. "I daren't, ma'am; boys like them outside always gets their way. I'll just open the doore by yer lave."

"At your peril!" I shrieked, almost beside myself. "At least, if you will, I

can not help it, but first bring me your master's sword-cane from the rack over the breakfast-room mantel-piece; I must have something to defend myself."

She looked at me and grinned contemptuously, but the instinct of serfdom sufficed to gain this boon for me, and she went on her errand. Stealing on tiptoe, I followed, any noise I might have made being effectually drowned in the sound of the blows and that made by Rollo. Over the mantel was a rack with walking-canes and a light fowling-piece; my treacherous damsel raised her arms to take down the cane I had asked for, and at the same moment I pulled the door to, and locked it outside. I knew she could not get out of the window, which opened only from the top, and was at least fourteen feet from the flags of the yard. She gave vent to a yell of dismay and anger, and then began swearing horribly, but I hurried away, tried in vain to replace the bars, and, finding my efforts useless, I locked both dining and drawing-room doors, put the keys in my pocket, and, bolting Rollo into the front hall, I fastened the folding-doors as well as I was able by the help of chairs, which I brought up from the kitchen, but I could not disguise from myself that if those without once succeeded in effecting a breach in the front door, the inner barricade would have but a very faint chance of withstanding them. Nevertheless, I had done all I could, and panting and breathless, deafened by the confusion of sounds, the blows on the door, Rollo's barking, and Bridget's yelling and kicking, I really felt as though my senses were about to leave me. One visit I paid to where my treasure lay, and most thankful was I to find her, against all hope, sleeping still as soundly as though there had been nothing to disturb her. I took the precaution to darken the small window of the store-room by means of a blanket, and, once again fastening the door, I descended to the next floor, and sat myself down on the top step of the staircase.

I do not suppose it is possible for any one who has never been in similar peril to estimate my state of mind. I could hear the panels of the front door crack and strain. The attacking party were evidently redoubling their efforts.

At last, the barrier yielded with a crash, and the shout of triumph from the infuriated savages was so significant of fiendish exultation, that I knew my hour was come. One rush was made at the folding-doors, but those who attempted them were recalled by a voice which I recognized as that of the principal mouth-piece of the party. "Come back, boys, that'll do afther, don't let uz waste time. Biddy towld me this mornin' in the chapel-yard that the plate's all in the dinin'-room to-day after the dinner yesther-day. Come, smash the doore." Yes, so it was, the plate which had been used the day before was all either on the side-board or in an unlocked coffer beneath it. And Miss Bridget had then been in league with those men! Well, she was safe for the present, not for long, I feared. Yet even then I found time to wonder how it was that the young lady had not admitted her friends by the yard-gate. To the back door of the house I had looked myself before going to the nursery. I had its key in my pocket. Rollo had now evidently flown at the man, and my poor dog's last howl sounded in my ears like my own death-knell.

The crash of glass, the clang of metal, and the dull sound of blows on wood, rose louder and louder, and Miss Bridget's vociferation also increased in volume. "Boys, dear, let me out, the misthress, bad loock to her! has me locked into the breakfast-room. Make haste, darlin's; the kurnel an' the men 'ill be home this minnit; brake in the fouldin'-doores." But her allies had (as I judged from the sounds I heard) come on the wine and spirits in the sideboard, and were otherwise too agreeably busy to attend to her pleadings, even if they heard them. How I repented of my yesterday's dinner-party, which had left such an unusual quantity of exciting liquids in the dining-room to still further madden men who needed no such excitement. The minutes seemed to me to be lengthened into hours, and yet how quickly they were flying! Oh, it would be so long before my husband could come! Oh, at the most, ten or twelve minutes between me and death! *Such a death!* So ran my confused and agonized thoughts. I tried to pray, and could only say, over and over again, "God help me! God

help me!" What more had I need to say? At length I heard the sacking parties reassemble in the hall, and now came the attack on the inner door. I knew that could not resist such strokes as fell on it, and I dragged myself up to the attic; the store-room was within the cook's bed-room. I entered this, and boling the door, and dragging the table against it, I crept under the bed. Still not a sound from baby. Ah, the door is in! And now another crash, and I can hear Miss Bridget's vociferations more plainly. She is evidently set free, and she, who knows every nook and cranny of the house, will soon find me here. I suppose I was as near to fainting as a woman of my nerve could be; at least, I grew so sick that it seemed to me as if I must die.

I could hear nothing distinctly for a loud rushing noise in my ears. I could see nothing but black discs with luminous edges which floated before me. Suddenly there seemed to be a strange silence. I lay still, expecting my fate, but nothing came; the silence still continued, and at last I crawled from beneath the bed. Then I heard loud voices calling my name. Yes, my husband's voice and that of my sister! I heard them hurrying from room to room, and I knew they were in search of me, but I could not move or speak; with a wild yearning to be with them, and see and feel myself safe in their midst, I was altogether powerless. A violent spasm of pain seized my heart, and for some seconds it ceased to beat, while I gasped for breath, and a cold dew burst over my face.

As suddenly as it had come the pang subsided, my nerveless limbs still shook and quivered, but all at once I heard my baby's helpless wail, and that seemed to restore my strength in some measure. I staggered to the inner door, opened it, and raised my little lady, rosy, refreshed, and (thank God!) safe from the peril that had menaced us. I managed to slip back the bolt of the outer door, but I was too much exhausted to pull the table from it. However, the anxious group below had by this time ascended to the upper story, and in another minute I was in my husband's arms.

It was some time before I could speak

coherently, but the devastation below had spoken plainly enough.

The work had certainly been thoroughly done so far as it went: the stout panels of the hall door were rent and shattered, the lower ones being altogether demolished; not a pane of glass in our plate-glass windows was left unbroken; the ponderous inner shutters had been taken down, and lay on the carpets with broken bottles and decanters, fragments of furniture and ornaments, and a significant hatchet and bludgeon. My watch with its appurtenances, and my other ornaments, were of course gone, and, still worse, all our "company" plate. My husband's bureau, which stood in a small room, used by him as a study, and opening from the dining-room, had been broken open, but the robbers had got but a trifle there. Colonel Forrest never kept more money in the house than sufficient for one week, and as Monday was the day on which he was wont to replenish his stock, the Sunday's supply was, of course, very scanty. Poor Rollo lay dead and stiff in the hall, his head literally laid open. Bridget had vanished with her friends; but the losses which seemed most to affect my husband, when his indignation on the score of my fear and danger had somewhat abated, were those of Rollo and the firearms, which, always in perfect order, had adorned his study. It was easy to see, by the trampled flower-beds in my lawn-garden the course taken by the fugitives; they had made a breach in the hedge bounding one side of the lawn, and their trail was plainly visible in the oak wood, but, beyond that, there were but uncertain and misleading traces. Knowing them to be heavily encumbered, however, we hoped to hear of them yet, and no time was lost in setting justice on their track; but though every measure we or the magistrates could devise was taken to apprehend the perpetrators of the outrage, we had at length to resign all hope of seeing our property again. A detective from London, who paid us a professional visit, shook his head gravely when, amid other irrelevant-matter, he was told that a coffin, carried in a country cart, and followed by a group of afflicted mourners, had been seen on that eventful Sunday on the high road near our house, and about two hours

after my husband's return. When he further eliminated that the people in our neighborhood did not know any of the mourners, who were all strangers, and that there had been but one woman in the company, which woman, sitting in the cart beside the coffin, had kept her head bowed down, and covered by a hooded cloak, he actually groaned in spirit, and then, bursting into satire, annihilated the rural police by the bitterness of his sarcasms on their blind stupidity.

"That funeral was the funeral of your property, sir," he said to my husband; "a child could see that."

We seemed to see it too, then, when it was too late. By-and-by vague rumors were circulated that Bridget was gone to Australia or America, no one seemed to know which; but whether this were true or not, we never discovered. However, as she never reappeared either in our vicinity or among her own friends, who, living in a distant county, were closely watched for many months, the probability is that there was truth in the report. We surmised that the cause of our visitation on that particular Sunday was to be found in the well-known fact that my husband had received a large sum of money on the preceding Saturday, and we presumed that it was thought he had brought it home with him; he had, however, put it in the bank with which he did business within half an hour of its receipt by him. Bridget had evidently been in collusion with the robbers, and had been communicative as to our plate; but, of course, much was altogether matter of conjecture. We had got the girl from a servants' registry-office in Dublin, so that her antecedents (beyond what her papers told) were unknown in our part of the world.

Gradually we began to lose our sense of danger. I must do the people around us the justice to say, that they appeared thoroughly grieved, ashamed, and indignant at the outrage on us, and were (I do believe) quite innocent of any knowledge of it. We had our doors and windows replaced or repaired, and had the former and the shutters sheeted with iron; we were even more careful than formerly in all precautions, and one of our two men-servants (both long tried and thoroughly trust-worthy) always

remained in the house on alternate Sundays.

Months passed, and, excepting that we sometimes missed what had been carried away, and that I occasionally suffered from that spasm of the heart which I first felt on that terrible Sunday, we had begun to look on my peril as a thing gone by. Christmas was at hand, and we were expecting several relatives and friends from England. On the day before their arrival, I was arranging some matters with my cook, a Roman Catholic, but perfectly honest and well principled. I said to her, "We shall miss our silver covers now. I wish we had them."

"Throth! ma'am dear, we can't well do without them. It bates all that there's nayther tale or tidin's ov them. Athin', why didn't ye spake to his raverence?"

"To whom?"

"To his raverance—to Father O'Driscoll."

"What do you mean?"

"Och! sure, iv the things can be got back at all, he'll get them; them peelers is no good."

"How could the priest help us?"

"Sure they can do anything; it stan's to rason they can, the holy craythurs."

"How do they manage it?"

"Och? they pray for it, an' then, ov coorse, they get it; but, besides that they pray, they prache, they spake from the althar, an' threaten bell, book, an' candlelight on the villyans that do anything bad, an' one priest spakes to another, an' thin he does his part, an' so on; it goes the rounds, an' whatever it is, it's purty sure to be got back, it or its value."

I confess that this suggestion of Molly's sank into my mind. The more I thought of it, the more I thought it worth a trial. The parish priest was an old man, a highly educated and even accomplished gentleman, one of the old St. Omer school, which is now almost entirely passed away. He was well known to us, as he mingled freely in the society of the county, and was known and respected by all creeds and classes. The result of my meditations was, that I wrote Mr. O'Driscoll an invitation to dine with us, and in the course of the evening I made an opportunity to speak to him unobserved by my husband; for, in truth, I was ashamed to tell him what I meant to

do, thinking that he would laugh at me, yet, at the same time, I was resolved to let slip no possible chance of recovering the stolen things. Mr. O'Driscoll looked very grave when I preferred by request.

"My dear lady," he said, "I fear you ask what I can not do. I know that the robbers were none of the people here, and it is so long since the affair—fully four months now—that the chances are your plate and jewelry have made acquaintance with the melting-pot long ere this, but what I *can* do I will."

I afterwards heard that on the next Sunday, at the close of his sermon, the old priest had solemnly addressed his congregation, reminding them of all my husband and I had done for them, and urging them, under severe penalties, to come forward if they had the faintest clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. No disclosure followed his address, and a fortnight more brought us to Christmas-eve.

Our house was full of old friends, and, despite the absence of my plate and other things, I determined to be very happy; and as the weather was bright and frosty, with a light sprinkling of crisp snow, we enjoyed as many out-door pleasures as the season would allow. On the last day of the old year, we had all set off after luncheon to a lake in a demesne some three miles away, and skated till it was time to return to dinner. Every one was tired in the evening, and but that we wished to see the New Year in, we should all have retired to rest very much earlier than usual. As it was, we only waited for the coming in of our new friend, and were exchanging congratulations and "good nights," in the hall as we took our candles from the table. All at once, one dull loud crash on the knocker stilled every voice, and I know that for myself I turned faint with memory and fear. The knock was repeated, but no answer was made to my husband's loud question as to who knocked, and after a moment's deliberation several of us ascended to my old post of vantage, and Colonel Forrest and another gentleman opened the window and leaned out. We had left our lights in the hall, and were not afraid of being seen from below. The night was a black frost, moonless and still, and when the eyes of the look-out had become accustomed to

the darkness, we who were behind were informed that no one was in sight, but that something lay on the door-step, and that the sound of feet in rapid retreat was distinctly audible on the frozen gravel of the avenue. It was decided that two gentlemen should keep watch above to prevent a surprise, and the rest should open the door and examine the heap on the step; so it was done, and, to our joy and delight, we found two large rough willow baskets (such as the country people use for potatoes), containing every article that had been taken from us, with the small exception of one salt-spoon. Yes, everything else was there, black with tarnish, and not a little scratched and bruised, but otherwise quite safe. We conjectured that the things had been buried in the earth, for they were soiled and mirched with clay. Perchance we should never have got them, had not the keenness of the search for them, and its long duration, made the robbers afraid to dispose of them. As soon as the restitution was made public, I had a note from Mr. O'Driscoll congratulating me, and begging me never again to mention the subject to him. Nor did I.

Saturday Review.

LITERARY HONESTY.

THERE is a complaint somewhere made by Niebuhr, and which Arnold confirms—or, in the language of our times, endorses—against certain scholars who made free in an undue manner with the references of other scholars. A man would take the references at the bottom of another man's page, verify them, and then transfer them to the bottom of his own page, just as if he had found them out for himself. We suppose that every one will agree with Niebuhr and Arnold that to do this is utterly dishonest—that a man has no more right to steal his neighbor's references than to steal any other thing that is his. To be sure Niebuhr and Arnold have, in these strictures, by no means hit upon the lowest depth of literary dishonesty. The people whom they censured did at least verify the references which they stole. That is

to say, though they had not morality enough to keep them from stealing, they had at least sense enough to find out whether what they stole was worth stealing. Their censors probably did not think of a lower class of sinners, who steal references without verifying them at all, very likely without being able to verify them. Or, perhaps, to say that they steal references is doing them too much honor; it would be more accurate to say that they steal the names of authors whom they never read, and whose names perhaps they learn only from the authors from whom they steal them. There is indeed another class, who openly invent statements and father them upon real authors, and then go on not only to invent other statements, but to invent imaginary authors from whom they profess to have borrowed them. Such are the inventors of the pedigree of Coulthard of that ilk, with their references to Tacitus, Bæda, and other authors known and unknown. But this is a direct practicing on the ignorance of the public on which we fancy that comparatively few can venture. We are rather speaking of people who have no intention of deceiving anybody as far as the matter of their statements goes, but who either distinctly wish to gain credit for more learning than they possess, or, as we suspect is the case with a great many, who are simply careless about the matter, and who copy one from the other without stopping to think for a moment whether they are acting honestly or not in so copying. Let us take two famous instances, one of which we must confess that we have made no attempt to verify for ourselves. Gilbert White complains of certain naturalists who, copying one from the other, libellously represented Aristotle as saying that goats breathed through their ears. The truth is that Aristotle said the exact contrary, rebuking Alemaeon for making so strange an assertion about the goats. Then, again, there is the famous case of St. Eligius, shown up by Dr. Maitland. Every one must have seen or heard some triumphant Protestant crow over St. Eligius' exposition of the Whole Duty of a Christian Man, consisting in paying tithe and discharging a few ritual observances. Even Mr. Hallam fell into the trap, though he

had the magnanimity to put himself to open penance in a later edition—a good example which we believe that smaller offenders did not think it necessary to follow. The truth is that St. Eligius did mention certain formal observances as binding on a good Christian, but that he also enlarged at much greater length on those moral and religious duties about which all Christians agree. Mosheim picked up so much as suited his purpose of depreciation, but he had the decency to leave some marks of omission. His English translator left out the marks of omission, and Robertson—who is still read at Oxford—and a host of others copied one from the other, till poor St. Eligius was made to give a description of a perfect Christian as little like what he intended to give as the statement about the goats breathing through their ears was like the real meaning of Aristotle. These are two specially bad cases, because in each of them somebody, be it Aristotle or be it Eligius, is misrepresented and held up to unjust contempt. But it is only the common way; one man copies from another, without ever thinking of searching whether these things are so. Robertson, indeed, we must acquit of the grossest form of dishonesty, because he distinctly says that he borrowed the passage from Mosheim or Mosheim's translator. But we can not acquit him of gross idleness and carelessness in being satisfied with translations and extracts, instead of going to the Latin text of Eligius (or as he blunderingly calls him *Egidius*) for himself.

We suspect that this sort of carelessness is much more common than deliberate misrepresentation. But it is a sort of carelessness which, though we acquit it of the grossest form of dishonesty, is still distinctly dishonest. It is like the act of a medical man who has no sort of wish to kill his patient, but who, through idleness, carelessness, or culpable ignorance, does not take the proper means to keep his patient alive. We acquit Robertson of the wilful murder of Eligius' reputation, but we undoubtedly convict him of manslaughter. We are not sure whether Dr. White, Regius, Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who transcribes Mosheim's extracts, leaving out all the signs of omission, might not be condemned for wilful mur-

der. And in truth this is the way in which most of our popular history is written. Among the blind the one-eyed man is king, and Niebuhr's man who verified the references and then passed them off as his own would, in such company, appear as a model not only of research, but of honesty. The truth is that people seem not to understand that honesty, any more than accuracy, has anything to do with the matter. They copy and copy without a thought that anything besides copying is possible. As it does not come into their heads to inquire whether the actors of history really did the acts which they are made out to have done, still less does it come into their heads to inquire when the writers of history really wrote what they are made out to have written.

It is curious that the people who play these tricks should in any way present a likeness to the class of writers on whom their tricks are most commonly played. We have often had occasion to point out how utterly unknown the idea of literary property was to the chroniclers of the middle ages. Every mediæval writer did not copy, because in some cases the form of their works hindered much copying. William of Malmesbury, we have no doubt, incorporated the matter of a great many ballads in his history, but the peculiar form of his work hindered him from largely copying the text of any earlier Latin prose writer. So, when a man wrote a distinct monograph of events of which he was an eye-witness—an *Itinerary* of King Richard or a *History* of the Emperor Frederick—his work was necessarily his own. But the authors of chroniclers in the shape of chronicles copied without scruple—good writers no less than bad ones, a brilliant narrator like Matthew Paris no less than a dull copyist like Thomas Walsingham. He wanted his chronicle for use, for his own use or for that of his brethren. For times before his own, he copied any earlier chronicle that he approved of, correcting, omitting, adding, just as he pleased—sometimes, as in the case of Matthew Paris dealing with Roger of Wendover, translating the narrative from one vein of political sentiment to another. It was only when he came down to his own time and spoke as a contemporary

that he thought it at all necessary to draw wholly from his own stores. So with translations; we have seen that King Alfred himself was anything but a faithful translator; in translating Boethius and Orosius, he improved Boethius and Orosius whenever he thought he could make them serve better to edification. In short, no one scrupled to copy if it served his purpose, and an able and earnest writer was more likely to copy unfaithfully, if we are to use such an expression, than a stupid writer.

This sort of feeling could hardly survive the invention of printing. During the days of manuscript, it was natural enough when applied to the class of writings to which it was mainly applied. Even then, men, at least honest men, did not pilfer from writings which clearly were some man's special property. Poems or histories or letters, whose form or matter showed them to be distinctly a man's own, were respected even then. But a chronicle seemed to be common property, written for common use; and if it suited the general purpose of a later chronicler, why should he take the trouble to put the whole of the same matter into other words? If he thought he could improve upon it in detail, why should he forbear to do so? The position of the transcriber, when he was himself an author and not a mere professional scribe, would constantly tempt him to deal with his predecessors in this way. A chronicle which he had picked out from among others and copied with his own hand he might seem to have some right in as well as the original author. Every copy was a distinct edition, the result of distinct and considerable labor. The man who had done all this might not unreasonably claim the right at once to appropriate and to improve. There were no reviews in which he might either suggest his own improvements or be censured for his plagiarisms. When a man formed his library with his own hand, and had no way of criticizing his predecessors but by bodily altering their texts, it is no wonder that ideas of literary property were wholly different from what they are now.

Printing naturally changed all this, and if a modern historian treated an earlier writer as Matthew Paris treated

Roger of Wendover, he would be rightly looked on as having reached the summit of literary dishonesty. To print another man's history or poem as your own, to repeat another man's speech as your own on a great national occasion, are pranks which few men would venture to play now-a-days. Perhaps no one under the rank of leader of a Conservative Opposition would dare to run such a risk. People no longer appropriate other men's writings whole—not even with improvements which they may fondly think render them their own. Serjeant Stephen, indeed, puts in the same volume and the same page large portions of Blackstone's Commentaries and large portions of his own. Physically, this is much the same as Matthew Paris's treatment of Roger of Wendover. But the likeness is only physical. Matthew's readers had no means of knowing how much he had composed himself and how much he had merely copied, but a man must be very stupid who, with the help that is given him, can confound a paragraph of Stephen with a paragraph of Blackstone. You are told, at the beginning of the book, on what principle it is put together, and the original and the borrowed portions are carefully distinguished by those typographical marks which Matthew had not at his command. There is nothing in Serjeant Stephen's way of dealing with Blackstone which is other than honest and straightforward, and we never heard that any one found fault with him for it. But, with a curious analogy to the case of the mediæval chronicle, it is only with books of a certain class that such an arrangement could be tolerated—namely, with those where sound and trustworthy information is all that is wanted. It does perfectly well for a law-book; but no one would be satisfied with a poem, a history, or a philosophical treatise put together on such a principle. Still there is the great difference that in the modern case the union of borrowed and original matter is distinctly and repeatedly acknowledged, while in the mediæval case it is either not acknowledged at all, or acknowledged in such a way as not to call constant attention to it.

In fact, it very seldom happens that a modern writer ventures to transfer large portions of another man's writings to his

own pages without acknowledgment. Such doings would be at once found out and at once scouted. But many people do what is practically as bad—sometimes, one can not help thinking, consciously, but very often from sheer incapacity to discern between right and wrong in the matter. The grossest case which we remember for a good while past is the way in which Dr. Doran and the Duke of Manchester took to themselves so much as seemed good to them of the labors of Mr. Bergenroth, and dismissed Mr. Bergenroth with a single patronizing mention of his name. The people of whom Niebuhr complained were very small sinners compared with such Anakim as these. The temptation to their offence is often very strong. No one can object to their using modern writers as guides and indexes to ancient authorities; it is in fact one of their most important uses. Blessed be the modern writer—Dean Milman for instance—whose writings can so be used; and, did not the memory of Sir Francis Palgrave hinder us, we should add, cursed be the modern writer who does not give us the power of so using them. You have seen an account of such or such a matter in some ancient writer, but you are not quite certain in which of several it was, or, if you remember the writer, you can not at once put your finger on chapter and verse. Turn to the place where the subject is treated of by a modern writer who does his duty, a Thirlwall or a Lappenberg, and you are at once sent to the right place. A reference got at in this way is surely your own reference; the modern writer has at most only refreshed your memory. But suppose that, along with such a reference, you find another equally opposite, from an author whom you have not read, or whom at any rate you have utterly forgotten. It is a strong temptation to transfer both references alike to your own pages. But honesty distinctly forbids it in the latter case. You may make use of the passage and the information which it conveys, but you must distinctly show, in some way or other, that it was Dr. Milman or Dr. Lappenberg who sent you to the passage. How far it may be allowable to cover your obligation by taking that moment either to agree with or to differ from the views of the old writer

is another matter. But anyhow the name of your benefactor must appear.

The whole morality of the matter involves the existence and the use of original writers. But while so many people never look at an original writer, and can hardly be persuaded that original writers exist, it is not wonderful if designing and daring persons—Dukes, Doctors, or others, as may happen—take advantage of the carelessness of the public to deck themselves in the borrowed plumes of their betters.

Leisure Hour.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

It is more than seven years now since Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, left her home and her native land, where she will be always remembered with respect and affection. Scarcely ever has a royal alliance been hailed with so much joy and anticipation of happiness as was the marriage of the English Princess Royal with the heir presumptive of the Prussian monarchy. Apart from its being a union of the heart, and not of mere political expediency, it was a token of good for the future generation that the two greatest Protestant nations were thus united by family ties. There are blessings which can be expected only in countries where evangelical religion is known, and where God is worshiped according to his word. May England and Prussia be ever closely united, and in both countries may there be increase of that righteousness which alone exalteth a people!

In the social and domestic life of a nation nothing is of more importance and influence than the moral tone of the Court. History is full of illustrations of the power for good or for evil that goes forth from the chamber of kings and queens. The moral and domestic life of the palace tells directly or indirectly upon the homes of the people of all ranks and conditions. The influence of the Crown Princess, since her residence in Prussia, we are told by a well-known minister in Berlin, has been very great. Her sweetness of disposition and gentleness of manner, the simplicity of her domestic

life and household arrangements, even at one of the most powerful courts of Europe, have been felt through the length and breadth of the land of her adoption. At the beginning of her residence the lords and ladies in waiting, and the directors of court ceremonies, were often shocked at her disregard of the long-established stiff forms in vogue. The Princess always followed more the dictates of her heart than the prescribed routine of ceremonials. It is said that she once had to hear a lecture from a court official on the impropriety of speaking in public of the Crown Prince as her husband, instead of giving him his due title. She at once went to the king, and asked him whether it was unbecoming in her to call the Crown Prince her husband. The king, pressing her to his heart, told her certainly to call him always her husband, wherever and whenever she pleased.

The Princess seeks and finds her happiness in her family circle. Her riches are her children; and lovely and beloved children they are all four. Her eldest, Frederic William Victor Albert, was born 27th January, 1859; the second, Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte, born 24th July, 1860; Albert William Henry, born 14th August, 1862; and the fourth, Francis Frederic Sigismund, born 15th September, 1864. The eldest, a nice-tempered boy, now six years of age, lively and full of spirit, rides his pony well; and it is a pleasant sight when he is seen with his sister running about and playing in the royal garden. With the greatest motherly care the Princess watches over the training of her children. The Crown Prince also finds it his delight to occupy himself with his family, especially with the eldest boy, encouraging him in his work, and joining in his sports. It will interest mothers to mention also that when the Princess, much against her own wish, was obliged to give up nursing her first three children, she took care that the wet-nurse was close to her own apartments in the palace, so that she could herself watch over her children. She also insisted that the nurse should at least, once during the day, nurse her own child. After having given way so much, she carried her point in regard to the fourth child, and she had permission

to exercise the duty and privilege of a mother, to nurse her own child. In order to avoid all the excitement and anxieties at the time attending the troubled political state of the country, she went to Italy, where she enjoyed quiet and retirement for her family duties. In her whole domestic life she is indeed a pattern to mothers, all the more exemplary for the hindrances of her exalted station. After tiresome, though necessary State ceremonies or duties, her first visit is to the nursery. Once she surprised a large party, on a public occasion, by taking up her children, who came rushing to her, in her arms, and embracing them, and allowing them to caress her before the company.

The unobtrusive benevolence of the Princess is well known to all at Berlin. The writer knows it as a fact that she is in the habit of sending to make inquiries as to the character and mode of life, and then rendering substantial help, when she hears of cases of distress. She was solicited to become a patroness of a temporary asylum for governesses out of employ. She desired that the committee should lay before her an estimate of the cost of the institution, and twice the estimate was returned, as not being sufficiently explicit and clear in details; and only after everything had been fully and satisfactorily explained did she express her approval, and consent to become the patroness. On visiting the institution she minutely inspected all the arrangements, and directed several improvements to be made, in accordance with her English ideas of comfort.

In her leisure hours she zealously improves her mind, and cultivates her taste, in reading and writing, drawing, modelling, and painting. We saw lately a beautiful statuette of "One of the Wise Virgins trimming her Lamp," sent from Berlin as a present to Mr. Edward Henry Corbould, her early instructor in drawing and the Fine Arts. Mr. Corbould's tuition must have been most valuable to the Princess, and to his other pupils in the royal family; but no master can communicate the talent for original design, any more than a writing-master can teach the art of original composition. We have seen historical and poetical designs by the Princess Royal, and also

by the Princess Alice, displaying a power which many a professional artist might justly covet. The Crown-Princess has frequently presented drawings or paintings to expositions or fancy fairs, held at Berlin, for the benefit of benevolent institutions. Her first contribution of this kind in her own country we are glad to be able to recall, by presenting a copy of the picture painted by her for "The Patriotic Fund."

When the proposal was made to hold an art bazaar in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who fell in the Crimean war, she was asked if she intended to send a contribution. Diffident of her own powers, she exclaimed, "What! send a picture to a public exhibition? Of course not." But when it was explained that it would be productive of great good to the cause if she did, since many people would go to see *her* work who, but for such an inducement, would probably not go near the place, and that the shillings so collected would add largely to the sum for the charity, while the sale of the picture would realize enough to help some widow lady in her distress, she at once agreed, on condition that the Queen had no objection. The Queen gave her consent willingly, but, with her usual prudence, added that it must be on the understanding that the picture should be of such a nature that no one could pervert or twist it into any political significance. The Princess made a sketch of a wounded warrior and a woman, both the figures being of ancient classic model. It is said to have been a composition of much power, and expressing deep feeling; but it was suggested that the idea would tell better, and go home with quicker sympathy to the heart, if a British soldier were represented. The result was the touching picture of the dead guardsman, and the widow weeping over his body on the battle-field. There was nothing political in this, but the artistic statement of a fact, alas! too true, that many of the bravest and best soldiers that ever went to battle had fallen in the Crimea. The expression of this sad fact, and the charitable design of aiding the widows of those who had fallen, were happily combined in the composition of the picture. No one seemed to have had an

idea of the great talent for original design possessed by the Princess Royal, until this drawing surprised and deeply affected all who saw it.

The story of the picture, after it reached the exhibition at Burlington House, is worth recording. The Princess had put a very modest value on her work, and offered to dispose of it privately for a small sum, which she wished to enter as her subscription. She was assured that this would greatly frustrate the aim of the fund, and that the picture would fetch a handsome sum. The first offer, made immediately the doors of the exhibition were opened, was eighty guineas, followed by another of one hundred guineas. The names were entered in the book, it having been previously arranged that the highest offer, up to a certain day at noon, was to obtain the picture. At the appointed time two hundred guineas had been offered by a gentleman who was present to hear the clock strike twelve. Just before the hour, he said, "Well, I am surprised that there is not more appreciation of so fine a work of art; and, that it may not be said that it was sold for only two hundred guineas, I offer two hundred and fifty;" for which sum he wrote out a cheque as the clock struck. The result of the sale surprised the Princess, who had too much good sense, however, to be elated by any foolish vanity, while rejoicing in the success of her effort for the good of the fund.

Pictures were also exhibited by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena. Prince Alfred, not liking to be left out, also did his best; so that the names of five contributors of the Royal Family conspicuously appeared. These contributions were sold for £25 each. When the collection of pictures for the exhibition was commenced, several titled ladies had contributed, and had marked their names with initials only, as Lady W—, and so on. But when the Princess Royal signed her name at full length on her painting, and the other royal names appeared, the anonymous amateurs followed the fashion, and, in subsequent editions of the catalogue, a goodly array of aristocratic contributors was displayed, to the enlightenment of the public, the

credit of the exhibition, and the benefit of the fund.

The Crown Princess of Prussia sets a good example to her household, and to Prussian society, in the sanctifying of the Lord's day. When she first went to Berlin, she frequently attended the English services held by the missionary of the London Jews' Society, who has for many years been in the habit of conducting a service for the English residents. As there was no stated clergyman to attend to the spiritual welfare of the poorer members of the English congregation, the Princess exerted herself to get the want supplied. There is now an excellent clergyman, who has service every Sunday at the English Embassy, while the missionary still continues his services in the usual place, in one of the royal palaces which the late worthy King of Prussia had placed at the disposal of the English residents. While the Crown Princess frequently attends the English chapel, she as frequently, if not more so, attends the German service at the Dom, where the court chaplains, chiefly Dr. Hoffman and Dr. Kögel, preach and conduct the services.

A. A. LOW,

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE.

The ECLECTIC has been wont to enrich its pages with biographical sketches and portraits of men eminent in public station, or in the various departments of learning and intellectual effort—in History, Poetry, Science, Statesmanship, and the Belles-lettres. It has thus borne the honored names of Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley; of Everett, Agassiz, and Washington Irving; of Fenimore Cooper, Morse, Choate, and, Bradis; men of European as well as American reputation. We think it a fitting time to present to its readers some prominent representatives of the great department of American Commerce; once more, and soon, destined to spread her white wings over every sea, under our now gloriously vindicated and universally honored flag. With whom can we more appropriately or obviously begin, than with him whose

name stands at the head of this article, and whose engraved Portrait forms the Frontispiece of this number of our magazine?

ABRIEL ABBOT LOW is a native of Salem, Massachusetts; whence in his later youth he removed to our sister city of Brooklyn, with the family of his highly respected father, the late Seth Low. Soon afterwards he emigrated to China; where he entered the well known house of Russell & Co., of Canton; to the head of which he rose some time before the brief period of eight years had expired. On the completion of that term, in 1841, he returned to this country, bringing with him the ample knowledge of and experience in business which he had gained from his foreign residence, and the means for establishing a new mercantile house in this city, which now ranks as the leading American house in the China trade.

We feel constrained to great reserve in speaking at all thus publicly of one, of whose native and intrinsic modesty of disposition we are so well aware. The time—*procul, o procul esto!*—for any full analysis of his character and career has not indeed come. But there must be reasons for the elevated mercantile and social position which Mr. Low has already attained, which make his success a public treasure, and to our young merchants an encouragement and an inspiration. The success of merit, is a public treasure. It is good for any community to be able to point to examples within itself of men, who without remarkable advantages of birth or education, have not only risen to eminence, but have grown rich without reproach; and by an honest, straightforward, industrious, noble and generous use and improvement of those talents which were the gift of God, have fitted themselves to become—have actually become wise and public-spirited almoners of the wealth and the influence they have secured. Nor can any greater or better inspiration and encouragement be offered to our young men than such examples; holding forth to them a high ideal; illustrating the possibilities within their achievement; and showing in actual being and high relief the beauty, the glory, the grandeur, and the beneficence of a high-toned, high-principled, consistent and Christian business life.

The merchants of this great metropolis have twice called Mr. Low, at the last election by acclamation, to preside over their Chamber of Commerce. This of itself is no small compliment, no empty honor. But it is also a striking confirmation of what, at least a dozen years ago, was declared to us by one of our oldest and most prominent merchants to have been the estimation in which he was even then held, for sound judgment and remarkable foresight, as well as for incorruptible principle, and the highest executive ability. In the grave and often delicate and difficult questions which have come before the Chamber during the recent tremendous crisis of our national, and especially our commercial affairs, all this has been especially and abundantly justified by the words and deeds of its President.

Nor is it only in his chosen path as a

merchant, that Mr. Low has won the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens and of the community. Like others of our merchant princes, he is the patron and friend of art, of good learning, of popular education, and of wise charities in the city of his residence and of our own community. The institutions of our holy religion find in him a zealous and a consistent supporter; and in the vast demand for patriotic counsel, effort, and bounty, which the great rebellion has made upon the nation, no man has been more faithful or more exemplary. Possessed in full of the truest manliness of deportment, and a large heartedness of spirit which holds him above everything which is mean and small, it were not surprising that in private life he should wear the rare and indescribable charm of blended graciousness and simplicity, which is sure to win the heart.

POETRY.

ECHO.

PAN *loquitur*.

THE red moon shone upon the summer corn,
The night-wind gently rocked to rest
The lotus-flowers at our feet.

As o'er the ebbing sea of her white breast
I saw love-ripples come and go,
And heard her young heart beat.

The wild-thyme shed abroad its perfume soft,
The violet hung its head for shame,
And blushed the gladiolus flowers,

When with sweet voice she speak my name;
And then, to hide her glowing face,
Shook down her hair in showers.

The amber veil could not her beauty hide;
Her eyes shone through the golden mist
As sunlight through the summer rain;
And her red dewey lips, like coral kissed
By clear and proudly crested waves,
Breath'd forth my name again.

But now no more I see my Echo's face;
For her I search each wooded glade
And grove of olives far and near;
Yet when the rich dew falls upon the blade,
Beneath the oak-trees with ivy tressed
A low sad voice I hear.

Then with hush'd breath I breathe a tender wail
Of music from the mellow reeds,
The list'ning Naiads weeping by;
And through the waving web of Ladon's weeds
There comes a response faintly sweet—
My darling Echo's sigh.

J. B.

—*Temple Bar.*

A SUMMER HONEYMOON.

THROUGH the blue of the glistening summer sky
Cometh noisily down the shower;
Pattering 'mid the clustering blooms
Of the hawthorn bushes in flower.

Under the shade of those hawthorns sweet,
Jeanie, rosy-blushing and shy,
Standeth near "some one" smilingly,
Yet a tear in her soft brow's eye:

Timidly casting a half-glance up
At the stalwart youth by her side,—
Ah! 'tis easy to guess what tears may mean
When shed by a three-weeks' bride.

The bright June sunshine reveleth warm
'Mid the soft green swelling ears
Of the growing wheat; and the joy of earth
Findeth vent in a burst of tears.

Is it not so with *thee*, Jeanie?
 Doth not in the blue above
 Thy sun shine out through the happy drops
 That fall in thy summer of love?

Summer hath come, and the spring must yield
 To a rival's midsummer reign;
 But summer shall abdicate in turn
 When autumn is crown'd again.

Winter, with all his myrmidons white,
 Closeth the varying scene;
 When the soul turneth back with fond regret
 The page of that which "*hath been*."

Thou hast a strong arm to uphold thee now,
 Young wife, all blushing and shy;
 And a loyal breast upon which to rest
 Should ever a storm draw nigh.

Thy spring was fair—may thy summer be
 With not many clouds o'ercast;
 Thine autumn hours bear fruit from the flowers,
 And thy winter bring peace at last!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*St. James's Magazine*.

THE HAUNTING PAST.

He came to-day. He brought his bride;
 And through the wood they went with me:
 We past our ancient trysting tree;
 I saw him turn his head aside.

And wondered if his glance would fall
 On letters carved by him of yore,
 In days that he regrets no more—
 That I with burning thoughts recall.

The golden Past, that haunts me yet,
 Whose faded glory seems to him
 Like twilight distance, cold and dim—
 Oh, strange it is how men forget!

Yet through those hours my will was strong
 To school my heart to stifle pain—
 I could not act that farce again!
 But night came, though the day was long.

Night came; they went. His farewell tone
 Rings in my ear. 'Twill be the last!
 My heart's fierce ordeal is past;
 Beneath the stars I stand alone.

—*Temple Bar*.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

AND so the door has closed on love,
 And closed for me on day,
 And I must now take heart and go
 Upon my lonely way.
 For pride stood in the deadly lists,
 A dark, relentless foe,
 And stirred the depths of bitterness,
 To bid my true love go.

And love lies slain upon the field,
 His death-deep wound I see,

But surely his sweet shade will come,
 To mock my pride and me;
 To mock us in our wild unrest,
 And triumph o'er the foe,
 That stirred the depths of bitterness,
 To bid my true love go.

To whisper, "Could thy pride be slain,
 By me in combat true,
 The love-light yet might burn again
 Within thine eyes fond blue.
 But I am but a ghostly shade,
 And he my mortal foe,
 That stirred the depths of bitterness,
 To bid thy true love go."

—*London Society*.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE UNSATISFIED HEART.

WHEN in a May-day hush
 Chanteth the mistle-thrush,
 The harp o' the heart makes answer with mur-
 murous stir;
 If robin readbreast sing,
 We chide the tardy spring,
 And culvers, when they coo, are love's remem-
 brancers.

But thou, in the trance of light,
 Stayest the feeding night,
 And Echo makes sweet her lips with the utter-
 ance wise,
 And cast at our glad feet,
 In a wisp of fancies sweet,
 Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned pro-
 phecies.

Her central thought right well
 Thou hast the wit to tell,
 To take the sense o' the dark and to yield it so,
 The moral of moonlight
 To set in a cadence bright,
 And tell our loftiest dream that we thought none
 did know.

I have no nest as thou,
 Bird on the blossoming bough,
 Yet over thy tongue outfloweth the song o' my
 soul.
 Chanting "Forbear thy strife,
 The spirit out-acts the life,
 And much is seldom theirs who can perceive THE
 WHOLE.

"Thou drawest a perfect lot,
 All thine, but, holden not,
 Lie low at the feet of beauty that ever shall bide;
 There might be sorer smart
 Than thine, far-seeing heart,
 Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied."

JEAN INGELOW.

—*Good Words*.

THE SKELETON.

THIS hollow brain parts like a pod,
 The seed shook out; yet here a god
 Dwelt for awhile, and through these eyes
 Looked at the world with strange surprise.

Whether a murderer or king,
A parasite or baser thing,
Thou 'dst hope in youth, despair when old,
Great joy, and misery untold;

And look'dst as if all seen was old,
And life only a tale re-told,
With eyes of deep inquiry fixed;
Eyes—'tis clay, with fiery essence mixed.

This head once like a blossom rose,
The flower the gardener's skill that shows,
The crown of this our human frame,
Full of all beauty tongue can name.

Where's now the heart, the fount of blood,
The spring of life's pulsating flood—
The heart that, till death's fevers parch,
Beats still its solemn funeral-march?

And where the crystal globes, though small,
Type of the planets, one and all,
Those windows of the human face,
The soul's peculiar dwelling-place?

Was this the head that thoughts conceived,
The hand to execute the deed?
The sinful mouth is passed away,
The workman hand is sodden clay.

The brow, so furrowed with long pain,
Is passed into the earth again,
Swift as the last star fades in fear,
Hearing exulting enanticleer.

No longer runs the branching vein
Where life and heat had once their reign,
Till death's cold torpor froze the flood,
And spread its opiate through the blood.

Could flesh and color e'er enthroned
These dry brown pipes of porous bone—
This skull, the hovel of the mind,
To will, to loosen, and to bind?

"Ungainly scaffold for mere use"—
So runs a flippant fool's abuse;
Behold the first sketch of the man,
The outline of God's mighty plan!

First take a root, and then exclaim:
"What! this the rose that poets name
'The king of flowers;' let beauty sheath
The basement bones, nor look beneath.

"Wait till the crimson life-blood warms,
Clothe first with flesh the ruder forms;
Give me the bloom that pulsing glows,
And paints the cheeks with living rose.

"And let the blue of summer nights
Fill the full eye with smiling lights;
Nor praise this outline of a man,
This bony scaffold's ghastly plan,"

These bones, thou fool, have owned a God,
And felt the death-stroke of his rod;
Love, hate, and joy together filed
These veins, that once both thought and willed.

An angel from this house of clay,
Released by death, has fled away;
The fire's gone out, the door's ajar—
This æroïte was once a star.

—Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE.

Is there an Open Arctic Sea?—Sir Roderick Murchison, who answers this question in the affirmative, gives the following arguments in support of his opinion:—(1.) The fact has been well ascertained by Scoresby and others, that every portion of the floating pack-ice north of Spitzbergen is made up of frozen sea-water only, without a trace of terrestrial icebergs like those which float down Baffin's Bay, or those which, carrying blocks of stone and *debris*, float northwards from the land around the South Pole. (2.) The northern shores of Siberia tell the same tale; for in their vast expanse the absence of icebergs, or erratic blocks, or anything which could have been derived from great or lofty masses of land, has been well ascertained. (3.) As a geologist, Sir R. Murchison could point out that this absence of erratic blocks in Northern Siberia has existed from that remote glacial period when much larger tracts of Northern Europe were occupied by glaciers than at the present day. (4.) The traveler Middendorf found the extreme northern promontory of Siberia, Taimyr, clad with fir trees, while the immense tract of country to the south of it was destitute of trees, showing a milder climate at the point of Siberia nearest the pole.—*Vide* "Report of Meeting of Geographical Society, April 10th."

The Eruption of Etna.—The fullest details which have yet been published upon the recent operations of this volcano, are given in a memoir laid before the French Academy by M. Fouqué, who watched the eruption from its commencement. The eruption was preceded by an earthquake-shock, which was felt with such intensity at Lavina, near Piedmont, that the people rushed from their houses, and remained in the open air during the night. It first exhibited itself in the form of flames, which were seen rising from the north-east of the mountain at a height of about 1,700 metres above the level of the sea. Up to four in the morning there were a few faint oscillations of the ground. As soon as the earth had opened the lava commenced running with great rapidity, and in two or three days it had covered a surface nearly four miles long, two miles wide, and to a depth of from thirty to sixty feet. The ground upon which the lava first flowed had an inclination of about four or five degrees. After having traveled over this space and destroyed almost everything in the shape of vegetation in its passage, the current was met by the ancient cone of eruption, known as Mount Stornello. There it divided into two streams; one flowed to the west of the cone, and moved very slowly; the other passed to the east, and was precipitated into a deep and narrow valley of Colla-Vecchio, which lies between Mount Stornello and the chain of Serra-de-la-Boffa. At this height the lava was thrown from a height of 160 feet into the valley beneath, forming in this way a veritable cascade

of fire. The valley soon became filled, but the burning stream continued to advance for a distance of about two miles, and was finally arrested by a mass of ancient lava known as Sciarra de la Scoria Vacca, at a height of about 875 yards. Such was the position of the lava on the 6th of February last. Since then the eastern stream has been completely arrested. The western one, on the contrary, has continued its progress, and has divided into two narrow currents, both of which lie between Mounts Stornello and Crisimo. The point of separation of these two streams is at a height of 1,444 yards, and is consequently higher than the base of Stornello. The nearest of the two streams to the cone, to which M. Fouqué has given the name of Antonio, continued to flow up to the 21st of February, when it ceased at a height of about 1,130 yards. The other, which he calls Carmello, traveled on till the 25th of February, and ceased at a height of 1,300 yards. Although at the period when M. Fouqué wrote (March 10th), both streams had terminated, they still continued to spread laterally. Vide *Comptes Rendus*, March 20th.

Are the Flint implements from the Drift Authentic. 7.—A pamphlet has appeared from the pen of Mr. Nicholas Whitley, of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, in which it is attempted to be proved that the so-called flint implements are not the result of human workmanship. The writer's logic, which we can hardly approve of, has been pushed to the most extreme lengths. Although we agree with him in thinking that many of the so-called flint instruments are the result of natural operations, we are far from believing that all are spurious. We subjoin an abstract of Mr. Whitley's arguments:

(1.) *The "implements" are all of flint.* The tools employed by men of the recognized archaeological stone age are made of stones of various kinds, of which there are examples of serpentine, granular greenstone, indurated claystone, trap greenstone, claystone, quartz, syenite, chert, &c. Why, therefore, should the only weapons in the drift deposit be manufactured from flint solely?

(2.) *The "implements" are all of one class—axes.* Were they then a race of carpenters? Man is a cooking animal; and if ten thousand axes have been found, surely one scathing-pot or drinking-cup ought to have turned up. He needs shelter, but no remnant of his clothing or hut has been found. Almost everywhere where there are chalk flints we find axes, and nothing but axes.

(3.) *There is a gradation in form* from the very rough fracture of the flint to the perfect almond-shaped implement. Let the most enthusiastic believer in their authenticity examine carefully the one thousand implements in the Abbeville Museum, and he would probably reject two-thirds as bearing no evidence of the work of man. But it would be impossible for him to say where nature ended and art began.

(4.) *Some of the implements are admirable illustrations of the form produced by the natural fracture of the egg-shaped flint nodule.*

(5.) *It is supposed that these weapons were used for cutting down timber and scooping out canoes.* But it should be remembered that the gravels in which they are found were formed during a severe Arctic climate, in which no tree

but a stunted birch could have grown, certainly none large enough to form a canoe.

(6.) *Their number.* The implements are found by thousands in small areas, and in numbers quite out of proportion to the thinly scattered population that must have (if at all) then existed.—*Vide* pamphlet published by Longman & Co., 1865.

Ruskin on the Alps.—A series of papers upon the subject of the confirmation of the Alps has appeared in the *Geological Magazine*. Mr. Ruskin's style, even when applied to his own subject, is frequently unintelligible; the writer appearing, in his effort to be thought original, to exhibit a contempt for everything approaching to clearness and common sense. We may remark that his essays on the Alps, though a little more comprehensible than his "Census Papers," in the *Art Journal*, are at times difficult to understand. However, we commend them to our readers' notice, as, though hardly scientific, they are certainly curious.—*Pop. Science Review*.

ART.

Art in Coral.—It is the privilege as it is the attribute of Art, that it is able to ennoble and to impart an almost priceless value to materials that intrinsically are worthless, while, on the other hand, even the most precious and the rarest substances acquire from it a worthiness before unknown by them. Common clay becomes infinitely more valuable than gold under the hands of the ceramic artist, and gold itself is taught by the goldsmith to emulate the preciousness of gems.

Coral is one of those natural substances which in themselves are eminent for exquisite beauty of their own; and it also must be grouped with such productions of prolific nature as are eminently qualified to attain to extraordinary excellence through the agency of Art. On more than one occasion we have directed the attention of our readers to the remarkable collections of coral, coral ornaments, and works of Art in coral, formed by Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street; and now, once again, the extent, variety, and truly exquisite beauty of Mr. Phillips's present coral collections claim from us fresh notice, and still more emphatic expressions of admiration.

It will be remembered that the coral jewelry exhibited by Mr. Phillips at the International Exhibition of 1862 was not only selected for special commendation by foreign visitors in general, but in the reports of the French commissioners to their own government, these works in coral, exhibited by Mr. Phillips, constituted the only collection of English jewelry upon which decided commendation was bestowed. And such distinction coming from such a quarter needs no comment. That the praise of the French commissioners was not undervalued by the exhibitor himself, is proved by the assiduity, labor, and skill which he has devoted to the sustained improvement of his coral collections; and the result of these efforts, exerted by Mr. Phillips in a department of the goldsmith's art that he has made peculiarly his own, is apparent in the decided superiority of the works that may now be seen at his establishment in Cockspur Street, over even the best of the kindred objects he exhibited in the late exhibition structure at Brompton.

Works of Art in coral are not easily described—not easy to be described in such words as will convey an adequate and correct idea of their merit and their beauty. They require to be seen in order to be understood, and consequently to be appreciated. The delicacy and beauty of their tints, the rich gracefulness of their texture, their faculty of forming infinitely varied combinations, the tenacity with which they may be grouped with goldsmith's work in the precious metals, and the sharp, yet tender firmness of their carved and sculptured forms—these all are qualities to be estimated by the eye alone. In place, therefore, of any attempts at elaborate description, we prefer to suggest visits to the collections themselves, which will be found to be as varied in their contents as in their capacity; as works of the goldsmith's art they are worthy of all praise. It will be understood that every conceivable variety of ornament has been produced in abundance by Mr. Phillips in this beautiful substance; and also that on particular works in coral there has been lavished the concentration of the powers of the most skillful, laborious, and accomplished of artists and artist-workmen. We shall not specify any particular examples; but we advise a personal examination of all—from the simple unwrought fragment of pure coral, in its natural form, and from the strings of beads, to the most elaborately carved cameos and bunches of flowers and foliage, and the figures that are sculptured so boldly, and finished with such masterly taste.

Whether this coral is in its nature identical with the coral of the great reefs of the Pacific—those wondrous ever-growing sea-walls that rise as if self-reared from out of the depths of ocean—is a matter that it is not our present purpose to discuss. This identity is generally accepted as a matter of course—the coral of the Bay of Naples and of the Sardinian waters of the Mediterranean, and the coral of the open ocean in the farthest West, is all "coral." But there is, nevertheless, more than a slight structural difference between the coral which grows under Mr. Phillips's teaching, into beads, and bracelets, and brooches, and tiaras, and even statuettes, and the reef-growth that advances steadily in the face of the perpetual lashing of ocean-breakers that know no rest. The reef-coral, certainly, is formed by myriads of coral-insects. Did not the Art-coral once sprout as a plant? Mr. Phillips can show some curious and suggestive specimens, that have a strange sectional as well as a decided ramifying resemblance to small branches of trees or shrubs.

The English collections of works of Art and coral, of which we have now been speaking, are second to none, either in Italy or elsewhere, in extent, excellence, or value. Some idea of the last-named quality of these works in coral may be formed, when we add that the intrinsic value of the finest varieties of Neapolitan gem-coral is more than five times that of gold. This general statement may be illustrated by a particular example; we select, as such an example, a necklace that may now be seen at Cockspur Street; it consists of thirty-two coral beads, graduated in size, perfect in form, and of exquisite delicacy in their tint and tone of color, and its value is one thousand guineas. This enables us to understand how it was that one of the most powerful and

wealthy of the nobles of mediæval England, in the curious and instructive inventory (Inventory of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, time of Edward II.) of his property which has come down to us, should have grouped his rosary of coral with the most precious of his personal possessions.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

The Origin of the Salt in the Dead Sea.—One of our most distinguished explorers of the Holy Land attributes the intensely saline character of the Dead Sea to the hill of *Jebell Usdum*. This is a huge ridge of salt, about a mile wide, and running N. E. and S. W. for a distance of three miles and a half, and then due N. and S. for four miles further. It is situated near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, and renders that portion of it much more salt than the northern portion. Further, Mr. Tristram thinks that it is the proximate cause of the saltiness of the Dead Sea, the drainage to which has been dissolving away portions of salt, and carrying it to the Dead Sea ever since the elevation of the ridge of Akabah separated the latter from the Red Sea, or since the desiccation of the ocean, which existed to the Eocene period, presuming (which seems most probable) that the fissures of the Ghor were of submarine origin, and that the valley itself was, during the Tertiary period, the northernmost of a series of African lakes, of which the Red Sea was the next.—*Vide Geoplogical Magazine*, June, 1865.

Seat of the old Saxon Kings.—To the historian and the archaeologist the village of Bosham, situated a few miles to the westward of the city of Chichester, is a place of considerable interest. It was a place of some importance in the earliest times of which we have record, and is more than once mentioned in the old Saxon chronicles. The Saxon kings lived here, and the remains of an old forest still passes by the name of Old Park. Canute's daughter was buried in Bosham Church; and it is more probable that, if the story of Canute's lecturing his courtiers on the sea-shore be true, the incident took place here rather than at Southampton. This was the first place upon the Sussex coast in which Christianity was taught: for when Wilfrid landed at Selsey, about the year 680, he found a poor monastery already existing at Bosham. It was from this place that Harold started when he visited Normandy; and Bosham Church makes a conspicuous feature near the commencement of the Bayeux tapestry. It had long been acknowledged that the tower of Bosham Church was a Saxon work, and that it was the highest tower built at that period in the kingdom; recent discoveries show that there is a great deal of undoubted Saxon work in other parts of the building. There is a small crypt, several interesting monuments, a Saxon font, a very old chest, some good carved woodwork, and other things of interest about this church. The works of restoration is going on under the management of the vicar, the Rev. H. Mitchell, F.S.A.

Origin and Migration of the Greenland Esquimaux.—In a paper recently read before the

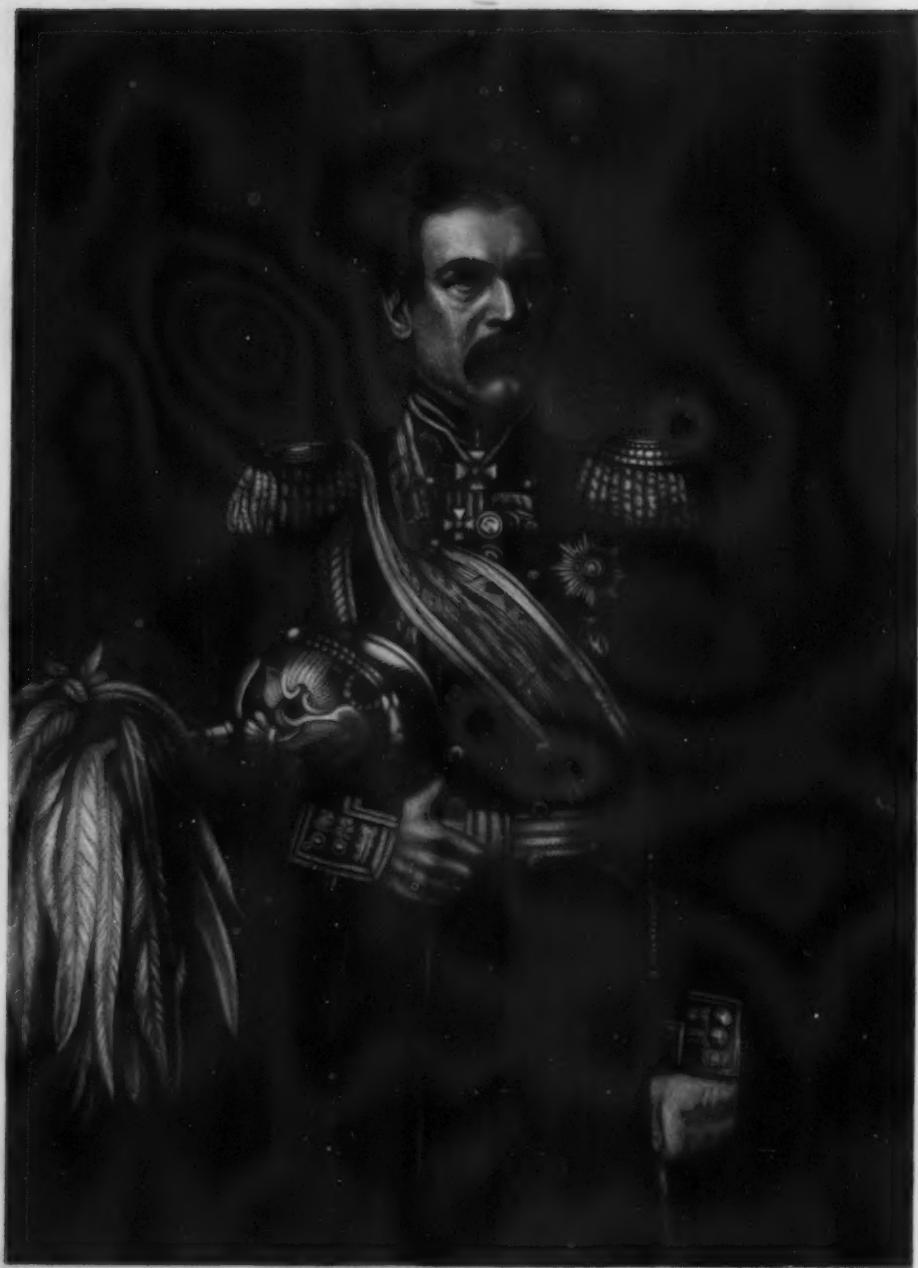
Royal Geographical Society, by Mr. Markham, the secretary, it was stated that until within the last nine centuries not a single individual tenanted the vast continent of Greenland, and far beyond this remote period trees and shrubs flourished and blossomed on the slope of Disco, and flowers decked the waving pastures in the more genial climate of Blanksland and Melville Island; and in the now ice-bound waters of Barrow's Straits, corals, sea-palms, sponges, and gaily-tinted zoophytes lived and thrived. At a later period the hardy old Norsemen held this land against the Esquimaux (the original possessors, and who appear to have migrated from the wilds of Siberia;) the Norsemen seem to have dwindled away until the few remaining occupied two small villages in remote parts of the country. Years rolled away, and when Greenland was again visited, all record that remained of the "sea-kings" were a few Runic inscriptions, some crumbling ruins, and the fragments of the church bells that once tolled at Gardar. Central Asia was, in all probability, the original home of the Esquimaux, although, in all likelihood, other tribes preceded them. The route chosen by these poor wanderers is rendered clear by the discovery, by nearly all Arctic explorers, of evidences of human existence, in the shape of ruined huts, fragments of carved bone, traps, and fishing-spears on Bathurst, Melville, Baring, and other islands—means to enable them to sustain life amidst the desolation surrounding them, as they crept along by slow degrees from Baring Island to Cape Warrender, until at last on the Greenland coast they found a resting-place. It is supposed that part of these hordes went southward, drove out the Norsemen, and peopled Greenland. The remainder wandered still farther north, and would most likely progress as long as the conditions for existence were attainable. In all their traditions the Esquimaux maintain a firm belief in the existence of an *iceless sea* far away north. To discover the northern remnant of these strange people would be one great feature in any new Polar expedition.—*Leisure Hour.*

The Judge's White Gloves.—It is quite possible for a national custom to be so long existing as to have outlived nearly all knowledge of the very cause which gave rise to it. The claim of the judge to be presented with a pair of white gloves at a Maiden Assize is a case of the kind. To give an instance: The late Lord Campbell, as reported in "The Lincolnshire Chronicle," March 14th, 1856, in his address to the Grand Jury, said, "He had received the joyful news that there was not a single prisoner in the gaol for trial—a circumstance, so far as the city was concerned, most creditable to the inhabitants and to all who presided over them. He (Lord Campbell) began his official duties as judge in that city six years ago, and now, for the third time during that period, he had presided at a Maiden Assize. On each occasion he had been presented with a pair of white gloves as a token of the innocence of the city, and he should again gladly claim them." The city sheriff then rose and presented his lord-

ship with an elegant pair of white gloves beautifully embroidered, ornamented with Brussels lace, and having the city arms embossed in frosted silver on the back of each glove. His lordship, on receiving the gloves, added "that the absence of crime was highly creditable to the magistrates, as well as the inhabitants, and he hoped they might, on many future occasions, have the gratification of making to other judges a similar present." The white color may indicate innocence, as Lord Campbell suggests; but why a pair of gloves should be given is not explained. The only statement we have seen is as follows: "It is one of the few relics of that symbolism so observable in the early laws of this, as of all other countries. Its origin is doubtless to be found in the fact of the hand being, in the early Germanic laws, a symbol of power. By the hand, property was delivered over or re-claimed, hand joined in hand to strike a bargain, and to celebrate espousals. That this symbolism should sometimes be transferred from the hand to the glove is but natural, and it is in this transfer that we shall find the origin of the white gloves in question. At a Maiden Assize no criminal has been called upon to plead, or, to use the words of Blackstone, 'called upon by name to hold up his hand;' in short, no guilty hand has been held up, and therefore our judges have been accustomed to be presented with white gloves."

THE QUEEN.—This new and magnificent steam-ship of 3,500 tons burden of the National Steam Navigation Company's Line, Capt. Fred. Grogan commander, arrived from Liverpool Sept. 5th, in twelve days, bringing 1,400 passengers, and 1,500 tons of freight. She is 400 feet in length, 43 feet breadth, 30 feet deep, of beautiful model and immense proportions, strong as iron and wood can make her. We make this notice as a good service to our many friends, especially clergymen, who may be going to Europe at some time, inspiring them with confidence in this line of ships, and in her ample accommodations and comforts as an ocean boat. The cabin fare is \$100. in greenbacks, instead of gold, a saving of some \$50. over other ships. A word to the wise. We commend this line of ships to the attention of our friends, at Pier 47, North River. The agents are Williams and Guyon, 71 Wall street, New York; W. B. Macaulster Esq. General Manager, Liverpool.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—We have received a copy, beautifully printed, of the Proceedings of the Bunker Hill Monument Association at the annual meeting, June 17th, 1865. The Hon. Washington Warren, President of the Association, delivered an eloquent address on the occasion, in which he paid a fitting tribute to the memory and character of the late Hon. Edward Everett, as did also the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a paper prepared for the occasion. The death of President Lincoln was appropriately noticed, and the whole proceedings were of a high order and historic interest, worthy the name and deeds which have been achieved on Bunker Hill.



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